THE PATHWAY TO READING

FOURTH READER

COLEMAN ~ UHL ~ HOSIC

90

H Erschel Murray

THE PATHWAY TO READING

FOURTH READER

BY

BESSIE BLACKSTONE COLEMAN
Specialist in Reading

WILLIS L. UHL
Professor of Education and Dean of the School
of Education, University of Washington

JAMES FLEMING HOSIC
Professor of Education
Teachers College, Columbia University
Formerly Head of Department of English
Chicago Normal College

Illustrated by
ELEANOR HOWARD
and Eunice Stephenson

SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY
NEW YORK NEWARK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Copyright, 1926, by
SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the following for the use of copyrighted material: Associated Editors, Inc., for "A True Story of Tom Peartree's Strange Portrait"; American Child Health Association for "The Little Vegetable Men" by Ellen Glendower Griffith; the author, Sarah Louise Arnold, for "Grandfather's Bear"; P. Blakiston's Son and Company and the author for "Some Toad Stories" from *Interesting Neighbors* by Oliver P. Jenkins; the author, Catherine T. Bryce, for "The Road of the Loving Heart"; The Century Company for "A Merry Christmas Scout" by Edna Payson Brett, "Hares and Hounds" by Alvin J. Scheuer, "The Sugary Shipwrecked Zoo" by Mrs. J. T. Van Zant, "Chickadee's Pantry" by Alice Chamberlain Kendall, "The Pet Shows of the West" by Stella George Perry, and "The Ball of Thread" by W. Norman Brown; The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation for "Our Little Friend, U-Chu-Ka" by Emma-Lindsay Squier; T. Y. Crowell and Company for "The Finest Lesson of the Year" from *Cuore* by Edmondo De Amicis; A. Flanagan Company for "The Birth of the Arbutus" from *Indian Nature Myths* by Julia Darrow Cowles; the author, Elizabeth Foulke, for "Ikwa and Annowee" and "The Rescue of Twisty Tail"; *Good Housekeeping* for "A Little Lad of Long Ago" by Alice E. Allen; George G. Harrap and Company, Ltd., for "Better Than That" from *Folk Tales of Many Lands* by Lilian Gask; Laidlaw Brothers, Inc., for "The Flag Goes By" by Henry Holcomb Bennett; Little, Brown and Company for "A Letter from England" from *The Life and Letters of Edward Everett Hale;* Longmans, Green and Company for "The Two Frogs" from *The Violet Fairy Book;* the author, Annie L. MacKinnon, for a riddle; Thomas Nelson and Sons, Edinburgh, for "Rosa Bonheur" from *When They Were Children* by Amy Steedman; the Newark Museum Association for "Early Spinning and Weaving" from their publication, *The Story of Textiles;* The Oxford University Press for the dramatized version of "Puss in Boots" from Headland and Treble's *Dramatic Reader, Book I;* W. F. Quarrie and Company for an adaptation of "Home Life of Birds" from *The World Book;* and Charles Scribner's Sons for "How to Play Hat Ball" and "Anthony Over" from *The Hoosier School Boy* by Edward Eggleston, and for "The Duel" by Eugene Field.

"The Cuckoo" by Rose Fyleman, copyright 1920, is used by permission of George H. Doran Company, publishers. "Christmas in Norway" by Celia Thaxter and "The Drop of Water and the Grain of Sand" by Abbie Farwell Brown are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company. "The Truce" by Anna Milo Upjohn, copyright 1920, and "Jim, the Crow" by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, copyright 1925, by the American National Red Cross, are reprinted by permission from *American Junior Red Cross News.*

CONTENTS

PART ONE

		PAGE
ANIMAL FRIENDS		
Our Little Friend, U-Chu-Ka	*Emma-Lindsay Squier*	1
Some Toad Stories	*Oliver P. Jenkins*	8
Jim, the Crow	*Dr. R. W. Shufeldt*	17
Home Life of Birds		21
True or False		23
HOME AND NEIGHBORHOOD		
Grandfather's Bear	*Sarah Louise Arnold*	24
The Moon	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	27
Pet Shows of the West	*Stella George Perry*	28
Weather Signals		41
Weather Wisdom		42
Explain the Meaning		43
Something To Do		44
WORK AND PLAY		
The Professional Umpire and Mascot-Keeper	*Lee McRae*	45
How to Play Hat-Ball	*Edward Eggleston*	51
Early Spinning and Weaving		52
Yes or No		57
ABOUT FAMOUS PEOPLE		
General Lee's Letter to His Daughter	*Robert E. Lee*	58
The Road of the Loving Heart	*Catherine T. Bryce*	60
A Little Lad of Long Ago	*Alice E. Allen*	61
A True Story of Tom Peartree's Strange Portrait		66
Making a Choice		68
DAYS AND DEEDS		
The Khan of the Silver Crown	*Lillian C. Price*	69
We Thank Thee	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	81
A Merry Christmas Scout	*Edna Payson Brett*	82
Christmas in Norway	*Celia Thaxter*	91
Making a Dictionary		93
THINGS TO DO		
Needles and Pins Floating		94
Thinking		95
A Magic Key		97
Riddles		98

PAGE

TRAVEL
Polly Goes West to Ohio 99
When Kings Are Scarce 103
From a Railway Carriage . . *Robert Louis Stevenson* 104
A Letter from England . . . *Edward Everett Hale* 105
Find the Word That Spoils the Meaning 107

FUN AND LAUGHTER
A Misunderstanding 108
An Ax to Grind . . . . . *Benjamin Franklin* 109
The Cat, the Monkey, and the Chestnuts . . *Æsop* 111
Something for the Class to Do 114

FANCIFUL TALES
The Snow Man . . . . *Hans Christian Andersen* 115
Puss in Boots *Arranged by A. R. Headland and H. A. Treble* 123
Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp . . *Arabian Nights* 135

PART TWO

HOME, SCHOOL, AND COUNTRY
Polly and Her Ohio Friends 151
The Quails . . . . . *An Eastern Fable* 156
The Bundle of Sticks . . . . . *Æsop* 157
The Finest Lesson of the Year . . *Edmondo De Amicis* 158
The Flag Goes By . . . . *Henry Holcomb Bennett* 160
The Salute to the Flag 162
The Pledge to the Flag 162
Following Directions 163

GAMES AND SPORTS
The Bear Hunt . . . . . *Leo Tolstoy* 164
Anthony Over . . . . . *Edward Eggleston* 177

ANIMAL FRIENDS
Chickadee's Pantry . . *Alice Chamberlain Kendall* 178
The Cuckoo . . . . . *Rose Fyleman* 181
Doctor Dolittle's Dog, Jip . . . . *Hugh Lofting* 182
Making a Scrapbook 199

ABOUT FAMOUS PEOPLE
George Washington and the Colt 200
Rosa Bonheur . . . . . *Amy Steedman* 202
How Luther Burbank Made Better Plums 210
Make Believe 212
Where Does Each Belong? 213

PAGE

BRAVERY

Bob, the Fire Dog 214
Two Indian Heroines 216
The Rescue of Twisty Tail . . . *Elizabeth Foulke* 218
Choose the Proper Word 224

THINGS TO DO

The Little Vegetable Men . . *Ellen Glendower Griffith* 225
Hares and Hounds . . . . . *Alvin J. Scheuer* 236
Riddles 237
Yes or No 238

TRAVEL

The Ox Cart . . . . *Frederic Arnold Kummer* 239
The Quest . . . . . *Eudora Bumstead* 247
The Two Frogs . . . . . *Marie L. Shedlock* 249
Work with Words 252

CHILDREN OF OTHER LANDS

Foreign Children . . . . *Robert Louis Stevenson* 253
Ikwa and Annowee . . . . . *Elizabeth Foulke* 254
The Truce . . . . . *Anna Milo Upjohn* 262
Planning an Entertainment 270

FUN AND LAUGHTER

The Drop of Water and the Grain of Sand 271
Better Than That . . . . . *Lilian Gask* 272
An Anecdote of Darwin 276
The Ball of Thread . . . . *W. Norman Brown* 277
Questions 279

FANCIFUL TALES

King Roughbeard . . . . . *Grimm Brothers* 280
The Duel . . . . . *Eugene Field* 288
The Sugary Shipwrecked Zoo . *Mrs. J. T. Van Zant* 290
The Birth of the Arbutus . . *Julia Darrow Cowles* 291
The Happy Prince . . . . . *Oscar Wilde* 295

Glossary 309

OUR LITTLE FRIEND, U–CHU–KA

What kind of stories do you like best? Many children like true stories about animals. Here is one. As you read it try to understand why the two children felt as they did about U-Chu-Ka.

Upon the Hill Trail, which Brother and I call ours because we love it so, you may yet see a little clearing made in the midst of red huckleberry bushes, Oregon grape, and dark green shrubs. As long as we lived in the little cabin by the bay, we never allowed underbrush to creep into this spot on the Hill Trail. We kept it sacred to the memory of U-Chu-Ka, the only monument we could give him.

U-Chu-Ka was a tiny rabbit — a "jack-rabbit" I suppose students of natural history would have called him. But we gave him the name that in the Indian language means "the jumper," and we never called him anything else.

I remember the day we first saw him. A wee baby rabbit he was, escaped somehow from his mother's sight. He was so much interested in the big world outside the burrow where he had spent his short life that he hardly knew whether to be afraid of us or just curious.

No doubt he remembered his mother's warning when he met us, for he "froze." By this I mean that he became rigid, the tan of his fur blending with the green and brown tones of the forest undergrowth. But Brother and I could "freeze" too, having learned the art from the woods creatures whom we knew and loved. So we stood perfectly still, and then it was a case of seeing who could hold out the longer.

It was U-Chu-Ka who finally gave up in the battle of freezing. His curiosity became greater than his fear, and

he sat up on his haunches, his tiny forefeet held primly over his stomach, his ears — much too long for him — tilted toward us, and his black dot of a nose twitching constantly.

We were, I am sure, the first human beings U-Chu-Ka had seen. He was young and full of trust. Brother and I were so happy when the little fellow with his soft brown eyes decided that we were friends to be trusted! Oh, if we had only known that there were other persons not so friendly to little brown rabbits! But we never thought of that. Our one thought was that here was a new woods friend, and we set ourselves to the task of winning his heart.

It was not hard. If every one knew just how easy it is, I wonder whether men would carry sticks that shoot flame and death into the woods creatures — whether they would not carry apples instead.

It was an apple that first won U-Chu-Ka's heart. Brother had one, of course, and we nibbled bits off and placed the juicy morsels on the trail in front of us. Then, walking quietly backwards, we waited at a safe distance for the wind to carry the apple fragrance to U-Chu-Ka's wiggling nose.

Nor was it long before one of his long ears drooped and then rose again. The twitching nose worked harder. U-Chu-Ka sat straighter than ever. Then, with funny little hops, he came toward us, stopping often. Once he paused and sat up as if asking himself if he were doing the right thing in coming so boldly.

Finally he came to the bits of apple and forgot his fear in his delight at the unknown dainty. By the time he had

eaten the few morsels we had spread out for him, we had others ready, this time only at arm's length.

Later we offered bits of the fruit in our hands, held very steadily so that no jerking should alarm the little brown rabbit. At first he was undecided whether to accept the morsels so close to the big human creatures, but something, I am sure, told him that there was no harm in us. In the end he hopped over to my outstretched hand and nibbled daintily at the apple, while I held my arm so still that it ached.

What Mother Rabbit would have said of the way we stuffed U-Chu-Ka that day I do not know; but we fed him until his small stomach was as round as a ball. When he became tired of the apple, we gathered tender blades of grass.

Very soon the little brown rabbit took no alarm at our movements but watched us with solemn, baby dignity, sitting up on his haunches or squatting in a round ball. His ears were laid over his back — a sure sign that he was no longer afraid.

How we hated to leave him that day! We didn't take him down the hill and make him a home by the log cabin, because we had no wish to frighten him and we were sure U-Chu-Ka knew how to go about getting a living for himself in the woods. So we left him at the bend of the trail where we had first seen him. We called it U-Chu-Ka's corner, and we left the core of the apple for him to nibble on after we had gone.

The next afternoon at the same time — for woods creatures are apt to do certain things at certain hours — we came up the Hill Trail whistling. We were almost at U-Chu-Ka's corner before we thought that the sound might frighten him away if he were still in that neighborhood. But curiosity is strong in a rabbit. Suddenly there he was, hopping out of the underbrush into the little clearing as if in answer to our call — indeed, as if he had been waiting.

We had brought lettuce and cabbage leaves. This time it was not half so long before U-Chu-Ka would eat from our hands and let us stroke his velvet softness.

We came every day after that, always whistling, with choicest bits of food for our little friend. He would always come to his "corner," hopping out from the green like a tiny puffball. When he saw us he would sit up very primly, ears tilted, his nose wiggling, until he was sure it was his friends. Then down the trail toward us he would bound, with such long hops that his hind feet seemed to go above his head.

Oh, U-Chu-Ka, little brown one, if only we had not taught you to trust human beings, to come unafraid when you heard a whistle!

As the summer went by, U-Chu-Ka grew and grew. From a baby rabbit he became a half-grown rabbit, and we knew that before long he would be a very large rabbit indeed. But he never failed to answer our call, and through the long summer afternoons we would play upon the hill, the three of us. We played house, U-Chu-Ka allowing us to dress him in a

doll's frock, with a lace cap tying back his ears. He was our child, and we rocked him to sleep, sent him to school, and pretended that he talked to us. If I could only give you a picture of U-Chu-Ka, half-grown now, in a blue gingham doll dress, his brown paws stuck through the short sleeves, his white knob of a tail flashing from behind when he hopped about, and his soft brown eyes below the white cap tied under his chin!

And then, one day — it is a day I do not like to think of — we decided that U-Chu-Ka should have a birthday party. We took cookies, apples, and lettuce sandwiches up the hill. It was hot, with scarcely a breeze, and sounds carried far. From far away we heard a whistled tune, and we knew that some one was on the Hill Trail. The sound grew louder as we climbed, and then — a single shot sent echoes through the hills.

A gunshot! It was not such an unusual sound through the woods about the bay. Our hearts grew heavy, however, as we broke into a jogging trot that brought us hot and panting to the top of the hill. From there it was but a hundred yards or so to U-Chu-Ka's corner.

Oh, that moment! U-Chu-Ka's corner was empty — but perhaps he would come if we whistled! We tried to form our lips for the sound, but none came. For we saw, in the little clearing, a bright red patch on the low-hanging ferns, a little tuft of brown fur, and a bit of white down.

The hunter had come and gone. U-Chu-Ka could not have known that the long stick the hunter had pointed at

him was filled with flame and death. We could picture the scene so well: the man, swinging carelessly down the trail whistling, the gun over his shoulder; a sudden halt as the little brown rabbit hopped out from the underbrush into the small clearing and raised himself on his haunches; a flash; a bundle of limp fur, blood-stained; a little brown pelt dangling from a leather belt. Perhaps the man whistled again as he went down the trail. He could not know that two children, back by the little clearing, were sobbing their hearts out with their faces buried in the cool, green moss, because of a playmate who would come no more.

And so we planted twin-flower vines in the little clearing and edged it with yellow johnny-jump-up plants. It was our way of saying to U-Chu-Ka how grieved we were, how we loved him, and how we missed him.

EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Have you ever had a pet of which you were very fond? Be ready to tell about it in class. 2. What sort of place did the children live in? 3. Why was the rabbit named "U-Chu-Ka"? 4. Just how did the children tame the rabbit? 5. Why did they not take him home and keep him in a cage? 6. Why did they not think that a hunter might come along? 7. Can you think of any way in which they might have protected the rabbit?

8. Read again the paragraph beginning near the top of page 4. Can you see in your mind the picture of the little rabbit eating from the child's hand? Such a description is called a "word picture." Find other word pictures in the story. Decide which one you like best and draw or model it.

SOME TOAD STORIES

How much do you know about toads? See what there is in this selection that you have not already learned about toads. When you have finished reading, be ready to tell three or more things that you did not know before.

1. A Homely Friend

The boy was helping Aunt Hannah prepare her flower beds. They were both down on their knees planting seeds and crumbling up the clods with their hands to cover the seeds with fine soil. Aunt Hannah got hold of a clod that was soft but would not crumble as she rolled it in her hand. "What a funny clod!" she said. "Oh, it's a toad!" and she let it drop in a hurry. Of course the boy laughed, and Aunt Hannah, after making a wry face and saying an "Uh" or two, laughed too.

The poor toad was not hurt very much. He hopped under a plant and snuggled down among the clods. Since he looked just like a clod again, he thought he had hidden himself once more.

Aunt Hannah did not try to drive the old toad away. She was very glad to have it stay, even if it were so ugly that she did not like to touch it; for the good old toad was a great help to her flower beds. The insects and slugs had caused her great trouble by eating her plants as soon as they came up. But after the toad came, it caught hundreds of the insects and slugs and worms, and this gave the plants a chance to grow. Indeed, she thought so much of the toad that you could hardly buy it from her.

You might think, why is such a good fellow so very ugly? There is a very good reason for the toad's being ugly. You see, it is such a harmless animal it cannot take care of itself by fighting, as some animals do. It has no sharp teeth to bite with nor sharp claws to scratch with. Almost any animal can overcome it in a fight. Then, too, it cannot run fast so as to get away from trouble.

But if you look at it carefully, you will see that its body is of a dark mud color with dirty-looking blotches, and that the skin is rough with warts. This makes it look like a lump of dirt. When it sits low down and very still among clods or on rough ground, you have to look closely or you will not see it at all. When hawks, cats, dogs, and other animals are hunting for food, they are likely to miss seeing the toad. It hardly ever comes out of its hiding place till it begins to get dark. This habit makes it still harder to see and catch the toad.

A very curious trait further helps the toad to hide itself. It has a strange way of changing its color a little, so that it may get a lighter shade on light-colored ground or a darker brown on darker ground.

Then there is another way in which it protects itself against some of its enemies. When an animal touches it, a liquid comes out of its skin. This liquid is very bad to the taste, and it is also somewhat poisonous. If a dog or other animal picks a toad up with its mouth, it is glad to drop it and not to bother it again. So you see this quiet, helpless, ugly, slow toad is taken care of by nature.

It is not altogether ugly, however, for it has beautiful eyes. They are bright yellow and gleam from its homely head.

While the good old toad cannot harm children and animals, even animals no bigger than itself, it is a hobgoblin to insects, worms, and slugs. Here is where its ugliness helps it again. As it looks like an unsightly clod, bugs and flies crawl and fly close to it, thinking there is nothing around but clods. The poor insect finds itself greatly deceived when one of the clods turns out to be alive and snaps it up as quick as lightning.

The toad is a slow, sleepy fellow, but there is one part of it that is as quick as a flash. That is its tongue.

The children caught an old toad and put it in a box. They caught some flies and caterpillars and slugs and put them in the box with the toad. Then they put a sheet of glass over the box to keep the flies in and watched to see what would happen. A slug was crawling along the side of the box and, quick as a wink, it was gone. No one saw how it went away. The children watched more closely. This time Bess said she saw the toad's mouth fly open. Tom said he saw a pink flash, and a fly disappeared.

They watched still more closely and found that what happened was this. When a fly or a caterpillar moved near the toad, its big mouth flew open and a long pink tongue shot out, caught the insect, and shot back again, and the mouth snapped shut. It was all so quickly done, you could not see it if you did not look very closely.

Then I took up the toad and opened its mouth; there at the front part of the bottom of the mouth was the tongue drawn up in a little lump. When pulled out, it was long and slender and covered over with a sticky stuff. To catch a fly, the toad would open wide its big mouth and throw out this tongue, like a long ribbon, against the fly. The sticky stuff would hold the fly fast, and the toad would jerk it back into its mouth, which closed with a snap. What a fine fly-trap! Though its body looks like nothing more than a clod, the toad has a good bright eye, a big mouth, and a long sticky tongue that is as quick as lightning.

Strange to say, the toad does not seem to see an insect until the insect moves. If the fly keeps perfectly still, the toad does not try to catch it; but if the fly makes the slightest move, it is swept off in a wink.

There is another pleasing thing about a toad. It has a nice little song, not a coarse and rough one like the croaking of some kinds of frogs. Its song is like a very soft and gentle whistle.

In countries where the winter is cold, many plants go to sleep in the fall and do not awake until spring. Some animals also hide away for the winter sleep. The toad is one of them. It finds some hole in the ground or digs down into the earth, and in its hiding place sleeps till the warm spring rains come. The toad's song is one of the early signs that plants and flowers, insects, squirrels, and many other animals are waking up, and that soon the grass and flowers, birds, butterflies, and bees will all be busy again. The toad is

generally quiet the rest of the year. But you can make it sing a little song if you stroke it gently with your finger in just the right way.

The toad is a great friend to the gardener, because it catches such great numbers of insects, caterpillars, slugs, and worms. People who understand this are very careful that no harm comes to the toad. Indeed, they often go to lots of trouble to get toads for their gardens.

2. An Innocent Pet

Toads make very innocent pets. All that is necessary is a good place for them to live in, and they will take care of themselves. They like a dark, damp place in which to hide in the daytime. A hole in the ground under some bushes, or a board under which they can crawl, suits them. I had a toad that stayed under a doorstep in the daytime. At twilight it would come out to look for its food. As no one ever hurt it and it often got some petting, it became quite tame.

Toads live many years if no misfortune comes to them. One was known to live in a garden for thirty-six years.

A toad is very fond of its own home. If it is carried away, it will do its best to get back to its old home. This makes it hard to keep an old toad in a new place. If you find a toad and wish to keep it in your garden, you may be disappointed. For it is pretty sure to try to get away to find its old home. You will have to keep it penned up in some way till it begins to feel at home in the new place.

A better way is to get some little young toads that are just leaving the pond where they were hatched. At that time they are starting out to find a home and, if you have a good place, they may stay in it.

A still better way to do, if you can, is to get some toad's eggs from a pond in the spring. Put them in a glass jar or dish in your garden and let them hatch and live there till they get to be little toads. Some of them will stay in your garden.

Then, too, you will have the fun of seeing how toads grow from eggs. It is an interesting story. For, stupid as toads look, like all other animals they must know enough to provide for their young.

3. Where the Toads Came From

This is a story of how the children tried to find out about the way toads get their start in life.

We learned that toad's eggs are laid in water in the springtime and hatched there. So off we started to look for a ditch or pond where some eggs might be found.

It was a beautiful spring morning. We took along a lunch so as to make a picnic of our tramp. We had a glass jar in which to put the eggs, if we found any, and a little net on the end of a stick, like a butterfly net, with which to catch a toad or two. Tom carried the jar, Bessie the net, and I carried the lunch.

We had a long tramp and saw many interesting things, for the birds and insects and butterflies were beginning their spring work. By and by we reached the top of a hill, and

away down at the bottom through the trees we saw a pond. It was still a good way off and, since we were under a nice tree, we decided to eat our lunch.

While we were eating, Tom kept looking over at the pond and talking about the toads laying eggs in it. He was puzzled about one thing. If it be true that toads like their own homes and will not stay anywhere else if they can help it, how is it they ever go to ponds so far away?

That is one of the most interesting things about a toad. The eggs of the common garden toad are of a kind that can hatch only in water. Without water they would all dry up and never hatch.

When the toads come out of their hiding places in spring, they soon get ready to lay their eggs. The first thing to do is to find a pond. Now, how can a toad find a pond? Some people who have watched and studied toads year after year, tell us that when the toad wishes to lay its eggs, it tries to go back to the same pond in which it was hatched.

You see, when the little toads leave the pond where they started in life, they hop and crawl away from it to find a good home in which to stay the rest of their lives. In their slow way, they sometimes get a long distance from the pond before they find a home to suit them. Then it may be three or four years before they are old enough to lay eggs, but when that time comes they start back for that same pond.

We decided to hurry down to the pond and see for ourselves whether any toads had gone back there. We

pushed on and before long came to the water. Off came shoes and stockings, of course. If there were no toads or eggs, the wading alone would well pay for the long walk. But soon Bessie cried out, "Here's a toad!" The toad was a big one and was crouched down in the edge of the water. Before we could catch it, it swam out into water too deep for us and dived down to the bottom. We could see it through the clear water. It soon came up and floated and swam around at the top of the water; but it was so far out we could not get it.

While the children were wading around, Tom called out, "What's this stuff sticking to these water weeds?"

I answered, "It looks to me like toad's eggs. Bring some of it in."

Tom grabbed at the queer stuff two or three times with his hands but shouted back, "It is so slippery that it slides through my fingers."

I told him to be careful with it and to come and get the glass jar. He put the glass jar under some of it, let it slip in, and then brought the jar to the shore. Sure enough, it was a lot of toad's eggs. But if some one had not told them, the children would never have guessed it.

The eggs were a row of tiny black dots in a string of something that looked like a clear jelly. The strings of eggs were very long and hung to the water weeds in loops. It did not take long to catch three big toads too. Then we were ready for our march home with our jar of eggs and the toads wrapped in the net.

As we were starting, Tom said, "Why can't we see some toads coming to the pond?"

We decided to look through a part of the woods and a field near the pond. There we found many toads going toward the pond. But they traveled so slowly, often stopping to snuggle down and hide when we came near, that we could not wait long enough to follow them all the way to the pond.

But I may say that several days after, we visited this same place again and found only a few toads in the woods and field and very few at the pond. These few may have been those which have their homes in those places. All this looked as if the people are right who say toads come from distant places to the pond where they were born and then go back again.

Then we picked up our jar of eggs and net of toads and trudged home. Although tired, we were happy because we had secured what we had gone after and because we had had the good luck really to see the toads on their spring festival of pond-finding and egg-laying. Our next fun was to take care of our toads and watch the eggs hatch.

OLIVER P. JENKINS — Adapted

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. How many parts in this selection? What are the names of these parts? Think whether each name fits the part over which it is placed. Why? 2. Make a list of the things you have learned by reading the first part; the second part; the third part. 3. Why do most people dislike to touch a toad? 4. How did the writer learn so much about toads? 5. See what you can learn by watching some other animal; then prepare to tell the class what you have learned.

JIM, THE CROW

No doubt you can tell a good story about some animal and its tricks. Can you tell a better story than this?

My son Percy found Jim in a nest in a high pine tree of the neighborhood. The nest was fully seventy feet above the ground and a very well built one. To be sure, it looked quite coarse from the outside, as the builders had used a lot of bark, twigs, sticks, and coarse grass. But it was beautifully lined with the soft inner bark of two or three kinds of trees, among them chestnut.

Jim was alone in the nest, rather dismal looking, and half starved. Percy climbed the tree, rescued him, and brought him home.

Jim rapidly recovered his spirits after a dinner of raw beef given to him at the house. Most of his plumage was in pin-feather. He was quite helpless and could not fly, but there was no doubt about his intelligence. It was most laughable to see how he eyed the various members of our family who were standing about as he ate his first meal.

From the very start he seemed to feel that we were friends, that we meant to treat him kindly, and supply him with plenty of good things to eat. His loud cawing for his parents met with no response, and he became used to their absence in a very short time.

From his roost in a tall poplar where he spent his nights, he would watch the windows for a sign of the family's awakening in the morning. He would then come to the sill

of one of the bedroom windows and set up a loud cawing for his breakfast, not stopping for a moment until he had been supplied with food.

A big, old-fashioned ice chest stood on the porch near the kitchen door. Jim knew all about the meat that was kept there; he also knew all about the time when some tempting bit would be taken out and carried into the kitchen. Just before such an event he always perched himself, partly hidden by leaves, in an oak tree near by. The moment the lid was lifted, down he plunged right into the chest, giving one big caw followed by a series of squawkings. We never fed him anything but meat. He much preferred it raw, but when he was very hungry, he would sometimes eat it cooked.

Jim would never stay on the place when the family went away for an entire day. He would become lonely and sit upon the weathervane of the house across the road so that he might see us the sooner when we returned. It was a remarkable thing to note his great pleasure as he cawed a welcome, first to one, then to another of us. Then, after flying up into one of our oaks, he would caw his greetings to the family as a whole.

At times it almost seemed as if Jim had a true sense of humor. Once he was walking down the dusty country road that ran by our house, when a boy came along. Noticing that the crow did not fly away as he drew near, the boy took it for granted that the bird was injured in some way. So, in spite of the intense summer heat, the boy began

an old-fashioned stalk with the intention of capturing the crow. Jim caught on at once, however; and the fun he got out of it would have brought down the house if a motion picture could have been made of the performance. The boy tried to flop his big, weatherworn straw hat over the bird, but Jim ducked to one side every time, making believe that he was crippled. When the game ceased to amuse him, he flew up into an old oak tree close at hand. There, in true crow style, he let the astonished boy know what he thought of him.

Jim had the "freedom of the house," but of course his frequent visits to the kitchen more or less annoyed the servant. He would fly straight in, alighting on the table, usually with the intention of picking up something to eat.

One warm day he entered the room in this manner. Soon he noticed the sticky fly papers laid out on the table. In a most stately way Jim walked around these, peering first at one, then at another, meanwhile keeping up a low "quoick, quoick" to himself.

Finally his curiosity gained the upper hand. He made a peck at a still struggling fly — the paper, of course, sticking to his bill. He raised one foot to rid himself of it, only to have that stick too. Pretty soon both feet were stuck tight, and no amount of pulling, struggling, and squawking helped him.

Then, with a loud, hoarse cry, out he flew through the open door toward the stream that flowed through the garden. But he got only as far as the slope. Here he rolled over and over, every moment making a worse mess of it, and uttering a most absurd series of squawks and squalls.

Finally I succeeded in getting hold of him; but no efforts of mine were able wholly to cleanse his elegant, glossy black coat. More or less of the miserable fly paper remained on him up to the day of his death.

We never clipped Jim's wings to prevent his flying away and leaving us for good, and he paid little attention to the hundreds of crows that flew over the house. Sometimes he "entered into conversation" with them, apparently telling them all about himself — that we were kind to him, that he had all he wanted to eat, and that he enjoyed life quite as much as they did.

R. W. Shufeldt — Adapted

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Which story about Jim did you enjoy the better — the one about his sticking to the fly paper, or the one about his dodging the boy? 2. Why was Jim so remarkable? 3. What do you think is the most remarkable thing he did? 4. Would all families put up with such tricks as Jim played? Why did this one?

HOME LIFE OF BIRDS

Make a list of the questions which you think this selection may answer. Read the selection and find out which of your questions have been answered.

Most birds build nests, all those of one species making the same kind, although there are some curious exceptions to the nest-building rule. In the nest the eggs are laid, and in some way or other these eggs must be kept warm until the little ones appear. Sometimes the eggs are laid in warm sand or rotting vegetation, but the nesting birds keep their eggs warm by their bodies. Usually the mother bird performs this act of service, while her mate brings her food or cheers her with his song. In some species, however, the father bird takes his turn at sitting on the nest to keep the eggs warm.

With most of the smaller birds the little chicks break from their shells between two and three weeks after the eggs are laid. The number of eggs varies from two to a score. It seems to be the rule that the greater the danger to the young birds, the larger the number of eggs laid. Almost always the number of eggs is the same at every sitting of each species.

With the lower orders of birds, such as chickens, geese, and other water fowl, the young come from the shells clothed with a complete suit of down and are able to take partial care of themselves. Within a very short time after they are hatched, the fluffy chicks run about searching for bugs or grain, though they still have to be kept warm by the mother at night. The chicks of the higher order of birds, however, are very helpless when they first come from their shells, as helpless as a tiny kitten or a baby. They are naked of feathers, scrawny, and "all mouth."

The parent birds show the most unselfish devotion to their helpless little ones. They guard the nest from enemies at the risk of their own lives. They keep the nestlings warm at night, and, above all things, they provide them with the unbelievable amount of food which they need for growth. When the time comes for the little birds to fly, the parents teach them to do so by calling to them and withholding food from them, thus inducing the young to leave the nest.

Few members of the animal kingdom show more parental affection than do the birds. In some cases it is but a few weeks that the little ones are so dependent, but with some of the larger birds this period may be almost a year.

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Read the first paragraph and think of a good title for it. Then make a list of all the facts which it contains. 2. Make similar lists for the other paragraphs.

TRUE OR FALSE

In the Indian language U-Chu-Ka means "the jumper."

U-Chu-Ka was a little white rabbit.

U-Chu-Ka had pretty tan fur.

The children first saw him in their yard.

They caught him and shut him up in a cage.

The rabbit was first seen on the Hill Trail.

The children made friends with U-Chu-Ka, but they did not put him in a cage.

They gave him bits of apple, lettuce, and cabbage leaves.

The children planted flowers in memory of U-Chu-Ka.

Aunt Hannah liked to hold toads in her hand.

Insects and slugs ate Aunt Hannah's plants.

The toad caught hundreds of worms, insects, and slugs.

The toad has sharp teeth and sharp claws.

The toad has a strange way of changing its color.

The toad's tongue is long and slender.

The toad does not hide away when winter comes.

The toad's song is heard only when the weather is cold.

Gardeners often go to great trouble to get toads for their gardens.

Percy found a bird's nest seventy feet from the ground.

A young eagle was in the nest.

A young, half-starved crow was in the nest.

Percy got a ladder and took the crow from the nest.

Jim, the crow, roosted in a small pine tree.

Jim liked raw meat better than cooked meat.

GRANDFATHER'S BEAR

Here is another true animal story. Read it straight through in order to enjoy it.

"When I was a little boy," said Grandfather, and then we all listened. We knew he was beginning a true story.

"When I was a little boy I lived in a small house near the edge of a forest. I loved to play in the forest. I gathered nuts in the fall and found the first flowers in the spring. I knew where the birds built their nests, where the rabbits made their homes, and where the squirrels hid their young.

"But there was one fellow in the woods who made me afraid. That was the bear. I never went far into the woods alone, because I was afraid I should meet him.

"Bears are large, fierce creatures, with long, coarse, heavy hair and sharp teeth. Their claws are stout and curved, so that they can climb a tree. They are very strong. They sometimes hug a lamb in their arms and crush it to death.

"One day my father and mother went away and left me at home with my little brother. I was told to take good care of the baby and to have the kettle boiling for supper when they returned.

"I played with the baby until nearly dark, then made a blazing fire, and hung the kettle on to boil the water for tea. The kettle was soon singing merrily. The baby was asleep.

"'Now,' I thought, 'I can read the new book father gave me.' So I sat down to read by the light of the fire. I do not know how long I sat there, but suddenly I heard a heavy, shuffling sound. I looked up from my book and saw a bear standing in the open doorway.

"What could I do? I had no gun, no club; nobody was near to help me. In a moment the bear might seize our sleeping baby in his huge paws.

"He pushed his way into the room, slowly shuffling toward the cradle. I seized the kettle of water and rushed upon him. He turned his angry head toward me as I did so and received a shower of scalding water in his eyes, nose, ears, and open mouth.

"A groan of rage and pain burst from the furious beast. But, blinded by the hot water, he turned away from the cradle and almost fell out of the door. I rushed to close it, pushed the great bolt into its place, and then fell, weak and fainting, on the floor.

"When my father came home he called me a brave boy. I shall never forget how proud I was.

" 'You saved your brother's life, George,' he said; 'you are a hero.'"

SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Where do you think Grandfather lived when he was a boy, and what were some of the things he did? 2. Why was Grandfather afraid of bears? 3. What made him forget his fear for the moment, and what did he do? 4. Grandfather thought quickly and acted bravely. Can you tell a story about some one who met danger in the same way? 5. Read the story again, noting carefully the points you must remember in order to tell it well. These points are:

a. Where Grandfather lived when he was a boy.
b. How he happened to be left alone with the baby.
c. How he drove the bear away.
d. What his father said when he heard what had happened.

THE MOON

If you were going to write a poem about the moon, what are some of the things you might say? See whether you have ever thought about the moon as Robert Louis Stevenson did.

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbor quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. This poem is full of word pictures. Read it again to make sure that you see all of them. 2. Write a list of the pictures. How many have you? 3. What else can you think of that the moon shines on? 4. Do you know any stories about the moon? If so, prepare to tell one in class.

5. Can you recite the poem from memory? You can learn it very easily if you will notice just what each of the three stanzas is about. The first tells what the moon's face is like and mentions five things she shines on. What does each of the other stanzas do? 6. You will enjoy drawing a picture to show how the moon looks and what it shines on.

PET SHOWS OF THE WEST

What is your favorite pet? Perhaps your pet has won a prize in a show like those mentioned in this piece.

1. What Pet Shows Are

In front of a large building in a big Western city stood a very small boy. His hair was glossy with brush-strokes and water. His dark Italian skin was shining with soap and rubbing. His blue shirt was crackly with starch. It was Sunday and a most important Sunday to Tony.

He climbed the steps and opened the door. In the great hall one could see boxes, crates, and cages all tagged and ready for removal on the morrow. What a clatter of barks and mews, what a cackling and chirping came out to greet Tony as he entered the hallway!

"I've come for my bird," he announced, as a gentleman came forward to meet him. "Here's my bird's tag with the number on it. I want him now, because I can't come for him tomorrow. My bird's a prize-winner in this pet show. He was just a poor little thing, all moulting, and nobody wanted him. But I took care of him and now he's a prize-winner. And I want to take my fine old Pedro home."

Matching the number on the tag with the number on his cage, the gentleman found Pedro to be a huge and brilliant macaw. His cage was almost the same height as Tony himself, and far larger than Tony in girth. "Why, you

can't carry that big cage, my lad. Hadn't you better let me send it home tomorrow?" suggested the gentleman.

"No, sir, thank you. I can carry it; I brought it here. I want to take Pedro myself, because the judge said, 'See what good care will do!' and I'm the one who takes care of Pedro."

Then, proud and happy, Tony encircled the cage with his arms as far as they would reach and, almost hidden by it, staggered grandly home.

Tony is a product of the "Pet Show Idea." In towns and cities of the West, from Great Salt Lake to the great salt ocean, an interesting new movement has been growing. Once a year the children have been giving "pet shows."

These are quite unlike the stock shows that grown people hold — the poultry shows, horse shows, dog shows, cat shows, and cattle shows which we all know about. In those, animals are judged for points and pedigrees. But these children's "Pet Shows of the West" are for Towser and Fido and Tabby, for the tame pigeons, John's white mice, Elizabeth's canary, and Maud's goldfish. They are for the pond fish that James is bringing up, the fox cub the forester gave to Robert, Harriet's bees, Tom's pony, the baby robin that fell from the nest and is now our baby's care — for any pet of which any child is proud.

The pets entered are judged not only for pedigree but also and chiefly for the loving care they have had and for their own good dispositions.

Once a year, on many a street of San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Seattle, Spokane, San Leandro, San Mateo, Alameda, Ogden, and other cities and towns — more of them every year — you may see what looks like a young circus. It is only a group of children bringing their pets for entry in the pet show.

The children come from the wealthiest homes and from the simplest. They come afoot, carrying their pets, leading them, or pushing them in wheelbarrows; they come in wagons, carriages, and automobiles. They bring all sorts

of creatures, from snails to baby elephants. They have cared for the pets themselves and present them all in perfect "show condition," for that is a requirement.

The children's pet shows had excited so much favorable notice that at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco there was a Children's Pet Day. In fact, two whole days of the fair were given up to the young people and their pets.

2. The Beginning of the Pet Show Movement

The Pet Show Movement began because Dr. Frederick W. D'Evelyn, of San Francisco, has two hobbies, children and animals. He understands both, and they understand him. The children and the animals have taught him their secrets, what they think, what they enjoy, why they act as they do — secrets that most grown people never know or never remember.

He thinks that the best thing they have told him is this: Children and animals are natural friends and ought to be brought up together. A child is happiest when he loves and is loved by dumb comrades. He can have more fun in the world when he understands the silent language of animals. He is more loyal, more tender, and more self-reliant if he takes care of them himself.

The best way to learn the wonders of the varied life of the world we live in is to work with Nature's other children, the humble friends of the fireside, the field, and the forest. And the best way to make the animals gentle and good — even

the wild ones — is to give them kind child-companions when they are young. They are the faithful allies of childhood.

The first pet show was started by Dr. D'Evelyn and a few of his friends. It had only a few entries, but now there are shows all over the West. At some of them hundreds of pets are exhibited; at the Exposition show there were more than a thousand. Teachers and parents and school boards encourage the movement, for they see that in the case of animal life, as in that of flowers and stones, natural history is best taught by Nature herself.

When the time for a pet show is approaching, application blanks are sent to the schools. Circulars of information are also sent. Any creature of the water, woodland, field, or farm may be exhibited.

In cities and towns where pet shows are being held regularly, the children can fill out the blanks with ease; but in the beginning some amusing mistakes were made. In a Utah school, the first blanks issued by the teacher asked: "Have you a pet? What is it?" One little girl answered, "Our baby"; and a very small boy, who loved his teacher, printed in black letters, "YOU."

3. How the Pet Shows Are Conducted

Any child under eighteen may enter pets in a contest. The shows are not for profit; all entries are free, and all children are admitted without charge. Usually the only rigid requirement is that the young exhibitors must have taken care of their pets themselves.

This rule has a good result; for the children have learned to keep their pets in show condition all the time, and not merely just before show time. They soon discover that the bird or beast that is always well kept is the one most likely to win. Indeed, many of the best prizes are given for that merit alone.

A little fluffy poodle in a Salt Lake City show won a special prize of honor because little Frances, who owned him, had taken good care of his health.

Jean, whose white Angora rabbit won a cup in the San Mateo show and first prize at the Exposition show, cut its hair at the proper season and brushed and combed it daily as it grew long and fleecy. She took such pride in Bunny's soft white beauty that she wheeled him about in the carriage with her doll.

The judges in the shows explained all points of care and proper training and gave little talks on natural history to any child who was interested. They taught the children that cleanliness, regular habits, proper food, and good manners are as important to the welfare of pets as to that of their young masters and mistresses.

There were judging-charts hanging up in the show rooms, so that the children might study the reasons for the judges' decisions. Indeed, the children have learned so much about the condition and quality of animals and birds that some of them who have won prizes in four or five shows in succession are now allowed to assist as judges.

Almost everybody thought at first that dogs and cats

would be the only entries; and of course these dear old friends, with ponies, pigeons, rabbits, guinea pigs, canaries, goldfish, and chickens, are the most numerous. But there are always a large number of varied and most unexpected entries. Spanish pheasants, Chinese ducks with red-tipped bills, tame squirrels and chipmunks, parrots and eagles, flocks of strange birds, well-kept mules and burros, tamed beasts from wild woodlands and mountains, queer lizards and alligators, and animals from distant lands make a wonderful menagerie. Sometimes it looks like the "caucus race" in *Alice in Wonderland*.

4. Interesting Contestants

Many of the contestants have histories. A prize was won at the San Francisco show by a wallaby and her baby. This animal is a small kangaroo. The little wallaby family was brought from Adelaide, South Australia. The young owner was a member of the Columbia Park Boys' Band, a club of boys who worked their way around the world during one long vacation by giving concerts.

Even more surprising was the tameness of Tigo, the ocelot — commonly called a tiger cat — who appeared in the Alameda show. He was once a sad little orphan cub, lost in the mountains. He was found, rescued, and "brought up with the family." Outdoors he wore a dog collar and ran on a leash. Indoors he was as free as the ordinary house cat, and as gentle; yet he was as brilliantly beautiful as a tiger.

The California bear cub, who looked like a Teddy bear in the lap of his young mistress, was found when a baby and fed from a bottle. He was cuddlesome and roly-poly, and no stuffed Teddy was ever half so humorous as he. His mistress had a pair of fox cubs, too, as tame and trustful as kittens.

It is hoped that the pet shows may help mankind to make friends with more and more kinds of animals, so that in the course of time all cruel and unnecessary hunting of them may cease.

In all the shows it is delightful to see the friendship of these tamed wild creatures. Timid quail and the pretty, speckled chirpers called "strawberry birds" roosted without fear on the hands and shoulders of their owners. Gentle

fawns greeted their friends joyfully. Even lizards seemed to have forgotten their fear of humankind. A lively young alligator that climbed up the front of his master's coat, divided attention with a chicken that "played dead" as a trick.

Most children keep pets just for the fun of it, but some are born naturalists. One boy of this kind entered thirty-six pets, all tamed. They were chiefly foreign birds and fine fowls, dogs, and cats. He brought them to the show in a gay little wagon. Back of his mother's vegetable store where I went to see them, they all lived in the utmost cleanliness and comfort. I made friends with his beautiful Japanese love birds and his sweet English linnet. George, their owner, liked poultry. He is going to be a stock farmer some day, he said.

In connection with both fine and common breeds of chickens, the pet shows are doing a very useful service. They are teaching children, and parents too, that keeping the back-yard, or farmyard, poultry in show condition means better eggs and more of them.

It would not do to speak of chickens without telling you the laughable tale of the frizzled chicken of San Leandro, California.

It was the noon recess. All the entries had been judged and the prizes awarded. The children were at luncheon. Dr. D'Evelyn and the judges were chatting in a corner of the room. A small boy, younger than school age, in striped shirt and overalls, with a sack over his shoulder, entered the

room. He stopped before an empty coop. He carefully opened the sack, took from it a sad-looking hen, and thrust her into the coop. Then the little fellow looked up at the judges hopefully.

"What have you there?" asked Dr. D'Evelyn. "Is that a hen?"

"No, sir. It's a chicken. Please judge it."

"But you didn't enter it, did you? And besides, we have finished judging."

The little face fell.

"Well, you see, I was here this morning and I saw you judging chickens. And so I thought, 'I have a nice old chicken at our house.' And then I thought, 'If chickens can win prizes, I'll try my chicken.' But — if it's too late —" The lip quivered.

The kind doctor was touched by the tiny fellow's disappointment, and the words, "If chickens can win prizes," appealed to him.

"Well," he said, "since you have taken all that trouble, I'll judge your hen."

The hen was a sorry-looking creature. But it so happened that her feathers were all bent queerly forward, "frizzled" and ragged. As this hen was the only one of its kind in the show, the doctor was able to strain a point and pin a bit of blue ribbon on the swelling chest of its little owner. Now that boy knows that chickens *can* win prizes and has promised to have some good ones in prime condition as real entries in the next show.

5. "June's Joe"

It was amusing to see in all the shows the interest that whole neighborhoods took in the chances of some popular, good-natured, four-footed friend, or, perhaps, in a clever parrot, that everybody knew.

There was Joe, a homely, shaggy mongrel of no particular breed. His hazel eyes are deep and wide and beautiful, and his face is full of fun and loyalty and character. All the children at the Valley School know "June's Joe." June is the name of the little girl who owns him. Joe was born on her birthday ten years ago. Joe calls for his little mistress daily at the noon recess and at dismissal time. He goes through a whole series of tricks for her schoolmates, ending by "singing" for them in deep, crooning undertones.

Do you wonder that those children were eager for Joe to be honored in the pet show? They were wild with delight when he received a prize for his character; for the judge said he had "allurement." Then Joe put back his shaggy head and "sang."

6. Prizes and Special Contests

At the end of most of the shows the children were allowed to vote for the most popular exhibit, and a prize was given to that, apart from its show points. The prizes were handsome silver cups, beautiful bronze medals, and gold-stamped colored ribbons.

Besides the prizes awarded for pets, there were others

given to the children who had made useful and beautiful places for housing their pets, such as bird houses, bird cages, aviaries, and aquariums. Some of the entries in this competition were very clever.

The poster competition which was held in connection with the pet shows proved of great interest to young nature-loving artists. Prizes were offered for the best original posters advertising the pet shows. Every design submitted was obliged to picture some bird, beast, or fish, some plant or flower.

Some of the posters have been comical. There was one of an old rooster, hurrying along as fast as he could, looking very flustered, and saying, according to the legend beside him, "I *must* not be late for the Pet Show!"

Another important contest was the Natural History Examination. Question blanks were sent to those who entered this contest, and prizes were given for the best set of answers. Here are some of the questions taken at random:

What is the difference between a butterfly and a moth?
How does a chicken get out of its shell?
Is a bat a bird? What is it?
Why has a cat whiskers?
How do crickets make their music?
Why can a fly walk on a ceiling?
How do toads deceive their enemies?
Do robins and chickens walk in the same manner?
How can you tell the leaf of a poison ivy from other ivy leaves?

Oh, I wish you could see some of the towns on Pet Show Day! The schools have a holiday, and even the grown people do honor to the pets. On such a morning, pets all over the city have good baths and fresh ribbons. Cages and bird houses are made spick and span. Fido's tin plate is polished, and Tabby's chipped saucer is replaced by a whole one. Every one feels kindly toward our little friends, the birds and beasts.

In some towns, groups of Boy Scouts are detailed as game wardens to protect all animal, fish, and bird life of the neighborhood during the pet show period.

Of course the crowning glory was the Panama-Pacific International Exposition Pet Show, the show held by the great exposition in San Francisco given by our Nation in 1915 to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal.

STELLA GEORGE PERRY

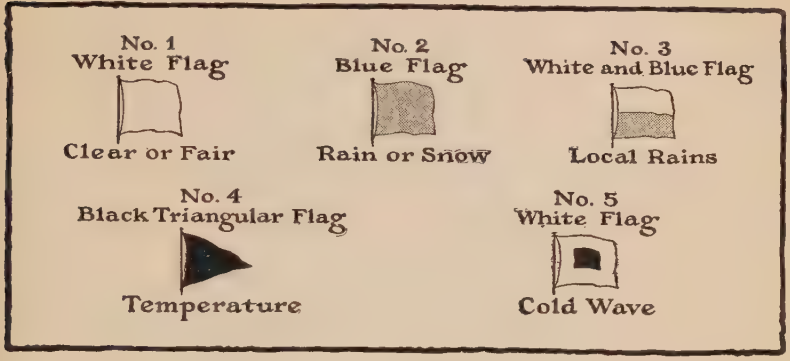
STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. To make sure you understand this selection, try to sum up in a few words each of the six parts into which it is divided. A short statement like this is called a "summary." For example, the summary of Part I might read, "In many places in the western part of the United States, children bring their pets to a show, to be judged as to how well their owners care for them."

2. Just why did Dr. D'Evelyn start the Pet Show Movement? 3. What good comes from having pet shows? 4. Which of the incidents in the selection do you find most interesting? 5. What experience with animals have you had? If you have tamed some animal, prepare to tell how you did it. 6. Prepare a little speech on the subject, "Why we should have a pet show in our town."

WEATHER SIGNALS

Everybody should be able to read the weather signals. How quickly can you do it?



No. 1, alone, indicates fair weather, stationary temperature.

No. 2, alone, indicates rain or snow, stationary temperature.

No. 3, alone, indicates local rain, stationary temperature.

No. 1, with No. 4 above it, indicates fair weather, warmer.

No. 1, with No. 4 below it, indicates fair weather, colder.

No. 2, with No. 4 above it, indicates warmer weather, rain or snow.

No. 2, with No. 4 below it, indicates colder weather, rain or snow.

No. 3, with No. 4 above it, indicates warmer weather with local rains.

No. 3, with No. 4 below it, indicates colder weather, with local rains.

No. 1, with No. 5 above it, indicates fair weather, cold wave.

No. 2, with No. 5 above it, indicates wet weather, cold wave.

Forecasts made at 10 A.M. and displayed between 12 and 1 P.M. forecast the weather for the following day until 8 P.M.

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Describe Nos. 1, 2, and 3, and tell what each means. 2. When No. 4 is placed above another flag, does it indicate warmer or colder weather? when No. 4 is placed below another flag? 3. What does No. 5 mean? 4. Make up four questions on weather signals to ask your classmates.

WEATHER WISDOM

Have you heard any of these verses before? Have you ever found that any of the statements in them are true?

The South wind brings wet weather,
The North wind wet and cold together;
The West wind always brings us rain,
The East wind blows it back again.

If bees stay at home, rain will soon come;
If they fly away, fine will be the day.

When clouds appear like rocks and towers,
The earth's refreshed by frequent showers.

EXPLAIN THE MEANING

Your teacher will give the meaning of a word in one of the groups below and the number of that group. Find the word.

1.	2.	3.	4.
haunches	warning	sobbing	insects
curiosity	twitching	vines	snuggled
huckleberry	morsels	dangling	harmless
cabin	fragrance	gingham	blotches
escaped	boldly	pretended	hawks
underbrush	nibbled	flame	enemies
5.	6.	7.	8.
liquid	caterpillars	misfortune	coarse
poisonous	disappeared	pond	dismal
gleam	slender	stupid	rescued
hobgoblin	clod	interesting	various
unsightly	year	grabbed	cawing
deceived	generally	neighborhood	roost
9.	10.	11.	12.
perched	capture	curious	nestlings
squawkings	weatherworn	vegetation	affection
prefer	amuse	score	complete
weathervane	annoyed	scrawny	provide
remarkable	frequent	partial	dependent
injured	peering	unselfish	fierce
13.	14.	15.	16.
rage	requirement	approaching	pheasants
suggested	hobbies	profit	menagerie
encircle	self-reliant	masters	vacation
poultry	allies	judges	concerts
wheelbarrows	exhibit	assist	humorous
comfort	coop	aquariums	celebrate

SOMETHING TO DO

Explain the meaning of each group of words or use each group in a sentence.

became rigid
a tiny morsel
he was undecided
big human creatures
nibbled daintily
lettuce sandwiches

a little brown pelt
sobbing their hearts out
the yellow johnny-jump-up
met with no response
a series of squawkings
weatherworn straw hat

gained the upper hand
entered into conversation
rotting vegetation
this act of service
unselfish devotion
the Pet Show movement

admitted without charge
a wonderful menagerie
ran on a leash
their fear of humankind
common breeds of chickens
a sorry specimen
some of the entries

taken care of by nature
very innocent pets
at twilight
most of his plumage
a tall poplar
tempting bit

sense of humor
recovered his spirits
parental affection
the animal kingdom
the vegetable kingdom
harbor quays

things that belong to the day
ready for removal
a huge, brilliant macaw
amusing mistakes
worked their way
dumb comrades

the poster competition
looking very flustered
spick and span
the crowning glory
the Panama Canal
stationary temperature
the most popular exhibit

THE PROFESSIONAL UMPIRE AND MASCOT-KEEPER

This baseball story is very likely different from others that you have read. Who is the hero?

Baseball was the chief delight of Max Oliver's life, and his dog Pepper was his chief comfort. It was not at all queer that he should love the little dog so much; for Max had a bad knee that kept him from walking, and Pepper, strangely enough, had been born with only three legs instead of four. But it was queer that Max should care so much for baseball, when he had never seen a real game in his life.

Max and his mother lived all alone in a two-room house with a "lean-to," almost in the shadow of the grandstand of the city baseball park. Nearly every day during the season, throngs of people came crowding past, hurrying into the park to get good seats. After the game was over they came hurrying out again to get any sort of seats, or a place to stand, in the street cars.

Taken from *The Children's Book* through the courtesy of the publishers, Cupples & Leon Company, New York, copyrighted.

Mrs. Oliver was too busy to pay much attention to them. She sewed for the Government. The piles of coarse cloth that came in and the dozens and dozens of overalls that went out took all her time and thought.

But Max had plenty of time, more than he knew what to do with, when it wasn't a baseball day. When it was, he and Pepper would crawl close to the fence where a broken paling made a fine window for their small faces. To watch the people going in was fun to Max; but to see them standing up on the top row of the bleachers waving their hats and umbrellas, and to hear the glorious yelling — this was better still. At such times Max would shout as loudly as he could, and Pepper would bark joyfully, for then they knew the home team was ahead.

Best of all were the brief moments when the crowd surged out and past the fence corner. By listening intently, Max usually could hear which side had won, and how and why.

Although Max had never seen a ball game except when the neighbor boys played in the street before his house, he had asked questions until he thought he knew all about it. There was one thing he did not know, however; that a boy could get inside by carrying in a "wild ball" — one that had been batted over the fence. Since he seldom went outside his yard, he had never seen this done, and there were some things the neighbor boys forgot to tell him.

One day when the crowd was unusually large, a ball came flying over the grandstand straight toward his fence corner. It fell with a dull thud within a few feet of Max. The two

cripples, boy and dog, crawled eagerly to the spot and seized the wild ball. It was theirs! Theirs to keep for always! But the game would have to stop if the ball wasn't there. No doubt all the people inside the park were hunting for it that very minute! Max tucked it under his arm as these troublesome thoughts came into his mind, and tried to make himself honest. At last he decided to give up the treasure.

Just as fast as he could, he squeezed himself through the broken fence. Pepper got through without any difficulty. Slowly, "on all threes," they made their way to the door through which Max always saw the players go. Too tired and excited to speak when he reached the doorkeeper, Max simply held up the ball.

"Finding the ball surely lets you in," said the man pleasantly. "Push to the front if you'd like to see."

"Like to see!" Think of it! They pushed to the front so far that they stood outside the benches of the home team, which happened at that moment to be out in the field. Scarcely had Max settled himself on a bench with the trembling Pepper close in his arms, when a great shouting arose.

"Out! Out! Out!" screamed the fans.

In a moment the big men in red uniforms came trooping toward the benches, laughing and clapping a certain curly-haired player upon the back.

"Here! What are you doing here?" said one man gruffly to Max, as he stumbled over the newcomers.

As the two started to creep away, he noticed their helplessness and added more kindly, "Oh, you may stay."

The men were all too happy to be cross. They had just had their "first streak of luck" during the game. In the next inning there was great excitement. One of the team saw Pepper's comical face peering out from under Max's arm. He seized the little dog playfully, exclaiming, "Why, hello! What's the matter with your pegs?"

"He never had that leg," exclaimed the proud owner,

pointing to the place where the leg ought to have been. "Both of us cripples have to go on all threes, only he has a front one missing, and my back one is bad," slapping his crooked knee.

"I am sorry," said the man, his eyes intent upon the player at the bat.

Soon there was hurrahing and hurrahing. The home team had won and the fans were wildly happy. Even the men themselves joined in the jubilee, for it was the first good playing they had done in some weeks. Everything had seemed to turn suddenly against them, and now, just as suddenly, to turn in their favor.

"Here's the mascot that did it!" cried the man they called Rusty, probably because of his red hair. "See the three-legged puppy! He strayed in here just as Oily made the wonderful play that set us all hopping!"

With that the poor little dog was tossed from one to another until Max held up his hands in terror, crying, "Oh, he's mine! He's all I have!"

"What is his name?" asked the manager.

"Pepper Oliver."

"Pepper! Well, 'pepper' is just what this team needs. We put pepper and hot shots into those other fellows today, and we must do it again tomorrow. You and Pepper may come."

So Max was obliged to explain how they got in. The men looked at one another, and their faces became more friendly as Max revealed the sadness of his life and its great longing.

"Well," said the manager, "we'll have Pepper for our mascot and you for head rooter. Show us where you live. Oh, over there. Come, boys, let's carry them home."

So Max and Pepper were carried home to the wondering mother, who dropped her work for once and came to the door to see what the noise was about.

Thus it was that Pepper became a valuable member of the National Baseball League. Of course in his high position he had to "go on the road" with the team, and at such times Max had to play alone in his fence corner. But every now and then he would put a fat pay envelope into his mother's lap, containing the salary Pepper earned and what the owner was promised for his "keep." Max often wondered how Pepper could earn so much, but of course the baseball men knew more about such things than he did.

Best of all, when Christmas came, Santa Claus sent Max a new pair of crutches with red bands painted on them in honor of his team. Proud as he was of them, he was prouder still of the shingle sign which Rusty made and nailed upon the gatepost. In big red letters it said, "Max Oliver, Professional Umpire and Mascot-Keeper."

LEE MCRAE

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. What is a mascot? 2. Does a mascot really help to win games? How? 3. Suppose that Max and Pepper had been well and strong; would the story have been different? How? 4. What might have happened if Max had not been honest? 5. What do you like best in this story? 6. Make another title for it. 7. Read your favorite part aloud.

HOW TO PLAY HAT-BALL

Have you ever learned to play a game by reading directions? How can you prove that you understand the directions in this selection?

The boys stood their hats in a row on the grass. The one with the ball stood over the row of hats and swung his hand to and fro above them, while the boys stood by him, prepared to run as soon as the ball should drop into a hat. The boy who held the ball, after one or two false motions — now toward this hat, and now toward that one — would drop the ball into Somebody's hat.

Somebody would rush to his hat, seize the ball, and throw it at one of the other boys, who were fleeing in all directions. If he hit Somebody Else, Somebody Else might throw from where the ball lay, or from the hats, at the rest, and so on until some one missed.

The one who missed took up his hat and left the play, and the boy who picked up the ball proceeded to drop it into a hat, and the game went on until all but one were put out.

Hat-ball is so simple that any number can play at it.

EDWARD EGGLESTON
From *The Hoosier School Boy*

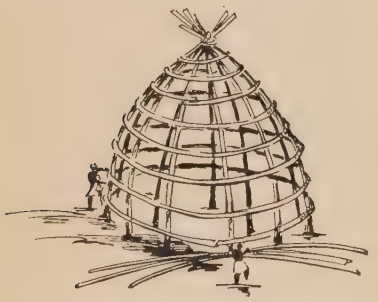
STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Try to tell in five sentences or less how to play hat-ball. 2. From what book was this selection taken? 3. Who wrote *The Hoosier School Boy?* A little later you may wish to read the whole of this book. Perhaps your teacher will read you some of it now.

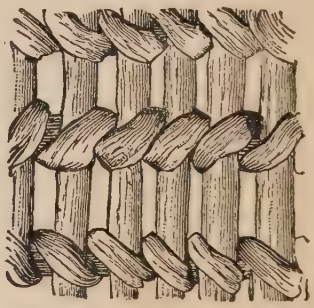
EARLY SPINNING AND WEAVING

For thousands of years people have known the art of making cloth. You will be interested in learning how early peoples, who did not have machines such as we have, spun the yarn and wove the cloth.

When the women of early tribes looked about for means of making their lives more comfortable, they plaited, twisted, and tied limber vines and twigs and grasses — whatever they could find — and out of these made houses, furniture,



FRAMEWORK OF A ROUND HOUSE



WATTLING

and clothing. Savages in different parts of the world made the same inventions.

For instance, there is the round house. Several young saplings are stuck into the ground to form a circle, or saplings still growing in the ground may be used. Their tops are tied together, and in and out around these saplings are woven small boughs, long grass, rushes, or whatever is handy and limber enough for the purpose. Sometimes grasses are

put on like a thatch. The grasses are held down by sticks across them, and the sticks are fastened by twining them with vines or limber twigs. Mud and clay added to such twined work make a "wattle and daub" hut. Many varieties of these houses are made by the American Indians.

Matting also was woven for floor coverings. The roots, stems, bark, and leaves of many plants furnished materials

Woven Indian Basket

Distaff and Spindle

for clothing, armor, and furniture, and for baskets to hold food or to aid in carrying property from place to place. The wealth of an Indian family was often counted by the number and beauty of its baskets. Woven traps for catching animals and fish are also common among savages, and among our Indian tribes water jars were woven before pottery was used.

It may have been thousands of years after the beginning of basket weaving that the art of spinning was invented. In spinning, a long thread is made by twisting together a number of single strands, even quite short ones, so that the end of each is lost in the twisting of several.

We do not know how spinning first came to be practiced. It may be that some people noticed the strands of wool torn off the backs of sheep by bushes. If they were already used to weaving, the sight of the wool may have given them the idea that this material also might be woven. Before it could be woven, the wool must of course be made into threads. It was easy to spin a long thread by drawing out and twisting the natural wool. Wool and flax seem to have been the first materials used in spinning.

In the earliest days of spinning a bunch of fibers was held under the left arm. Later, this bunch was wound on a stick called a distaff. A weight was fastened to one end of this bunch of fibers. The spinner drew out the strand to which the weight was attached and gave it a twist. The weight fell slowly and turned, thus drawing and at the same time twisting the strand. When the weight reached the ground, the spinner picked it up, wound the spun yarn on it, fastened it, and let the weight fall again. When a stone with a hole in it was used for the weight and a stick was stuck through the hole, the first spindle was invented.

In Germany the distaff was called a "rock." It stood upright while the spinner sat or stood near it, pulling out and twisting the yarn as she dropped the spindle, picking

it up again and winding on it the spun yarn. These three motions — drawing, twisting, and winding — are carried on wherever spinning is done, whether by savage women or by modern spinning machines.

In India spinners began to use a wheel in very early times, but in Europe the wheel did not come into use until about a hundred years before the days of Columbus.

The first weaving with thread was probably done without looms, but among many peoples the loom was early invented. The Chinese, the Hindoos, the Indians of America, the Egyptians, all invented looms of various sorts. For when the early people found that they could make strands of any length, the next step was to fasten one set of threads, which we call warp, so as to keep them taut. Then they

could put in the crosswise threads which we call woof, or weft, or filling, more easily and so make long strips of firmly woven goods.

One of the early looms consisted of two beams, fastened crosswise and some distance apart, between two upright sticks. From one of these cross beams to the other the warp threads were stretched. The warp threads were wound on the upper of these beams, which is therefore called the warp beam. The cloth as it was woven was wound around the lower, which is called the cloth beam. The worker sat in front of the cloth beam, which sometimes hung so low that he had to dig a hole for his feet. Another early loom consisted merely of a beam hung by the warp from the limb of a tree. On this the worker wove from the bottom up.

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Did you ever make a little hut or shelter in the woods? How did it differ from those spoken of in the first two paragraphs? 2. Why not live in huts like these all the time? 3. Make a list of the things that were used in building these huts. 4. Make a list of the things that savages have made by weaving.

5. What three things must you do to spin a thread? Be prepared to show how to spin with a distaff. 6. What is thread used for? Name all the uses you can think of. 7. How can you make a simple loom? 8. Be ready to explain which is the warp and which is the woof in a loom.

9. If you have ever seen a hand-woven rug or bedspread, describe it. 10. Be ready to sum up in a few sentences what you have learned from this selection.

YES OR NO

Did Max Oliver like to watch a baseball game?

Was Pepper a large, strong dog?

Was Max Oliver's mother a rich woman?

Did Mrs. Oliver make overalls for the Government?

Had Max ever seen a real baseball game?

Did Max have a ticket to the baseball game?

Did the home team have blue uniforms?

Did the baseball team like their mascot's name?

Were Max and Pepper carried home by the players?

Was Mrs. Oliver the "Mascot-Keeper"?

Did Max "go on the road" with the team?

Was the little crippled boy proud of the shingle sign?

Is "hat-ball" an indoor game?

Can more than five children play "hat-ball"?

Are saplings young trees?

In early times were houses made of vines, twigs, grasses, and saplings?

Were furniture and clothing made by the men?

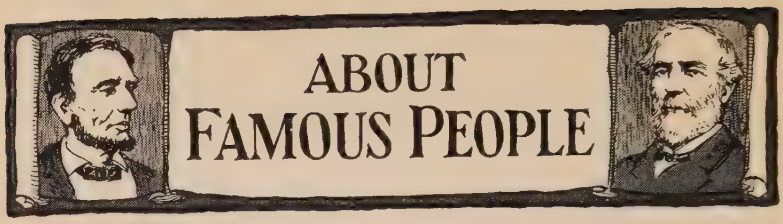
Were clothing and furniture made by the women?

Were Indian families considered wealthy if they had many baskets?

In spinning, is a long thread made by tying short threads together?

In spinning, is a long thread made by twisting together several single strands?

In weaving on a loom, is the warp thread stretched tight?



GENERAL LEE'S LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER

General Robert E. Lee's daughter Mildred wrote him a letter while he was with the United States Army on a march against the Indians in Texas. Here is his reply.

CAMP, April 28, 1856

MY DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTER,

I was much pleased to receive your letter. I did not know that you could write so well. I think, in time, when you get more accustomed to spelling and writing, you will write a beautiful letter, and Minnie Sprole and I will have delightful times reading them.

I am very glad to hear that your hens are doing so well. You must have plenty of eggs, chickens, and ducks for Rob and the children when they come home this summer. You know your brother Fitzhugh has a magnificent appetite, and those girls from Staunton never see a chicken.

I wish I had you here to take care of mine. I brought them many hundred miles in a coop behind the wagon. Every evening at the end of the day's march I would let them out, and at night they would roost on top of the wagon.

They laid several eggs on the road. I have only seven hens and some days I get seven eggs.

Having no plank, I have been obliged to make them a house of twigs. I planted four posts in the ground and bored holes in each, three feet from the ground, in which I inserted poles for the floor, and around which were woven the branches that formed it. There are so many reptiles in this country that you cannot keep fowls on the ground. The sides and tops were formed in the same way, and the whole is covered with branches with their leaves on, which makes a shady house but furnishes little protection against rain. Soldier hens, however, must learn not to mind rain. I converted the coop they came in, into nests. They pick up so much corn among the horses that I do not have to feed them, and they seem quite domesticated.

I have no cat, nor have I heard of one in this country. You will have to send me a kitten in your next letter. The Indians have none, as there are so many wolves prowling around that they frighten away all the mice. My rattlesnake, my only pet, is dead. He grew sick and would not eat his frogs, etc., and died one night.

I hope you will have a nice garden and study hard and learn your lessons well. You must write to me whenever you can and believe me

Your affectionate father,

ROBERT E. LEE

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Would you like to get such a letter as this? Why?
2. Prepare to tell just what made General Lee's letter so interesting.

THE ROAD OF THE LOVING HEART

The title of this story is the name of a real road. It was built for a man who wrote some of the poems you have read. Who is he? Do you think that the road was well named?

For many years Robert Louis Stevenson lived on one of the Samoan islands in the Pacific Ocean. His house was built on a high hill overlooking the sea. Stevenson loved the clean air on the hilltop and the beautiful view below. But to reach the house from the town at the foot of the hill one had a long distance to travel — three miles, and up hill all the way. There was no real road to the house, and when you remember that Robert Louis Stevenson was living in Samoa because he was not strong, you can imagine how hard it was for him to take this journey.

But never did he allow his poor health or the long, weary climb to keep him from going to the help of any of the poor people who needed his kindness. All the natives looked upon Stevenson as their best friend, and all loved him for his many kindnesses to them. They called him "Tusitala," which in our language means "the Story Teller."

At length the natives decided that they would do a kindness for Tusitala — a great kindness, one that meant long, hard work in the blazing sun — and so they built a road leading to his home.

Robert Louis Stevenson was made very happy by this wonderful gift. He planned to put up a signboard on the new road with its name in large letters and a few words of thanks to the people. But before he could carry out his

plan, the Samoan chiefs arrived with their own sign carefully written out. Of course it was written in Samoan, but translated into English it read:

THE ROAD OF THE LOVING HEART

Remembering the great care of his Highness Tusitala, and his loving care when we were in prison and sore distressed, we have prepared him an enduring present — this road which we have dug to last forever. It shall never be muddy, it shall endure, this road that we have dug.

And that road shall be cared for and kept open for all time to prove to the world that a kind deed is never lost; it will be found years afterward in some loving heart.

CATHERINE T. BRYCE

A LITTLE LAD OF LONG AGO

This story shows that Abraham Lincoln liked books and liked to read. It also tells what he thought reading did for him.

Little Abe hurried home as fast as his feet would carry him. Perhaps if he had worn soft wool stockings and finely fitting shoes like yours, he could have run faster. Instead of stockings he wore deerskin leggings, and pulled over these were clumsy moccasins of bearskin that his mother had made for him.

Such a funny little figure as he was, trudging along across the rough fields! His suit was of warm gray homespun. The fur of his odd-shaped cap had once been on the back

of a coon. The coon's tail flew out behind as he walked — like a funny, furry tassel. But if you could have looked into the honest, twinkling, gray eyes of this little lad of long ago, you would have liked him at once.

In one hand little Abe held something very precious. It wasn't a purse of gold nor a bag of jewels. It was only a book, but little Abe thought more of that book than he would of gold or precious stones. To know just what that book meant to little Abe, you must be very fond of reading. You must think how it would seem to live far away from all schools, to have no books of your own, and to see no books anywhere, except two or three old ones of your mother's that you had read over and over until you knew them by heart.

So, when a neighbor had said that little Abe might take a book home and keep it until he had read it all through, do you wonder that his eyes shone like stars? A real book — a book that told about the big world! Little Abe's heart beat fast; it seemed almost too good to be true.

Little Abe's home was built on a hillside. It was not much like your home. It was not built of stone or brick, not even of nice, smooth lumber, but of rough logs. When little Abe lay in his small bed, close to the roof, he could look through the chinks between the logs and see the white stars shining down on him. Sometimes the great yellow moon smiled at him as she sailed through the dark night sky. And sometimes, too, saucy raindrops dropped down on the little face on the coarse pillow.

Tonight, after little Abe had crept up the steps to the loft, he put his precious book in a small crack between two logs. When the first gray light came in, in the morning, he awoke and read until his father called him to get up. Night after night he read, until the book was nearly finished. Little Abe worked hard all day long, and never a minute had he in the daytime to peep between the covers of his beloved book.

One night he slipped the book away as usual and fell asleep to dream of the wonderful story. He awoke very early, but there were no golden sunbeams to peep through the chinks and play across his pillow. The loft was dark, and little Abe could hear the wind whistling out in the trees. He reached out his hand for the book — and what do you

think? The logs which he touched were cold and wet! During the night the wind had driven the rain in through the crack where lay the beloved book!

He shivered and sat up, reaching again for the book. He pulled it out. Then the poor little fellow almost cried; for that precious book was wet from cover to cover, and its smooth leaves were crumpled and soaked from the heavy fall of rain. Poor little Abe! He sat up in his cold bed and wiped off the water as best he could. He could scarcely keep the tears back. There was a big lump in his throat and a big lump in his heart. What would the kind neighbor say?

As soon as he could, little Abe set off across the muddy fields to the kind neighbor's house. It was more than a mile away, but he trudged along, not thinking of the wind or the cold but only of the book. When he found the neighbor, little Abe held out the poor, spoiled book and, looking straight up into the man's face with clear, honest eyes, he told his sad little story.

"Well, my boy," said the man, smiling down into the sober little face, "so my book is spoiled. Will you work for me to pay for it?"

"I will do anything for you," said the little fellow, eagerly.

"Well, then, I will ask you to pull fodder corn for me for three days," said the man.

Little Abe looked up into his kind face. "Then, sir," he said wistfully, "will the book be all mine?"

"Why, yes, of course," said the man, good-naturedly, "you may have the book; you will have earned it."

So little Abe went to work for three days. He was cold, and his back ached as he pulled corn for the cattle; but he was too happy to mind, for was not that precious book soon to be his very own?

What do you suppose the book was for which little Abe worked so long and faithfully? Was it a book of wonderful fairy tales, like yours? No, the book was the story of George Washington. Long years afterward, when little Abe had grown to be a great man and the President of the United States, he used to tell the story of his first book.

"That book — the story of George Washington — helped me to become President," said Abraham Lincoln.

ALICE E. ALLEN

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. What parts of the story show how much Lincoln loved books? Read these parts aloud in class. 2. What books do you love? Why? 3. What books have you read that you can strongly recommend to your classmates? 4. What book shall you read next?

An Aim in Life: — To be honest, to be kind — to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for your presence.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A TRUE STORY OF TOM PEARTREE'S STRANGE PORTRAIT

Try to read this story so carefully that you can tell it after one reading. What will you think about as you read?

Thomas Gainsborough was a little boy who liked to draw pictures better than he liked to do anything else. The reason probably was because he could draw such good pictures. By the time he was ten years old, he had sketched every tree and cottage and every boy and girl in his village of Sudbury, England.

Thomas's father one day came into the house and said, "Somebody has been stealing pears out of our pear orchard!"

Thomas was almost as angry as his father to hear this news, for the fine big pears were just beginning to get juicy and yellow; and if anybody was going to have those pears, Thomas wanted to be the one. He decided to try to catch the thief. When he told his father that he would get the fellow, whoever he was, his father just laughed and said, "A fine chance a ten-year-old like you would have to catch anybody!"

Day after day went by, and the pears continued to disappear as fast as they got ripe. One morning Thomas went out to the orchard to see whether there was not at least one pear left for him to eat. He was walking along slowly, drawing little pictures of all the things on the way, as he often did.

Suddenly he looked up to see a big, burly fellow, with an unshaven face, in the act of climbing over the stone wall to reach the pear trees.

Thomas did not know what to do! He could not capture the man, for he was too big and rough. If he ran to call his father, the man might get away while he was gone. Just as Thomas was trying to collect his wits, the man spied him. He paused with one foot hanging over the wall in such a funny manner that Thomas wished he could draw him. Then, quick as a flash, the boy decided that was the very thing for him to do! He opened his sketch book and made a few rapid lines.

When the boy's father saw the picture, he recognized the thief as a town loafer who had often been suspected of stealing from people's orchards. In fact, the thief had earned for himself the title of "Old Tom Peartree." Thomas's picture of the man was such a good likeness that no further proof was needed to cause him to be punished.

The story of Tom Peartree's portrait is a true one. When Thomas Gainsborough grew to manhood, he became one of England's great portrait painters. "The Blue Boy" and "The Duchess of Devonshire" are two of his most famous pictures. You may have seen copies of one or both of them. Admirers of Gainsborough like to tell this story of how his talent as an artist once made him a detective.

MAKING A CHOICE

Robert E. Lee was (an artist, an author, a soldier, an inventor).

The natives of Samoa (hated, disliked, loved, feared) Robert Louis Stevenson.

Samoa is (a city, a group of islands, an ocean, a river).

The people of Samoa built Stevenson (a house, a theater, a road, a church).

Tusitala means (the writer, the good friend, the story teller, the wise man).

Robert Louis Stevenson (painted pictures, carved wood, wrote beautiful poems and stories, sold houses).

(Abraham Lincoln, Robert E. Lee, Robert Louis Stevenson, Benjamin Franklin) was one of our presidents.

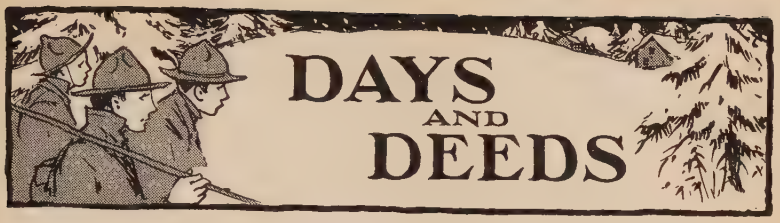
When Lincoln was a little boy he wore (high leather boots, bearskin moccasins, soft leather shoes, rubber boots).

Lincoln's childhood home was built of (smooth lumber, stone, brick, rough logs).

Abraham Lincoln paid for the book by (shoveling coal, cutting down trees, pulling corn for the cattle, selling newspapers).

The book which cost Lincoln so much labor was (Andersen's *Fairy Tales*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Life of George Washington*, *The Story of Doctor Dolittle*).

Thomas Gainsborough saw the thief as he was (crawling under the fence, climbing over the wall, picking up pears, stealing out of the garden).



THE KHAN OF THE SILVER CROWN

What do we usually call a man who wears a crown? Here he is called a "khan." Try to learn what country he belonged to. Read the story to find out how the khan got his silver crown.

1. The Silver Bowl

A very long time ago, in the ancient country of Tartary, there lay hidden in the heart of its mountains a very beautiful city. This city lay close to the boundary where Tartary touches China and had been built by the Chinese. In its center was a magnificent temple. Its windows were set in jewels, and its walls and ceilings encrusted with them.

Toward this city one day came a horde of strange wild people, riding strong and fiery horses and bearing bows and spears. The warlike men of the tribe rode foremost, sitting upon their steeds erect and fierce. Behind them came their family tents, mounted upon wheeled platforms and drawn by fine, strong oxen.

These wandering people were fierce Tartars led by their great khan, who rode foremost on a creamy-white horse, and whose word was law to all his tribe. From place to

place they had wandered. They had camped for months beside the mountain streams when the valleys were green and the grass good for pasture. They had lived in caves and forests around enormous fires when winter closed in upon them. And always they were fighting, conquering, or robbing any other tribe which happened to get in their way.

All night long they had been traveling up the narrow valley. When the morning broke, the city with its gleaming roofs and sparkling towers lay before their eyes. The curling mountain mists were just ascending as the sun struck the city, and it lay before the Tartar khan's eyes like a city of enchantment. Calling some of his men to him, he sent them forward to find where the gates of the city might lie. They returned bringing a tarnished silver bowl.

Presenting the bowl to the khan, they told this curious story. A tall man of commanding figure, wearing the yellow robe of the Tartar dress, came running down the road toward them, carrying the silver bowl. His face was serious and of great beauty. While they looked at him he stumbled and fell. When they came up to the place in the road where he had fallen, the silver bowl lay there in the dust, but the man had disappeared.

The khan looked into the bottom of the bowl, and there read the following words: "Be thou brave to conquer the Silver Crown and the Golden Throne. But when a khan of thy tribe shall die leaving no heir, seek him only to rule the city whom the people love, the beasts follow, and the sun serves. He shall be the Khan of the Silver Crown."

Before nightfall the wild Tartar tribe had conquered and entered the city. These wild mountain people were soon streaming through all the streets and wandering at will into houses, palaces, and temples. The khan went straight to the great temple. He pushed through its courts of jade and ivory and crusted jewels and came into an inner room of dazzling splendor. There stood a throne of solid gold, and near it lay a silver crown.

Seating himself upon the throne, the Tartar khan put the silver crown upon his head and proclaimed himself khan of the city. He then had the silver bowl brought to him and placed it in a cabinet of sandalwood. He hung the key of the cabinet about his neck and made a law that every khan who ruled the city after him should wear the key about his neck till he died, and then leave it to his son.

The wild, wandering Tartars now settled in the city and gradually laid aside their rough ways of living. They grew more and more powerful in all that wealth can bring and more fierce in the art of war. Khan after khan led his people to battle. They pushed their way into China and terrified the Chinese by fearful raids upon their towns. They returned from these raids bearing great piles of treasures and riches, to add to those which they already had.

As the khans, one after another, grew richer and more powerful, they and the people they ruled over forgot all about their simple, wandering life. They began gradually to lose their strength and bravery, as they grew more and more ease-loving.

The silver bowl lay locked in its cabinet for hundreds of years, and the khans who wore the key about their necks forgot what it belonged to. Finally a khan died leaving neither son nor daughter to succeed him, and the city had no ruler. One of the nobles, bending over the body of the dead khan, saw the tiny key. Then he remembered the old story of the man in the yellow robe running down the road with the bowl.

The nobles formed a procession and went into the temple, where again the golden throne was empty, and the silver crown lay upon its cushion. Opening the little cabinet, they read the writing in the silver bowl: "Be thou brave to conquer the Silver Crown and the Golden Throne. But when a khan of thy tribe shall die leaving no heir, seek him only to rule the city whom the people love, the beasts follow, and the sun serves. He shall be the Khan of the Silver Crown."

The nobles looked at one another in silence. Now as a matter of fact, the people had no love for the haughty nobles, and the nobles did not love the people. The beasts fled in terror from the fleet hoofs of their hunting horses. As for the great sun, who could bear to lift his face to it, far less ask it to serve him?

So not a noble of the court dared put the silver crown upon his brow, fearing the strange words written in the bowl. They ruled the city among them, and for thirteen years there was no khan. By that time, strife, anger, bloodshed, and murder were abroad, and the peace of the city was

gone. Everywhere they searched for a ruler who should be loved by man and beast and served by the sun of heaven. In foreign cities and among other tribes they searched, but no such man could be found.

2. The Hermit

One of the greatest and strongest nobles of the kingdom was Vitou. One day Vitou and several other nobles had ridden together to hunt in the forest. As dusk was falling, Vitou became separated from his companions, and, entering a dark valley in the wood, his horse stumbled and fell. Rising, the horse broke away from Vitou and fled, leaving him to find his way as best he could among the dark trees.

When at last Vitou came out of the wood, the moon was shining brightly over a little village of rude tents and peaceful herds, very like those of his own tribe in ancient days. Taking a footpath which led down into this village, he came suddenly upon the end of a gigantic mountain ravine, entirely barred across by a tremendous rock.

Through a hole in this rock, a thin stream of cool, sweet water fell slowly into a rocky basin with a tinkling murmur. Being thirsty, Vitou stooped and drank a long draught of the cool water. Then he followed the path to a place where it forked. One branch went on directly down into the village, the other wound up the steep hillside.

While Vitou stood hesitating, a tall man, clad in a yellow robe and bearing a water jar upon his shoulders, came down

the mountain path. He greeted Vitou politely. Finding him to be a stranger who had lost his way, he asked Vitou to his hut to spend the night and promised that in the morning he would send him on his way back to the city.

Having filled his water jar, the man led Vitou up the mountain path to a tiny hut, built upon a light frame stretched upon four poles. They entered his dwelling place by a ladder. It was a single room, in the center of which was a pan of wood coals about to die out. The last glow sent a faint light through the gloom.

Vitou saw that he was in a hermit's cell. Seating himself beside the brazier of coals, he began to question his host. In a few minutes light footfalls were heard outside. A moment later a villager, bearing goat's milk, dates, figs, and bread, hurried into the room, laying this simple but excellent supper before Vitou.

"My mother, seeing thee bid a guest to thy house, sends thee food to his taste, Lord Tewfik," he said.

A few moments later another lad appeared with companions, bearing sweet-smelling boughs, which they flung together for a bed. The eldest of the lads said, "Our father, seeing thee bid a guest to thy house, sends these boughs for the stranger's bed, Lord Tewfik."

"Stay," cried Vitou. "Why hast thou done this for the stranger guest of thy Lord Tewfik?"

"Because," answered the lad, "the Lord Tewfik hath won our great love. The mountain streams which bring water to us and our beasts dry up in the summer. From

year to year we suffered great want of water, thousands of us; also our beasts, dying of thirst, till Tewfik came among us. He observed that a heavy rock hung over the ravine, where our chief mountain torrent rushes down in the spring. He pushed the rock over so that it fell into the mouth of the ravine, shutting back the water, which now lies there in a pool of great purity. A hole, drilled through the rock, serves us in times of need with sweet water."

"Here," thought Vitou, catching his breath, "is a man whom the people love."

He watched Tewfik closely as he sat in the light of the dying coals. Seeing him young and fair to look upon, Vitou asked him eagerly many questions, which the hermit answered wisely.

After a while they lay down to rest, the hermit upon a rude couch of dried grass, and Vitou upon his sweet-smelling boughs. In the middle of the night Vitou was aroused by the fearful wailing cries of wild beasts, which came nearer and nearer the hermit's dwelling. By and by a united chorus of blood-curdling yells and howlings was heard directly under the platform upon which they were sleeping. Vitou, trembling with terror, crouched among his boughs, scarcely daring to breathe.

Then he saw Tewfik suddenly arise, take down a bunch of herbs from the wall, and start toward the door. Vitou cried out to him not to go out, or he would be killed. Tewfik heeded not his words but disappeared down the ladder. In an instant the howlings ceased. Vitou, breath-

less with fear, crawled softly over to the doorway and peeped out.

The moon was shining brightly, and in its beams he beheld Tewfik standing in the midst of a pack of wild beasts. He was flinging to them the herbs, which they ate greedily, even licking his hands and fawning upon him. After a while they went quietly away, and Tewfik ascended the ladder. To Vitou's astonished questions he replied with a smile that years ago he had found an herb which relieved wild beasts in distress, and he fed it to them. They knew he had it and came to him when they needed it.

"Here," thought Vitou, "is a man whom the people love and the beasts follow, but alas! how can the sun serve him?" He tossed upon his bed of boughs and slept uneasily the rest of the night.

3. The Crowning of the New Khan

In the morning Tewfik awakened him and led him to a mountain stream. There they had a refreshing bath, and Tewfik caught fish for their breakfast. When they returned to the hut, the pieces of wood in the pan lay charred to white ashes. Tewfik quietly emptied them out and laid some dry sticks in their place. Then, reaching up, he drew aside a little curtain in the roof, which covered a thick piece of glass. A small disk of brilliant light fell instantly upon the sticks of wood, which in a few seconds began to smoke. Shortly afterward they blazed into fire, and the hermit calmly proceeded to broil the fish.

Vitou was filled with joy. "Thou art the khan!" he cried. "Thou art the khan! How is it that living so near to the city we found thee not in all these years?"

"Where sought you a khan?" asked Tewfik.

Vitou, the noble, hung his head and replied, "Never among the people." Vitou then told him of the writing in the silver bowl and said, "Wilt thou be our khan?"

"If," replied Tewfik, "thou wilt lead me to the nobles in this yellow robe."

Now the yellow robe was a mark of the poorest class of the people, and Vitou hesitated. "Why may I not bring thee fitting robes?" he asked. He knew that in fitting clothes Tewfik would stand tall and kingly, but he feared his success would be doubtful in the yellow robe. However, they set out at noon and reached the city at sunset.

Tewfik would not enter the city but lay all night outside its gates. Vitou hurried to the palace and called a council. When they heard of Tewfik, in their hearts they were sorry and not glad. They had learned to love power, and none wished to submit to a khan again, much less to a khan in a yellow robe. So they laughed at Vitou and said, "Thou liest. Show us the khan in the yellow robe!"

Vitou led them to the city gate before it was opened. There, sitting in the midst of all the common people who waited to enter the city, they saw Tewfik teaching them. "See," cried Vitou, "how the people love him!"

"Nay," they replied, "he is of the people. Why should they not love their own?"

When Vitou called Tewfik, he stood calmly before all the scoffing lords and nobles. When they jeered at him for claiming to be khan, he said, "I claim nothing. Ye shall put the silver crown upon my head."

"That will never be," they cried. "Come, let us fling him among the beasts who follow him!"

They caught him up and carried him to a deep pit, filled with fierce wild beasts, and with laughs and mockery flung him in. Then they crowded round, expecting him to be torn to pieces. The beasts leapt forth at him with snarls; but presently the nobles were utterly astonished to see them creeping about him, fawning on him, and licking greedily the bits of herb which he fed to them. Not one wild tooth touched his flesh, but the beasts lay about him obeying his slightest touch.

Fear now stirred the hearts of the nobles, and they did not know what to do. Vitou led Tewfik back among them, and then they said, "The sun! Let the sun serve him!"

They ran and brought wood and piled it up about him. Then they cried, "Set fire to this pile, and thou mayst go to the temple. If no fire descend from the sun at thy call, we will bring the fire and burn thee."

Tewfik took a glass from within the breast of his robe and held it forth with a smile. "Good people," he said calmly, "if, when I call down fire from the sun, ye still will not crown me as khan, let the fire consume me. At the same time fire will also burn this city, where the people forget their khan and the commands of their holy writings."

Now the nobles were sorely afraid and held their breaths, watching the little dancing disk of light as it played over a fagot of wood. Suddenly the light became steady, a thin curl of smoke arose, and at last a flame burst forth. A deep silence greeted the flame as it burned and crackled. Then with a shout they tore the wood away, crying, "The khan, the khan!" and bore him on their shoulders to the temple.

There stood the empty throne, the silver crown, and the sandalwood cabinet locked, with the key within the keyhole. The khan in his yellow dress lifted the crown and put it upon his brow. At the same instant, Vitou turned the key in the cabinet, and a heavy but refreshing perfume at once filled the room. The bowl was gone, though many had caught its gleam when the door had swung open. In its place lay an exquisite yellow rose.

They turned to Tewfik. He stood smiling down at them, tall, stately, commanding, and proud, and in his hands, lo, he held the silver bowl!

LILLIAN C. PRICE — Adapted

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. The khan seems to have used a burning glass. Try to find out something about a burning glass and why it can set an object on fire. 2. What herb do cats like? 3. Was there really anything wonderful in what Tewfik did? Why did it seem so to the nobles? 4. Would Tewfik make a good king? a good president? Why do you think so?

5. You will need to read the story again so as to fix in your mind just what happened. Imagine the scenes and give a name to each one. 6. You may wish to dramatize this story at one of your school entertainments.

WE THANK THEE

This poem is full of word pictures. Read it slowly and try to see all of them.

For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet,
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees,
For mother-love and father-care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair,
For love at home and here each day,
For guidance lest we go astray,
For this new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For ev'rything His goodness sends,
Father in heaven, we thank thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Note one by one the things the poet is thankful for. Which one of these are you most thankful for? 2. Can you add anything else to the poet's list of the things we should be thankful for? 3. How do you think these lines should be spoken? Be ready to read it aloud or to recite it from memory, as the teacher may direct.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS SCOUT

Why do boys become scouts? Did the boy in the following story understand what it means to be a scout?

Davy wasn't a real scout at all, but that was not his fault. He was only nine and a half, and that meant over two years of waiting — endless waiting it seemed to Davy — before he could wear the arrow-head badge of the tenderfoot scout and go hiking and camping like big Cousin Fred.

That is how the figures stood late in December. It was the summer before, at Grandfather's, that Davy had first begun counting the time until he should be twelve. There, at the farm, he had met Cousin Fred. Fred was sixteen years old, a first-class scout, and a winner of the life-saving merit badge. But he had never felt too big to take Davy for a Sunday hike over the hills, telling thrilling tales of scout camp life and woodcraft. He told Davy, too, all about the twelve laws which every scout must follow and the daily good turn every scout must do, and he explained the different badges, the oath, and the salute. What wonder that Davy wanted to be a scout most of anything in the world!

Shortly after his return home in the autumn, Davy planned to take matters into his own hands. So, one day, standing before his looking-glass and raising his right hand, palm to the front, he swore the oath all by himself. Then he pinned under his jacket a secret badge which he had made himself. There he had worn it ever since and he thought himself as honor-bound to the oath as any scout living.

It was now two days before Christmas. There had been a snowstorm followed by clearing about noon. Davy had hailed the snow with whoops of delight. Now, by shoveling walks, he might earn enough money to get a Christmas present for Father and Mother after all. He had them already picked out, a gay little Jerusalem cherry tree for Mother, and for Father a beautiful red and green tie. What luck that it should be Saturday and no school!

When the one o'clock whistle blew, Davy and his snow-shovel were well on their way, bound for a good-looking corner house out on the avenue. A corner house provided twice as big a job as any other place. Davy marched up to the door and pressed the bell button. A sour-looking maid opened the door an inch, snapped out "No," and banged it to before Davy could get out a word.

He stood staring at the door for a moment, his mouth still open, but a minute later he was crossing the street to the opposite corner, once more wearing his sturdy scout smile. There, however, they kept a hired man; next door a big boy was already at work. Davy was plucky, however, and at last a nice little lady said "Yes" as she smiled and looked at him over her spectacles. But Davy was only on his third job, with a shortage of ten cents staring him in the face, when the town clock struck four.

"Well, I declare, you work as if you meant business!" said a jolly old man almost at Davy's elbow. "Come up to 70 Lexington Avenue — electric light in front — and I'll give you a job. My pay is thirty cents. If you aren't

there by a quarter of five, I'll understand you've found something nearer and will do it myself."

"Oh, I'll be there, all right. Thank you, sir!" Davy's spirits rose to the crown of his cap. He would buy the necktie and the cherry tree — and a box of candy besides!

Fifteen minutes later, Davy was hurrying out to Lexington Avenue. As he was crossing the street, a block or two from the railroad station, he nearly ran into a young lady dashing along with a suitcase, a hand bag, and an umbrella, and trying to catch a passing street car.

"Hey, there, hey!" called Davy; but the car whizzed right along.

"Oh, dear!" panted the young lady, dropping her big suitcase. "I've lost it, and there won't be another for fifteen minutes." She herself looked as if about to drop, and Davy stretched out a small hand to steady her.

"Thank you," she gasped. "I do feel a little shaky, from running with this heavy luggage, I suppose. I believe I'll go around the corner to the drug store and get something hot to drink, if I can find a trusty young man to watch my suitcase." She smiled down into Davy's honest face. "I'll be back in ten minutes, in time to catch the next car."

"Oh, you can trust me!" Davy smiled back. A scout has to be helpful and polite, especially to persons in trouble.

"And you'll stay right here with it and not let any one touch it? All my Christmas presents are in it, you see."

Davy promised with his hand over his badge. He watched her anxiously as she crossed the street and

turned the corner. Then he sat down on one end of the suitcase, his snow shovel at his feet, and began to think.

It was now twenty-two minutes after four by the clock in the little tailor shop at his left, and he must be at 70 Lexington Avenue at a quarter of five or lose his job. If she were back in ten minutes, he would reach there in plenty of time after all.

Trinity chimes pealed the half hour. Eight minutes gone, and the lady hadn't returned yet.

Now in the distance he saw a car. It came, passed — and she had not come. Something must have happened! If he could only go around the corner and find out! But there was his promise.

The chimes rang out a quarter of five! He would have to give up all thought of the job now, and he was still ten cents short on his Christmas fund. He brushed his eyes with his coat sleeve. A scout cry? Never! But he was so cold and lonesome and so disappointed about the job! He hadn't thought that being a scout was just like this.

Suddenly, clearer than the chimes, he seemed to hear Cousin Fred's cheerful voice again, reciting their favorite passage from the law: "*A scout is brave. He has courage to face danger in spite of fear.*" Then Davy knew that he wasn't going to leave his post, no, not even if it meant an all-night watch! He started whistling, keeping time with his toes as he paced up and down.

"Hello, boy, waiting for your airship?" said a rough voice. A burly young fellow, whom Davy had noticed hanging

around the opposite corner, swaggered up with a cigarette in his mouth. "What have you got there, nuggets or bombs?" giving the suitcase a kick. "Oh, say," he added with a leer, "I'll look after it while you run over to Jakey's for a bag of peanuts," and he held out a nickel.

"Oh, no, thank you." Davy sat down on the suitcase in a hurry. "I couldn't think of leaving it to any one, not even somebody I knew. I promised her, you see — the young lady — to keep it till she came back. It has all her Christmas presents in it!" Davy added proudly.

The ruffian's eyes narrowed. "What did she look like, the lady that belongs to the bag?"

"She had brown clothes and she was pretty and dreadfully white in the face. Maybe you've seen her?" Davy said wistfully.

"Well, well!" said the young man as he clutched Davy's arm tightly. "Why, that young lady's a friend of mine! And if you'll just move yourself from her suitcase there, I'll be delighted to take it to her. Here, I'll give you her tip."

"No, sir!" Davy set his jaw fast and plumped his little body down more firmly than ever upon the suitcase.

"Oh, you won't? Well, we'll see," sneered the ruffian, as he cast a glance to right and left.

In fear Davy followed his glance, but no help was in sight except a street car, and that probably would not stop. Oh, if only some one *would* come, or if he were only bigger! Then he seemed to hear Cousin Fred's voice again. "*A scout*

has the courage . . . to stand up for the right . . . against the threats of enemies . . . and defeat does not down him."

Davy braced himself for whatever might come, and it came soon. A sharp wrench, a rough punch, and the suitcase was in the hands of the enemy, and Davy flattened on the ground breathless. It was a black moment for the brave little scout. Everything lost, and what would *she* think? And he had tried so hard!

Then — ah, the trusty snow shovel, a help that hadn't been counted on, lying so near! The enemy tripped over it and with an ugly growl pitched sprawling into the gutter.

And the car *had* stopped, leaving a broad-shouldered young man, who saw what had happened and was now coming right toward Davy. The ruffian, fearing trouble, picked himself up and limped away through the shadows and around the corner — without the suitcase!

"Well, well, here you are, standing by your guns, just as she said you'd be!" The young man was speaking to Davy, who had jumped up and regained his charge. "Say, but you're brave, all right!" At the word of praise and the friendly slap on his shoulder, Davy didn't mind any more about the long waiting, losing the job, and having the breath knocked out of him.

"You're looking pretty white about the mouth, though." The young man's voice was very kind. "Pretty long ten minutes, wasn't it? She didn't count on fainting, you see. She's my sister. She teaches in the South and was going to surprise the family by coming home for the holidays.

Here, I'll take that suitcase off your hands now and start you homeward. Your folks will be getting worried about you."

Oh, how Davy longed to accept the offer! But no — "I — I — I can't," he stammered. "I promised, you see, and a scout has to keep his word." Oh, it was so hard to say "No" to this friendly young man.

"Well, that's a good one on me!" The big young man

turned away his face so that Davy should not see his smile. "A scout, did I hear you say?" He was quite serious now. "But you're not yet twelve?"

Then of course Davy had to tell about the secret badge, who he was, where he lived, Cousin Fred, and the trouble with the ruffian.

"Come, give us your hand, brother scout." Davy's small mittened palm was taken in a mighty grip. "Now stand on the suitcase and look here." The big young man opened his overcoat. "On my sleeve — can you see?"

Davy saw! It was the badge of the scout master, a sure mark of all that was honorable and loyal, trustworthy and brave! Words failed Davy but off came his right red mitten and three fingers were raised to his forehead in salute. Then he quietly slipped from the suitcase and gave his charge into lawful hands.

"You're a fine little scout, just the kind I'm looking for! If only I were a magician, I'd hustle those next three birthdays of yours around in no time at all! But here's your car. You'll hear from us later. Good-by." And with a parting slap for Davy and a nickel to the conductor, the scout master was gone.

On Christmas morning there came a package for Davy and a letter, both addressed in the same hand. The package contained a most wonderful book, and the letter read:

My dear little Merry-Christmas Scout,

Yes, that is what I have named you, for there would have been no Merry Christmas for me but for your brave defense

of my precious bag! I am so sorry for what you had to endure for me, but I am very happy to add to my acquaintance one more person who can be trusted perfectly, whatever the cost. Surely, never was a real, true boy scout more faithful to his oath than my little scout of the secret order.

I hope you will enjoy the book which my brother and I are sending you as a small token of our gratitude.

Most cordially your friend,
AGATHA ALLEN

"Good!" gasped Davy, turning joyously from letter to book and back to letter again. "But any scout would have had to do it, wouldn't he, Dad?"

Father, admiring his new Christmas tie, smiled down into Davy's earnest face. "I should certainly say he would, my son," he agreed. But the eyes he turned to Mother, across the room, were brimming over with pride.

"Our little Merry-Christmas Scout," softly added Mother, who was tending a little Jerusalem cherry tree at the window.

Sometimes there are bargains, the last thing before Christmas, and Davy's ten-cent shortage didn't matter after all!

EDNA PAYSON BRETT — Adapted

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. How did Davy get the idea of being a boy scout? 2. Read aloud the parts which tell what kind of boy Davy was, such as, "wearing his sturdy scout smile." 3. What really saved the suitcase? 4. If you were to make a moving picture out of this story, what scenes would you select? Find a name for each scene and be ready to compare with your classmates. 5. Tell briefly the whole story.

CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY

While you read this poem to yourself, try to think just how it would sound if read aloud.

In the far-off land of Norway,
  Where the winter lingers late,
And longs for the singing birds and flowers,
  The little children wait;

When at last the summer ripens
  And the harvest is gathered in,
And food for the bleak, drear days to come
  The toiling people win,

Through all the land the children
  In the golden fields remain
Till their busy little hands have gleaned
  A generous sheaf of grain;

All the stalks by the reapers forgotten
  They glean to the very least,
To save till the cold December,
  For the sparrows' Christmas feast.

And then through the frost-locked country
  There happens a wonderful thing;
The sparrows fly north, south, east, west,
  For the children's offering.

Of a sudden, the day before Christmas,
The twittering crowds arrive,
And the bitter, wintry air at once
With their chirping is alive.

They perch upon roof and gable,
On porch and fence and tree,
They flutter about the windows
And peer in curiously.

On the joyous Christmas morning,
In front of every door,
A tall pole, crowned with clustering grain,
Is set the birds before.

And which are the happiest, truly
It would be hard to tell;
The sparrows who share in the Christmas cheer
Or the children who love them well!

CELIA THAXTER — Abridged

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Write a summary of this story in three or four sentences. 2. Read the poem once more and then read your summary. Try to think of at least two reasons why the poem is more beautiful and interesting than the summary. 3. Learn to recite this poem so that it will not sound like singsong. For example, when you say the first line, be sure to give plenty of time to "off" as well as to "far." Then in the second line, cut the "ter" of "winter" pretty short, and so on. 4. What parts of the poem bring pictures to you?

MAKING A DICTIONARY

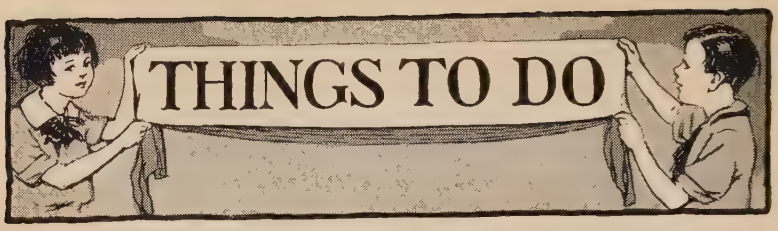
There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet. Can you begin with *a* and say them all in order? You should be able to do this, for very soon you will begin to use a dictionary. There you will find all the words arranged alphabetically.

In the lists below you will find words which you have read. Arrange them in alphabetical order. When you have finished, be prepared to give the meanings of the words or to use them in sentences. Your teacher will call upon each member of the class. Try to think clearly and answer quickly.

jewels	enormous	law	yells
magnificent	temple	dazzling	excellent
ancient	ivory	narrow	heir
ceilings	conquered	ravine	ascended
horde	brazier	united	guest
steeds	procession	fagot	quietly
boundary	wisely	perfume	utterly
Khan	brilliant	villager	gigantic
valleys	haughty	observed	mockery
robe	descend	tremendous	wandering

What is meant by each of these groups of words?

a tribe of wandering people	formed a boundary
close to the boundary	fled in terror
a magnificent temple	in foreign cities
were just ascending	with a tinkling murmur
a city of enchantment	as dusk was falling
leaving no heir	the elder of the lads
bid a guest to thy house	sweet-smelling boughs



NEEDLES AND PINS FLOATING

Did you ever perform an experiment? What did you learn from it? Would you like to try these experiments?

If you put a drop of water on a sheet of glass, it will spread out over the glass; but if you put a drop of mercury, or quicksilver, on the glass, it remains in the form of a ball. This is because water wets the glass, but mercury does not. Water will also wet a needle or pin, but not so readily as it will wet glass.

If you rest a perfectly dry pin or needle very gently on the surface of water, a little hollow will be formed and the pin or needle will float without becoming wet. In order to lower it gently enough, a good plan is to hang it on two loops of fine thread, stuck into slits in the end of two matches to form convenient handles. When the needle is resting on the surface, you can take the thread away gently without touching the needle. In this way you can get quite a large darning needle to float.

Another plan is to put the needle on top of a piece of tissue paper resting on the water. The paper will become soaked with water and will sink, leaving the needle floating; or you

can push the paper down if it does not sink quickly enough to please you.

If you will stroke the needle from the eye to the point with a magnet, the needle will always turn to the north. You will thus have an accurate and inexpensive mariner's compass.

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. How many experiments are described in this selection? Name each one. 2. Be sure that you understand the directions for each so well that you can tell just how to perform it.

THINKING

Mary has saved $4.75. How much more does she need to buy a dress for $5.50 and a hat for $3.75?

1. How much money has Mary saved?

2. How can you find out how much money Mary needs to buy a dress and a hat?

3. How can you find out how much more money Mary must save to have enough to buy the dress and the hat? As soon as you find out the answer to the next question, rise and stand beside your seat.

4. How much more money does Mary need?

Margaret's father earns $325 a month and his expenses are $205. In how many months can he save enough to pay for a house that cost $8400? In how many years?

1. How can you find out how much Margaret's father saves in one month?

2. How much does he save?

3. If you know how much money he saves each month, how can you find out the number of months it will take to pay for his house?

4. In how many months can Margaret's father pay for his house?

5. What else does this problem ask?

6. Shall you add or divide to find the answer to the last question in the problem?

7. Find the number of years that it will take Margaret's father to pay for the house.

Andrew's mother told him that a boy 10 years old should drink a quart of milk a day. Andrew found the cost of the milk which a boy of this age should drink during March. What was the cost if the price of milk is 14¢ a quart?

1. Would a boy drink as much milk in March as he would in February if he drank a quart each day?

2. How can you find out how many quarts of milk a boy should drink in March?

3. If a boy drank as much milk as Andrew's mother said he should, how much money would be spent each day for milk?

4. If you know how many quarts the boy will drink in March, and the price of each quart, how can you find out how much money would be spent for milk in March?

5. The first pupil to find the correct answer to the next question should go at once and whisper it to the teacher.

6. What would the milk cost for the month of March?

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

Try thinking out the problems in your arithmetic in this same way. You have no idea how much simpler and clearer they will seem if you will try this plan.

A MAGIC KEY

Can you follow directions? You will have to read this piece sentence by sentence in order to be able to follow these directions.

Tie together the ends of a string four feet long to make a double string. Then slip one end of the double string through the hole in a key. Next stretch the double string over your thumbs and let the key slide to the middle of the string. You will now be holding both hands in front of you, with a loop over each thumb and the key swinging in the middle.

Then reach with the little finger of your right hand and catch the inside string near the thumb of your left hand. Next catch with the little finger of your left hand the inside string near the thumb of your right hand. Hold the strings firmly while you draw them tightly.

You are now ready to perform the magic trick and see what happens to the key. To finish the trick, drop the string from the little finger of one hand and from the thumb of the other. Then, quick as a wink, draw the string tightly.

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Did you succeed in making the magic key? 2. How did you read the directions? Can you tell some one else how to read directions like these so that he can follow them? 3. Try writing brief, clear directions which tell how to do some trick. Then let one of your classmates try to perform the trick after reading your directions.

RIDDLES

Guess these riddles if you can.

I

In marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk,
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

II

I am as black as black can be,
  But yet I shine.
My home was deep within the earth
  In a dark mine.
Ages ago I was buried there,
  And yet I hold
The sunshine and the heat which warmed
  That world of old.
Though black and cold I seem to be,
  Yet I can glow.
Just put me on a blazing fire,
  Then you will know.

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. If you know other riddles, tell them to the class. 2. You will enjoy helping the class to make up riddles.

POLLY GOES WEST TO OHIO

What was the most interesting trip you ever took? Did you see as many new things on your journey as Polly did on her way to Ohio?

Over one hundred years ago Polly Curtis's parents grew tired of the quiet life of their good old Connecticut town and decided to "go West." As they knew that their journey would take many days, they began to get ready long before they expected to start.

Mr. Curtis covered his wagon, while Polly and her mother packed the goods to be taken to the West. For some things had to be taken: the armchairs, the bread board and rolling-pin, the feather bed, the frying pan, the looking-glass, and of course Jane, a beautiful, large doll which Uncle Jerry had bought for Polly in Southington.

Dandy, Polly's shepherd dog, watched all this strange work, knowing in some way of his own that something unusual would soon happen.

When all was ready, the oxen were hitched to the wagon, and away drove the Curtises, with Dandy following, toward their new home.

The first two days were the hardest for nine-year-old Polly. Many sights made her think of friends she had left behind. Once she saw a boy with a kite exactly like her cousin John's; another time she saw boys and girls swinging under a large oak tree, just as she and her friends had done in Connecticut.

By the third day, she began to think more about the great new West. She was really going West — going West. She said it over and over to make sure that she was not dreaming: "Going West! We are going West!"

At the end of that day, Polly felt like a real traveler. On that evening the wagon stopped by the roadside. Here the family camped. The brisk fire and the good things to eat were a delight to Polly. There was no end of fun, too, in getting the bed ready. This was done by placing the feather bed on the ground under the wagon and spreading the coverings over it.

Many were the evenings spent by the roadside, and many the mornings that the travelers were on their way by sunrise. On and on they rode. Pleasant towns no longer lay across their trail. Now only the smallest settlements appeared and there were but few of these. Near one of these settlements Dandy met his first porcupine and, after one glad moment of play, found "porky" too prickly a playmate.

One evening the wagon stopped in a small opening in the deep forest. Polly liked this camp at once, for the sandy ground was just fit for making "houses." But she took little time to build houses because Dandy, who had also been looking about the camp, found many "houses" already built. He and Polly began exploring the village. It was a woodchuck village. They found fourteen front doorways to as many cozy, underground homes.

Polly and Dandy tried to crawl into these doorways but had to give it up. Dandy even tried to dig into the little homes but was too tired to dig long. So Polly and Dandy sat on the piles of sand that were the porches of the woodchuck homes.

As soon as all was quiet, the marshal of the woodchuck

village poked his head out of his house; then another woodchuck — the mayor, probably — looked out of another house. Dandy's eyes were closed so that only Polly saw what was happening. If she could have kept quiet longer, she might have seen all the woodchuck villagers out for their evening walk. But Polly wanted Dandy to see the villagers too.

When Dandy first spied the mayor, he said to himself, "Oh, that's another of those awful, prickly porcupines!" Then he opened his eyes a little wider and was just ready to jump, when, like a flash, the mayor and the marshal scuttled into their holes! So Dandy ended the woodchucks' walk before it had fairly begun.

The wonders of the West increased. One day, late in August, when Mr. Curtis stopped near a stream to water his oxen, a deer came running toward him. It turned suddenly and stood for a moment as it saw its way blocked. This was the kind of chance for which Mr. Curtis had wished. He spent little time in reaching for his rifle, taking aim, and sending a ball straight to the deer's heart.

That day's traveling was then over, because the venison had to be cared for at once. This was done by first dressing the deer. Then the meat was cut off in strips and made ready for drying.

The travelers had now reached Ohio and were glad a week later to see Big Walnut River and the friendly settlement along its bank, for they were very tired. Here was the West which they had traveled so far and so long to see.

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Would you have enjoyed being with Polly? Why? 2. If you were making the trip now, how would you travel? 3. Why did Mr. Curtis go by ox team? 4. Why do you think Polly was glad to have Dandy and her doll along? What would you have taken? 5. Go carefully over the story, thinking how you would read it aloud so as to make some one else see all the word pictures. 6. You can remember the story better and tell it better if you use this outline; with it as a guide prepare to tell the story.

a. They start west
When
Why
Preparation for trip
How they went

b. On the way
The first days out
Getting ready for night
Dandy's playmate
The woodchuck village
Mr. Curtis shoots a deer

c. The end of the journey
What settlement
How they felt

WHEN KINGS ARE SCARCE

King George I of England once made a journey to his native kingdom of Hanover. On the way he stopped in a small village in Holland for a change of horses. Feeling hungry, he asked for two or three eggs. For these the price charged was a hundred florins. A hundred florins would be about forty or fifty dollars in our money.

"How is this?" said the King. "Eggs must be scarce here."

"Excuse me, sir," replied the waiter. "Eggs are plentiful, but kings are scarce."

FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE

How do objects look to you when you are speeding along on the train? This poem tells how they looked to the poet.

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:

All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And over again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles, —
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!

Here is a cart run away in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone for ever!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. What is the poet trying to tell you in the first stanza? 2. In the second stanza? 3. Note how the words sound — can you feel how they rush along? 4. Why "faster than fairies"? 5. What other comparisons can you find in the poem? 6. Name the pictures which the writer sees, one after the other. Can you imagine them? 7. Draw the one that you like best.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND

This letter was written by Dr. Edward Everett Hale to his two little boys in Boston. See how many interesting bits of information you can get from this letter.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND
May 5, 1873

DEAR PHIL AND BERTY,

This seems a very good country for boys, but I have seen no boys I like nearly so well as mine.

We went on Saturday to a museum which is like the Natural History rooms, only a great deal bigger. We saw there a live chameleon. Now the chameleon is the beast who is one color at one time and another at another. He is not very big, about as long as Phil's hand. When we saw him he was walking up a little bush and he was greenish yellow. He had cabbage to eat.

There were splendid peacocks and pheasants. When you go to the Natural History Society, I hope you will look for an Argus pheasant. He is called Argus because there was a king Argus who had one hundred eyes. Now this bird's tail is so full of beautiful spots that look like eyes that he is called the Argus pheasant. Is not that a good name?

Then there were live fishes swimming among grass and stones in glass boxes so that we could see them. There were very, very old mummies from the tombs in Egypt. I laughed very much at some tortoises that were not alive but looked very funny. The people had set them up in the

cases with the breasts in front, and they looked as if they were jumping Jim Crow. Arthur will show you how to jump Jim Crow and perhaps will teach you how.

As we approached the land after our voyage, we saw a very famous lighthouse, at a place called Holyhead. Holyhead is a cliff, or rocky mountain, of which the sides run down into the sea. At the very end of the cliff is a little island, and on this island is the lighthouse all alone. There is a little bridge which crosses to the island. But when they carry oil and food to the lighthouse, they do not carry them by the bridge, but in boats. And these boats sail into a deep cave under the lighthouse. Then the people look down through a well into the cave, and lower down ropes and pull up the oil and food.

All around the lighthouse are ever so many gulls' nests, and the gulls lay their eggs there, and there the little birds are born. And no one is permitted to land or to meddle with the gulls' eggs at all, so the birds are not frightened. Why do you think they take such care of the gulls? It is because they scream so and make so much noise that in the fog, when sailors cannot see the light, they can hear the gulls screaming and can keep away from the rocks.

Now we are going to Chester, a very old city where you do not have to carry umbrellas because the sidewalks have covers over them. Is not that a good way?

Mamma sends love and kisses to all.

From your own papa.

FIND THE WORD THAT SPOILS THE MEANING

1. Little Mary Jones let her favorite doll fall on the sidewalk. It broke all to pieces. Mary ran home, put her head on her mother's shoulder, and laughed.

2. John made plans to go on a visit to his grandmother, who lived in a city fifty miles away. He was so afraid of missing the train that he went to the market to take it thirty minutes before it was time to start.

3. We went to the library to get some books on Indian life. We wanted to find out what games Indian children played. The librarian found the books for us to paint.

4. Archibald spent one hour working out some problems in his arithmetic. His teacher had asked him to bring them to class the next morning. He put the problems in his pocket so that he would forget them.

5. One cold, windy day in winter the Smith boys made a snow man in their front yard. They wanted their mother and father to see it when they came home from the village. Their fingers became numb with cold and so they ran into the house and sat by the stove to get cold.

6. Nona Clark's brown hen hatched out fifteen baby chickens. They were very pretty little chicks. Nona was anxious to have all the chickens die so she took good care of them and fed them well.

7. Edward and Philip went to the station to take the train for the city. When they got on the train they sold their tickets to the conductor.

A MISUNDERSTANDING

Did you ever hear answers as foolish as these?

Many years ago there was a king of Prussia who had a regiment of very tall soldiers. The king took great pride in this regiment. Whenever a new man joined it the king would ask him three questions, and nearly always in the same order.

The questions were: "How old are you, my man? How long have you been in my service? Are you satisfied with your food and quarters?"

Once a Frenchman who did not understand German enlisted in that regiment. His officer said to him, "When the king asks, 'How old are you?' you must answer, 'Thirty years.' When he asks, 'How long have you been in my service?' you must say, 'Three weeks.' When he asks, 'Are you satisfied with your food and quarters?' you must answer, 'Both.'"

The Frenchman, parrot-like, learned to give these replies in German without understanding the questions to which they were the answers.

One day the king visited the regiment. Seeing the Frenchman for the first time, the king beckoned to him and said, "I haven't seen you before, my man. How long have you been in my service?"

"Thirty years," said the Frenchman, not understanding a word but giving the first answer he had been taught.

"What?" exclaimed the king. "How old are you then?"

"Three weeks," answered the soldier.

"What?" thundered the king in a fury. "Are you crazy, or am I?"

"Both," answered the Frenchman quietly.

AN AX TO GRIND

No doubt you have heard of a person with "an ax to grind." This story will tell you where that expression came from.

One cold morning in winter, when I was a little boy, a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder stopped me, saying, "My pretty boy, has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow!" said the man. "Will you let me grind my ax?"

Pleased with the flattery, I answered, "Oh, yes, sir. The grindstone is down in the shop."

Patting me on my head, he said, "Will you get me some hot water?" I ran and brought the hot water.

"How old are you, and what is your name?" he inquired, without waiting for a reply. "I'm sure you are one of the

finest lads I have ever seen. Will you turn the grindstone a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, I went to work with a will. It was a new ax, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rang, but I could not get away. My hands were blistered; still the ax was not half ground.

At last, however, it was sharpened. Then the man turned to me and said, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant! Scud to school, or you'll be sorry!"

"Alas!" thought I. "It was hard enough to turn a

grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a rascal is too much."

The memory of turning the grindstone that winter's morning sank deep into my mind. I have thought of it since. Now, whenever I hear words of flattery, I say to myself, "That man has an ax to grind."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN — Adapted

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. What do we mean when we say that a person has "an ax to grind"? 2. Do you know a story about some one who had "an ax to grind"? Prepare to tell it. 3. Can you give other common sayings? 4. In what way may this story be a help to you?

THE CAT, THE MONKEY, AND THE CHESTNUTS

There is a well-known saying based upon this story. If you have heard this saying, you will be able to tell what it is after you have read the story.

It was a cold November night. Outside, the wind blew hard. The first snow of the season covered up the grass and leaves with a beautiful white blanket. Inside, a bright log fire sent its blue and gold flames up the chimney and made the room warm and light and cozy.

Some big brown chestnuts were roasting in the hot ashes on the hearth. A lively little monkey and a big yellow cat sat in front of the fire warming themselves.

After a while the heat of the fire made the chestnuts pop open. Then the monkey said, "The chestnuts are roasted and ready to eat. Pretty pussy, your long, lovely paws were made to pull chestnuts out of the fire. See whether you can reach them."

The foolish cat was greatly pleased by what the clever monkey said. He grinned and stretched out his long, yellow paw and pulled a chestnut out of the hot ashes. His paw was badly burned.

"Meow! Meow!" the cat cried in pain, as he jumped up and down and blew on his paw.

"Poor pussy, pretty pussy, let me blow on your paw," said the monkey. He caught hold of the cat's paw and blew on it time and time again.

Then the cunning, clever monkey said in a soft, sweet voice, "Now, dear pussy, pull the other chestnuts out of the fire. Be quick, and the fire will not burn you. Pull the chestnuts out of the ashes. Then we'll have supper."

The foolish cat had not learned his lesson. He was more pleased than ever with the monkey's flattery. So he stretched out his paw and pulled chestnut after chestnut out of the fire.

As the cat reached for the last one, he said, "Now, friend monkey, supper is ready. We'll eat." Then the cat blew the ashes off his paw and turned around to get some of the chestnuts which he had pulled out of the fire, but the sly, cunning monkey had eaten every one.

ÆSOP

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Compare this story with "An Ax to Grind." How are the two stories alike? 2. Which story do you like better? Why? 3. Read the story again for the pictures. 4. In class you will enjoy taking the part of the monkey or the cat, while some one else takes the other part. Read only the conversation, leaving out the rest of the story.

SOMETHING FOR THE CLASS TO DO

One way of giving pleasure to others is by reading aloud. Usually an audience likes to hear an amusing story, one that makes people laugh. You have read several stories of that kind in this book.

Look over the table of contents and list the titles of three stories which you think the third or the fifth grade would like to hear. Your class may decide by voting which members of the class will be sent to the other grade to read. You should cast your ballot for the three pupils who, you think, will do honor to your class.

Do not let any one see your ballot. Write your name plainly at the top of the paper. Below your name write the names of the three members of the class for whom you are voting. Fold the paper with the names inside. Select two pupils to collect and count the ballots.

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. How may pleasure sometimes be given to others?
2. What kind of story usually pleases an audience?
3. How shall you select stories to be read to another grade?
4. How should the class decide upon whom to send to the fifth grade to read?
5. What should guide you in making your choices?
6. In getting your ballot ready, mention three things you should do.
7. If your class holds an election, what will have to be provided before the votes are cast?

THE SNOW MAN

Part of this story is "make-believe." A good deal of it is actual fact, however. Can you tell which is which?

"It is so delightfully cold," said the Snow Man, "that it makes my whole body crackle. This is just the kind of wind to blow life into one. How that great red thing up there is staring at me!" He meant the sun, which was just setting. "It shall not make me wink. I shall manage to keep the pieces."

He had two three-cornered pieces of tile in his head instead of eyes; his mouth was made of an old broken rake and was, of course, furnished with teeth. He had been made amidst the joyous shouts of boys, the jingling of sleighbells, and the cracking of whips.

The sun went down, and the full moon rose, large, round, and clear, shining in the deep blue sky.

"There it comes again, from the other side," said the Snow Man, who supposed the sun was showing himself once more. "Ah, I have cured him of staring, though! Now he may hang up there and shine, that I may see myself. If I only knew how to move away from this place — I should

so like to move! If I could, I would slide along there on the ice, as I have seen the boys do. But I don't understand how to slide; I don't even know how to run."

"Away, away!" barked the old yard dog. "But then, you've only lately been patched up. What you see yonder is the moon, and the one before it was the sun. He will come again tomorrow and most likely teach you to run down into the ditch by the well; for I think the weather is going to change. I can feel such pricks and stabs in my left leg, I am sure there is going to be a change."

"I don't understand him," said the Snow Man to himself; "but I have a feeling that he is talking of something very disagreeable. The one who stared so just now, and whom he calls the sun, is not my friend. He can feel that too."

"Away, away!" barked the yard dog, and then he turned round three times and crept into his kennel.

There really was a change in the weather. Towards morning a thick fog covered the whole country round, and a keen wind arose, so that the cold seemed to freeze one's bones; but when the sun rose, the sight was splendid. Trees and bushes were covered with hoar frost and looked like a forest of white coral; while on every twig glittered frozen dew-drops.

The many delicate little twigs hidden in summer by the leaves were now plainly seen and looked like glittering lace-work. The birch, waving in the wind, seemed full of life, and its appearance was wondrously beautiful. And where the sun shone, how everything glittered and sparkled,

as if diamond dust had been strewn about! The snowy carpet of the earth appeared as if covered with diamonds from which countless lights gleamed, whiter even than the snow itself.

"This is really beautiful," said a young girl, who had come into the garden with a young man. They both stood still near the Snow Man and looked at the glittering scene. "Summer cannot show a more beautiful sight!" she exclaimed, while her eyes sparkled.

"And we can't have such a fellow as this in the summertime," replied the young man, pointing to the Snow Man. "He is capital."

The girl laughed and nodded at the Snow Man and then tripped away over the snow with her friend. The snow creaked and crackled beneath her feet as if she had been treading on starch.

"Who are those two?" asked the Snow Man of the yard dog. "You have been here longer than I have; do you know them?"

"Of course I know them," replied the yard dog. "She has stroked my back many times, and he has given me a bone of meat. I never bite those two."

"Are they the same kind of beings as you and I?" asked the Snow Man.

"They belong to the same master," retorted the yard dog. "Certainly people who were only born yesterday know very little; I can see that in you. I have age and experience. I know every one here in the house, and I

know there was once a time when I did not lie out here in the cold fastened to a chain. Away, away!"

"The cold is delightful," said the Snow Man, "but do tell me about yourself. Only you must not clank your chain so, for it jars all through me when you do that."

"Away, away!" barked the yard dog. "I'll tell you. They said I was a pretty little fellow once. Then I used to lie in a velvet-covered chair up at the master's house and sit in the mistress's lap. They used to kiss my nose and wipe my paws with an embroidered handkerchief, and I was called 'Ami, dear Ami, sweet Ami.'

"After a while I grew too big for them, and they sent me away to the housekeeper's room. So I came to live on the lower story. You can look into the room from where

you stand and see where I was master once, for I was indeed master to the housekeeper. It was certainly a smaller room than those upstairs. I was more comfortable, however, for I was not being continually pulled about by the children as I had been. I received quite as good food, or even better. I had my own cushion, and there was a stove — the finest thing in the world at this season of the year. I used to lie down under the stove. Ah, I still dream of that stove! Away, away!"

"Does a stove look beautiful?" asked the Snow Man. "Is it at all like me?"

"It is just the opposite of you," said the dog. "It is as black as a crow and has a long neck and a brass knob. It eats firewood, so that fire spurts out of its mouth. One should keep on one side, or under it, to be comfortable. You can see it through the window from where you stand."

Then the Snow Man looked and saw a bright polished thing with a brass knob and with fire gleaming from the lower part of it. Quite a strange feeling came over the Snow Man. It was very odd, he knew not what it meant, and he could not account for it.

"And why did you leave her?" asked the Snow Man, for it seemed to him that the stove must be a lady. "How could you give up such a comfortable place?"

"I was obliged to," replied the yard dog. "They turned me out of doors and chained me up here. I had bitten the youngest of my master's sons in the leg because he kicked away the bone I was gnawing. 'Bone for bone,' I thought;

but they were very angry, and from that time I have been fastened with a chain and have lost my bone. Don't you hear how hoarse I am. Away, away! I can't talk any more like other dogs. Away, away! That is the end of it all."

But the Snow Man was no longer listening. He was looking into the housekeeper's room on the lower story, where the stove stood on its four iron legs, looking about the same size as the Snow Man himself.

"What a strange crackling I feel within me," he said. "Shall I ever get in there? It is an innocent wish, and innocent wishes are sure to be fulfilled. I must go in there and lean against her, even if I have to break the window."

"You must never go in there," said the yard dog, "for if you approach the stove, you'll melt away, away!"

"I might as well go," said the Snow Man, "for I think I am breaking up as it is."

During the whole day the Snow Man stood looking in through the window. In the twilight hour the room became still more inviting. From the stove came a gentle glow, not like the sun or the moon — no, only the bright light which gleams from a stove when it has been well fed. When the door of the stove was opened, the flames darted out of its mouth. The light of the flames fell with a ruddy gleam directly on the face and breast of the Snow Man. "I can endure it no longer," said he. "How beautiful she looks when she stretches out her tongue."

The night was long, but it did not appear so to the Snow

Man, who stood there enjoying his thoughts and crackling with the cold. In the morning the window panes of the housekeeper's room were covered with ice. There were the most beautiful ice flowers any Snow Man could desire, but they concealed the stove. The ice on the window panes would not thaw, and he could see nothing of the stove, which he pictured to himself as a lovely human being. The snow crackled and the wind whistled around him; it was just the kind of frosty weather a Snow Man might thoroughly enjoy. But he did not enjoy it. How, indeed, could he enjoy anything when he was "stove sick"?

"That is a terrible disease for a Snow Man," said the yard dog. "I have suffered from it myself, but I got over it. Away, away!" he barked, and then he added. "The weather is going to change."

And the weather did change. It began to thaw. As the warmth increased, the Snow Man decreased. He said nothing and made no complaint. One morning he broke and sank down altogether and, behold, where he had stood, something like a broomstick remained sticking up in the ground! It was the pole round which the boys had built the Snow Man.

"Ah, now I understand why he had such a great longing for the stove," said the yard dog. "Why, there's the shovel that is used for cleaning out the stove, fastened to the pole!" The Snow Man had a stove scraper in his body; that was what had made him so fond of the stove. "But it's all over now. Away, away!"

Soon the winter passed. "Away, away!" barked the hoarse yard dog. But the girls in the house sang,

"Come from your fragrant home, green thyme;
Stretch your soft branches, willow tree;
The months are bringing the sweet springtime,
When the lark in the sky sings joyfully.
Come, gentle sun, while the cuckoo sings,
And I'll mock his note in my wanderings."

And nobody thought any more of the Snow Man.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. About how many days did the Snow Man live? 2. Why was he supposed to know so little? 3. Just how did he look? Make a picture of him. 4. The paragraph on page 116 beginning, "There really was a change in the weather," is a descriptive or "picturing" paragraph; so is the following one. Can you see and feel everything described as though you were really there? Read these paragraphs slowly until you can. 5. Do you find any fun in this story? Pick out the parts that you think funny and be ready to read them to the class. 6. Read aloud the conversation between the young girl and the young man. 7. Read the song which the girls sang.

PUSS IN BOOTS

This selection is a play. You will have to watch carefully as you read because part of the text is not to be read aloud. Your teacher will tell you about this. Notice first the list of characters at the beginning. You will need to keep these in mind. Then read the directions in italics at the beginning of Scene I, and imagine how everything looks.

As you read what each character says, try to think how his speech should sound. Be sure to notice what he does. When you finish Scene I, stop and think just what the whole scene is about and what you have learned from it before you go on. Do this at the close of each scene.

CHARACTERS

MILLER'S YOUNGEST SON	PORTER	PRINCESS
KING	COACHMAN	CAT
LORD BELLHABIT	SERVANTS	OGRE
OTHER LORDS	LABORERS	TWO RABBITS
	FOUR HORSES	

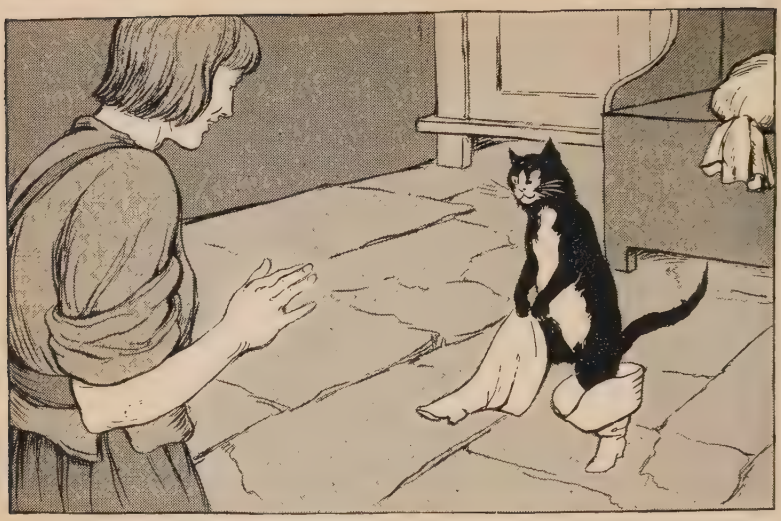
SCENE I

(*A small room. The* MILLER'S YOUNGEST SON *leaning against a table. The* CAT *sitting up watching him.*)

Son. I think father ought to have divided his goods up more fairly. He gave the mill to my brother Tom, the ass to Jack, and only a cat to me! It seems to me that my share is a very poor one. What do you think, puss?

Cat. Mew.

Son. Of course you can't do anything to help me. I'd better kill you and use your skin for a coat. But how am I to get food to eat?



Cat. Don't kill me, master; I —

Son. Goodness! The cat's talking! What did you say, puss?

Cat. I asked you not to kill me. I shall be of much more use to you alive than dead.

Son. Well, that's very wonderful. How can *you* help? I don't eat mice.

Cat. If you will please lend me a sack and a pair of top-boots, I'll show you.

Son. Well, you may have them. (*Brings them from a cupboard.*) But I don't see what good that will do.

Cat (*putting on boots*). They are a grand fit! Now, I'm off; just wait till I come back. (*Exit.*)

Son. What a strange way for a cat to behave! Ha, ha, ha! Just to see him pulling on my old shooting boots! But

they must have shrunk, for they seemed to fit him. Now I suppose I must get my tea. What shall I do when it's all gone? Heigh-ho! (*Sighs — then bursts out laughing.*) Just to see puss in those boots! 'Twas the most amusing thing I ever saw. (*Exit laughing.*)

SCENE II

(*At the right is a field, at the left the King's castle. In the center is the castle gate. The inside of the King's throne room and of the kitchen may be seen — the throne room next to the gate. The King is seated on the throne. Two or three servants are in the kitchen. Enter* CAT *at the right, with sack.*)

Cat (*aside*). I'll just put my sack here. There's the lettuce and the parsley, and there's the bran. Now we'll see if the rabbits will be caught. (*Lies down as if dead.*)

(*Enter two young rabbits,* BUNNY *and* FLOP. *They run about till* BUNNY *sees the sack.*)

Bunny. Come here, Flop, and see what I've found.

Flop. Don't touch it, Bunny. It looks dangerous.

Bunny. It can't be, it looks so nice. Don't be silly. Come and have some.

Flop. No, I won't. Bunny, do come away! Look, there's some nice grass.

Bunny. I'm going to have some lettuce and parsley. (*Puts his head in the bag.*) Oh! (CAT *catches him. Exit* FLOP.)

Cat. Got him! (*Kills* BUNNY *and drags him to the castle gate — knocks.*)

Porter. Who's there?

Cat. A messenger for the King. (PORTER *opens door.*)

Porter. Wait till I find out whether the King will see you. (*Calls.*) John! John Footman!

John Footman (*coming from kitchen*). Yes?

Porter. Find out, please, whether the King will see this messenger. (FOOTMAN *goes to* KING — *bows.*)

Footman. May it please your Majesty, a messenger desires to speak to you.

King. Let him come in. (FOOTMAN *goes to gate.*)

Footman. The king will see you at once.

(*They go to the throne room.*)

Cat (*bowing low*). May it please your Majesty, my master, the noble Marquis of Carabas, sends you this rabbit from his rabbit warren.

King. Tell your master I thank him. (*Rings bell. Enter* SERVANT *from kitchen.*) Take this messenger to the kitchen and give him food.

(FOOTMAN *and* CAT *bow and go to the kitchen.*)

Cat. Good day to you all!

First Servant (*aside*). This is strange, a cat talking! (*Aloud.*) Whose servant are you?

Cat. The most noble Marquis of Carabas, whose fields you can see over there.

Second S. Humph! I never heard of him. Do you mean those fields by the lake?

Cat. Yes! Do you think you could get the King to pass that way tomorrow? I have something to show him.

Third S. No, he couldn't, but I could. I always settle where the King shall go.

First S. He thinks he is very important, you see. I really settle where the King goes.

Cat. If you will arrange it among you to have him go by the lake tomorrow, I will see that you are all well paid for your trouble.

Second S. Well, I'll arrange it, but (*laughing*), ha, ha! I don't see how a cat can pay me!

Cat. You will see later. But I must go. Good day to you all. (*Exit.*)

Servants (*together*). Well, that beats all! A cat — and talking! Marquis of Carabas! Reward us! Fields by the lake! Isn't it funny? Ha, ha!

SCENE III

(*An open field with a road by the side.* LABORERS *reaping center and right. A large pond near left. Enter* YOUNGEST SON *and* CAT.)

Cat. If you will only do as I say, I will make your fortune.

Son. Poor old Puss! You must be mad! Even you can't help me, though I believe you would do your best.

Cat. Only do as I ask, and you will be happy.

Son. All right! What is it I am to do? (*Sighing and aside.*) I have no work, so I may as well amuse my only friend.

Cat. Just go and undress and get into the lake; and remember, whatever happens, you are now the Marquis of Carabas.

Son (*staring*). Oh, am I? Well, anything to please you. (*Undresses and gets into lake.*) It can't do any harm, unless it gives me a bad cold. Ugh! How cold the water is!

(CAT *moves his clothes and stands in the road. Enter* KING *and his* DAUGHTER *in a coach, with* LORDS *and* ATTENDANTS.)

Cat. Help! Oh, help! My noble master is drowning!

King. What is all that noise about?

Cat. Help! Oh, help! My noble master is drowning!

King. Why, it is the messenger who brought me the rabbit! Run, my lords, to help his master. (*Two* LORDS *run to the lake.*) Now, Cat, tell me at once what has happened.

Cat. While my master was bathing, two thieves came and stole his clothes.

King. Oh, I will soon make that all right (*turning to another* LORD). My Lord Bellhabit, return to the palace and fetch some clothes for the Marquis of Carabas.

Bellhabit (*bowing*). Certainly, your Majesty. (*Exit.* KING *and* PRINCESS *talk aside.* CAT *goes to* FIRST LABORER, *center.*)

Cat. Good people, when the King passes this way, you are to say these fields belong to the Marquis of Carabas.

First Laborer. Marquis of Carabas! These fields belong to Farmer Giles of Turnip Farm.

Cat. Never mind. You must say they belong to the Marquis of Carabas. If you do not, you shall be chopped as small as mincemeat.

First L. (*scratching his head*). Marquis of what did you say?

Cat. Marquis of Carabas.

Second L. (*grinning*). Your commands shall be obeyed, your honor.

Cat (*going to group at right*). When the King passes this way, I will have you chopped in pieces if you do not say that these fields belong to the Marquis of Carabas and that he lives in the castle yonder.

First L. Marquis of Carry Pats?

Second L. That castle yonder? Why, every one knows that the great Ogre lives there.

Cat. Never mind that. Do as I say — the fields belong to the Marquis of Carabas.

First L. Ha, ha, ha! Wonderful Marquis, and a cat!

But perhaps we'd better do as he says. We don't want to be chopped up. What do you think, lads?

Laborers. Ay! Perhaps we had better do so.

(*Exit* CAT *at right. Re-enter* BELLHABIT *with the clothes. The* YOUNGEST SON *puts them on and comes forward.*)

Son (*bending the knee*). I thank your Majesty for your great kindness.

Princess. He is a fine gentleman. Bid him enter the coach.

King (*aside to* PRINCESS). He certainly is a very handsome young man. (*To the* SON.) Marquis, the Princess would talk with you. Enter the coach, I pray you. (*He does so.*)

Son. Your Majesty is indeed gracious.

King. Drive on, coachman; but stop near the reapers yonder. I would question them. (*They come opposite the* REAPERS.)

Coachman. Whoa!

King. Good fellows, to whom do these fields belong?

First L. May it please your Majesty, to the noble Marquis of Carabas.

King (*to* YOUNGEST SON). Truly, I did not know that you had so fair an estate. (*Turning to* COACHMAN.) Drive on as far as the reapers in the next fields. (*They drive on.*) My good men, whose fields are those that you reap?

Laborer. May it please your Majesty, they belong to the noble Marquis of Carabas, who lives in the castle yonder.

King (*to* YOUNGEST SON). Indeed, your lands are very fair. Tomorrow I will pay a visit to your castle.

Son. I am sorry —— your Majesty —— It's a great honor —— but ——

King (*to* YOUNGEST SON). Say no more. Before noon you may expect us.

(YOUNGEST SON *steps out of coach. Exit coach.*)

Son. What am I to do? I have no castle! This is all my stupid cat's fault.

(*Re-enter* CAT, *running.*)

Cat. My noble master, did I hear you invite the King to your castle?

Son. No, puss, he invited himself, and I am ruined! I told you that you could not help me. (*Aside.*) Oh, how beautiful the princess is! (*Aloud.*) You know I have no castle, not even a house of my own.

Cat. All is well. Meet me at the Ogre's castle tomorrow morning when the sun rises.

Son. I am getting tired, puss, of you and your commands. Now I will kill you before you do me more harm.

Cat. My noble master, I pray you stay your hand but one night more. If you are of the same mind tomorrow, I will not again beg for my life.

Son. Nay, I will not kill you, puss. Why should I? 'Tis not your fault that I am so poor.

Cat. But you will promise to meet me tomorrow at dawn, will you not?

Son. I'll see, puss, I'll see. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV

(*The* OGRE'S *castle. Right, the courtyard. Center, the gate. Left, a room. Table spread for a banquet.* OGRE, *seated, sharpening a knife. Enter* CAT *at right — he knocks.*)

Ogre. Who is there?

Cat. A traveler who would pay his respects to the master of so grand a castle.

Ogre (*opening door*). You are very late, but all the same, you are welcome. (*Aside.*) He's small, only a mouthful, but he'll do for supper. (*Aloud.*) Will you pass the night with me?

Cat (*entering castle*). You are very kind.

Ogre. Pray seat yourself. Supper is ready.

Cat. That is good, for I am hungry. But first let me ask you a question. I heard down in the village that you could

change yourself into any kind of beast — a lion, say, or an elephant. Is this so?

Ogre. Certainly I can. You shall see for yourself; for I will become a lion. Await me here, for my magic is done in the next room. (*Exit left — he returns at once as a lion, roaring.*)

Cat (*running under table*). Oh, I am afraid! I pray you, become a man again.

(*Exit Ogre. He returns as a man.*)

Ogre. You see it is easy.

Cat. I can see it is easy for so great a nobleman to become a lion, but can you change yourself into something small — a mouse, for instance?

Ogre. Certainly. 'Tis just as easy. Watch. (*Exit. He returns as a mouse. The* CAT *kills him.*)

Cat. There, that is finished. Now I have only to wait for my master. 'Tis just about dawn. (*Goes to gate.*) Here he comes. (*Enter* YOUNGEST SON, *at right.*) Enter, master, enter. All is ready.

Son. Will not the Ogre eat us both?

Cat. No, he is dead. Now we have only to wait for the King.

Son. Am I dreaming? What has happened?

Cat. There is the coach, master. Run! Open the door!

(*Enter coach, at right.* COACHMAN *knocks.* YOUNGEST SON *opens the door and bows low.*)

Son. I pray your Majesty to enter. (*The* KING *and* PRINCESS *enter the castle.*)

King. I had no idea, my dear Marquis, that you had so fine a castle. It seems to me it is the finest in all the land. It is my will that you marry my daughter. (SON *takes* PRINCESS's *hand.*) And as for your faithful messenger, command him to come to me.

Son. Puss, come here, the King wishes to see you. (CAT *bows to* KING.)

King. Kneel, I command you, Puss. (PUSS *kneels.* KING *draws his sword and touches* CAT'S *shoulder.*) Rise, Sir Grimalkin! Your master should be proud of so able a friend. (PUSS *kisses the* KING'S *hand and rises.*) Come, my friends, let us seat ourselves at the table.

Arranged by A. R. HEADLAND and H. A. TREBLE

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Write a title for each scene that will tell or suggest what the scene is about. 2. What was the problem that Puss in Boots had to solve? 3. Prepare to tell in a very few sentences how he solved it. 4. Could your class act this play? Go over it carefully, making a list of the articles you would need and noting the acts each character must perform in each scene. 5. Read the play again, trying to imagine how each character feels and how you would act and speak as you took his part. 6. You will enjoy helping to make a play like this out of some other good story.

ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP

Suppose you had a charm by means of which you could obtain anything you wished, what would you ask for? Read the whole story to find out what use Aladdin made of his charm.

1. The Magician

A long, long time ago, in a rich country of the Far East, there lived a poor tailor and his wife, who had an only son, Aladdin. When the boy was old enough to learn a trade, his father took him into his shop. But Aladdin was an idle fellow and spent most of his time playing in the street with other boys as idle as himself. Even after his father died, Aladdin continued in his lazy habits, and his poor mother had to work night and day spinning cotton to support them both.

One day, while Aladdin was playing in the street, a stranger, richly dressed, stopped and looked at him. Now this stranger was really a powerful magician lately come

from Africa. Needing the help of some ignorant person whom he could make a tool of, the magician decided as soon as he saw Aladdin that the boy would answer his purpose. He called Aladdin away from his playmates and, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, said, "My good lad, are you not the son of Mustapha, the tailor?"

"Yes," said Aladdin, "but my father is now dead."

At this the magician threw his arms around Aladdin's neck and kissed him, with tears in his eyes. "Alas," he cried, "what sad news! Your father was my brother, whom I have not seen for many years. And now you tell me he is dead!"

With tears still streaming down his cheeks the stranger asked Aladdin where he lived. Then the magician opened his purse and, taking some gold pieces from it, put them into the boy's hand, bidding him tell his mother that he would take supper with her that evening.

Greatly pleased, Aladdin ran home and told his mother. Although the poor woman had never heard that her husband had a brother, she was glad indeed to get the money, and at once began to prepare supper.

The magician came as he had promised, bringing presents of delicious fruits and sweetmeats. After giving Aladdin's mother an account of his travels in distant countries and weeping with her over the death of Mustapha, he called Aladdin to him, saying, "What is your business? Have you a trade?"

Much ashamed, Aladdin hung his head. His mother

answered for him, "Aladdin is an idle fellow. His father tried to teach him his trade, but he would not learn. Since his father's death, the boy wastes all his time playing in the street."

"This is not well," replied the magician. "You must try to make your own living. If you do not like a trade, I will buy you a shop and set you up in business as a merchant."

Aladdin was delighted with this offer and thanked his uncle heartily, for it seemed to him that there would be very little work in keeping a shop.

The following day the pretended uncle clothed Aladdin in the finest suit to be bought in the city and in the evening gave him a rich feast, to which many merchants were invited.

2. The Magic Cave

The next morning the magician called for Aladdin, saying, "Come, my boy, today I will show you some very fine things." He led Aladdin out through the gates of the city, past beautiful palaces and gardens. On and on and on they went until they came to a garden in a valley between two mountains. This was the place which the magician wanted to reach, and to which he had brought Aladdin for a secret purpose.

"Now," said the magician, "we will stop here and I will show you some great wonders. But first gather some sticks for me and I will kindle a fire on this big stone."

Soon they had a fire and, when the blaze was brightest, the magician threw into it a powder which made a great cloud of smoke. Then he uttered some magical words, there was a loud noise, and the earth trembled. Aladdin was so frightened that he was about to run away; but the magician suddenly caught him and gave him such a box on the ear that it knocked him down.

Aladdin arose trembling and with tears in his eyes cried, "Dear uncle, what have I done to be treated in this way?"

"I have good reasons for it," said the magician. "Obey me and you will not be sorry. Lift that stone upon which the fire was kindled, and beneath it you will find treasure enough to make you rich for the rest of your days."

To Aladdin's surprise he was able to lift the stone without any difficulty. Beneath it appeared a small opening three or four feet deep. At the bottom was a little door, with steps leading down still farther into the ground.

The magician then said, "Go down into the cave. At the bottom of the stairs you will find a door leading into three great halls which open one into another. Before you enter the first hall, take up your gown and wrap it well about you. Go through all three halls without stopping. Above all, do not touch the walls even with your clothes, for if you do you will instantly die.

"At the farther end of the third hall there is another door, opening into a garden filled with fruit trees. Follow the path through the garden till you come to a flight of steps leading to a terrace. When you reach the terrace you will see a niche containing a lighted lamp. Put out the light, throw out the wick and the oil, place the lamp in your bosom, and bring it to me. If you wish any of the fruit in the garden, you may gather as much as you please."

The magician then drew a ring from his finger and put it upon Aladdin's, saying that it would protect him from all evil. "Go down boldly, my child," said he, "and we shall both be rich all the rest of our lives."

3. The Genie of the Ring

Aladdin leaped into the opening, went down the steps, and saw before him the three halls. He went through them, crossed the garden, found the lamp, and put it into the bosom

of his robe. He followed the magician's directions very carefully.

On his way back he stopped in the garden to look at the fruit. The trees were loaded with the most wonderful fruits of different colors, all of them precious stones of marvelous size. Aladdin did not know their value and thought them only colored glass. But the beauty and size of the fruit delighted him so much that he gathered some of each kind, filling his pockets and the bosom of his robe. Thus loaded down with treasure, Aladdin hurried back to the mouth of the cave, where the magician impatiently awaited him.

"Give me your hand, uncle," said Aladdin, "and help me up."

"First give me the lamp," said the magician. "It will be in your way."

"Indeed, uncle," said Aladdin, "it is not in my way. I will give it to you as soon as I am out."

The magician would not help Aladdin up until he had the lamp. Aladdin had the lamp so covered up with the colored fruit that he could not well get at it; and the more anxious the magician appeared to get hold of the lamp, the more unwilling Aladdin was to give it up.

The magician finally became so angry that he threw a handful of powder into the fire which he had kept burning, and at the same time uttered some magic words. At once the stone which had covered the mouth of the opening moved back into its place, and poor Aladdin was left buried in the dark cave.

Imagine his feelings if you can! He called aloud to his uncle, saying he would give him the lamp if he would only let him out. But all his cries were useless, and there he remained in perfect darkness. He went down the steps, hoping to find the garden once more, but the door to the garden was shut. Then he sat down on the steps and gave way to tears.

For two days Aladdin lay in this dark cave without food or drink. On the third day, feeling that he must soon die, he clasped his hands in prayer, saying, "There is no power but in God." As he joined his hands, he happened to rub the ring which the magician had put upon his finger.

To his horror a frightful looking genie rose out of the earth. "What do you wish?" he said. "I am the Genie of the Ring, and am bound to be the slave of any one who wears it."

"Whoever you are, take me out of this place if you can," cried Aladdin. As he spoke, the earth opened and he found himself on the very spot where the magician had lighted the fire.

4. The Genie of the Lamp

Aladdin hurried home and fell upon the doorstep faint with hunger. His mother, who had given him up for lost, received him with great joy. After refreshing himself with food and drink, Aladdin told his mother the story of his adventure and showed her the ring, the lamp, and the fruit from the garden. She admired the fruit but, like Aladdin, thought it nothing more than beautiful colored glass.

In the morning the poor woman told her son that there was nothing in the house to eat — not even a bit of bread.

"Never mind," said Aladdin. "I will go out and sell this lamp which I found in the cave."

"First let us clean it," said his mother. "It is very dirty."

No sooner had Aladdin begun to rub it than a frightful genie of monstrous size appeared before them, saying in a voice like thunder, "What do you wish? I am the Genie of

the Lamp and am bound to be the slave of any one who holds the lamp in his hands."

Aladdin's mother was too frightened to speak, but Aladdin answered boldly, "We are hungry. Bring us something to eat."

The genie disappeared but returned almost instantly with a large silver tray on his head. On the tray were twelve silver plates, all containing food, with silver cups to drink from. These he placed upon the table and was gone.

Aladdin and his mother ate heartily and the food lasted them for many days. Aladdin then sold the silver dishes, one by one, and bought food and clothing with the money. When the last dish was sold, Aladdin again rubbed the lamp and commanded the genie to bring them more food in silver dishes. In this way they lived happily for some years.

One day, as Aladdin was walking in the city, he chanced to see the sultan's daughter. She was very beautiful and Aladdin loved her at once. After a time he told his mother of his love for the beautiful princess and of his wish to marry her. You may well imagine that the poor woman was astonished at this news.

"My son," she said, "what are you thinking of? Surely you must have lost your senses. Have you forgotten that your father was but a poor tailor? You need not expect me to go and speak to the sultan in your behalf. Do you not know that one cannot ask to see the sultan without bringing him a rich present? Where are we to find one fine enough?"

Aladdin then told his mother that in talking with the merchants of the city he had learned the value of the colored fruit which he had picked in the underground garden. He told her that they were not colored glass, but that each piece was a precious stone of priceless value. The white stones were pearls, the clear ones diamonds, the flaming red ones rubies, and the green ones emeralds.

Aladdin's mother then agreed to do all that her son wished. She arranged the jewels on a porcelain dish and set out toward the sultan's palace. She was admitted to the palace, but, although she waited a long time, she was unable to present her gift. For several days she went thus and waited, until at last her patience touched the sultan's heart. He commanded that she should draw near and state her errand.

The poor woman tremblingly approached and bowed her head to the floor. The sultan bade her rise, saying, "My good woman, what brings you here?" She then told him of her son's love for the princess and his wish to marry her. The sultan heard her kindly and then inquired what she had covered with the napkin on the porcelain dish. She removed the napkin and laid the jewels before him. For some moments the sultan was speechless with wonder.

At last he said, ' My good woman, I will give the princess to your son in marriage upon one condition. Let him bring me forty basins of solid gold, each full of such jewels as you have just given me. Each basin must be carried by a black slave, who shall be attended by a young and handsome white slave."

Aladdin's mother hastened home and sorrowfully told her son the sultan's answer. Aladdin smiled and, as soon as his mother had left the room, he took the lamp and rubbed it. Immediately the genie stood before him. Aladdin told him of the sultan's demand, saying, "Go, bring me this present as soon as possible."

The genie at once disappeared. Before Aladdin knew that he was gone he was back again, and with him all that the sultan had asked for. There were the forty beautiful

white slaves, each leading a black slave who carried on his head a golden basin filled with precious gems.

Aladdin asked his mother to take this gift to the palace. As the procession went through the streets the people looked at it in wonder. The slaves were so richly dressed that they were taken for princes themselves. The porter at the sultan's palace was about to kiss the hem of the leader's robe, but the latter said, "We are only slaves; our master will come later."

They all appeared before the sultan and bowed low until their foreheads touched the floor. The black slaves then uncovered the basins and stood humbly before the sultan. Aladdin's mother stepped forward and said, "My son, Aladdin, sends this gift, knowing well that it is not worthy of the beautiful princess, your daughter."

The sultan was greatly moved by the richness of the gems, and at once sent the good woman back with these words: "Tell your son that I wait to receive him with open arms and will give him my daughter in marriage without delay."

5. Aladdin and the Princess

Aladdin's mother hastened home to tell him the joyful news. He then called the genie, who dressed him in beautiful, costly robes, so that he might make a fine appearance before the sultan. The sultan received Aladdin with delight and placed him by his side on the throne. Then he gave a great feast, after which the marriage contract was drawn up.

Aladdin asked if he might build a palace for the princess before the marriage. Upon receiving the sultan's consent, Aladdin hastened home and rubbed the lamp, summoning the genie. He commanded the genie to build for him the most beautiful palace that the world had ever seen. No sooner was it said than done. In the morning when the sultan arose, there was a wonderful palace standing next to his own, with a carpet laid between them for the princess to walk on. The marriage took place that day, and Aladdin and the princess went to live in the new palace, where they were very happy.

Now the wicked magician had heard of Aladdin's great good fortune and had come to the city in the hope of getting possession of the lamp. He bought a dozen shining new lamps and one day, when he knew that Aladdin was away hunting, he dressed himself like a peddler and set out with the lamps for the palace.

"New lamps for old! New lamps for old!" he cried as he neared the palace. The princess, who was resting beside the fountain in her room, heard the cry beneath her windows and sent one of her slaves to find out what the peddler wanted. The slave returned and said, "He wants to give new lamps for old ones. There is an old rusty lamp on a shelf in your husband's room. Shall I give it to him?" The princess knew nothing about the lamp or its powers, and so she allowed the slave to exchange it for a new one.

As soon as the magician saw the lamp, he seized it quickly and hurried away. That night he took it out and rubbed

it. The genie at once appeared. "I command you," said the magician, "to carry me and Aladdin's palace and all the people in it to the middle of Africa." Instantly this was done.

When the sultan looked out of his window the next morning toward his daughter's palace, he could not believe his eyes. The palace had disappeared and the princess too. His grief and anger knew no bounds. Soldiers were sent in search of Aladdin, who had not returned from hunting. He was found and dragged before the sultan. He would have been beheaded, had not the sultan feared the people, by whom Aladdin was greatly loved. "Go, wretch!" cried the sultan. "I grant you your life; but if you ever appear before me again you shall surely die, unless you bring me tidings of my daughter within forty days."

For many days poor Aladdin searched for the princess. He went from place to place, crying, "Where is the princess? Where is my palace?" The people thought him mad. Indeed, he had almost become so when, one day, just as he was about to give up in despair, a strange accident happened. He stopped at a brook to bathe his eyes, which smarted from much weeping. His foot slipped and, catching hold of a piece of rock to save himself, he pressed the magician's ring, which was still on his finger. The genie stood before him, saying, "What do you wish? I am the Genie of the Ring and am bound to be the slave of any one who wears it."

"Oh, powerful Genie," cried Aladdin, "the palace which

I built for my princess is lost! I command you to take me to it and put me down beneath her window." In the twinkling of an eye Aladdin found himself just outside his own palace.

The princess, who happened to pass the window just then, looked out and saw Aladdin. She at once sent a slave to open a private door, by which he entered. The princess and her husband kissed each other, shedding tears of joy. Then she told him of all the strange things that had happened to her, beginning with the exchange of the old lamp for a new one. She further said that the magician in whose power she was, always carried this very lamp in his bosom. Aladdin at once understood who had obtained possession of the lamp and had caused the princess and her palace to be carried away.

Aladdin soon formed a plan for getting back the lamp. Dressing himself in the clothes of a slave, he went into the city and bought a powder which would render a person senseless as soon as swallowed. This powder he gave to the princess, saying, "When the magician comes, treat him well and invite him to dine with you. During the dinner put this powder into his cup."

The princess invited the magician to dine with her and when he was not looking, dropped the powder into his cup. Scarcely had the magician drunk from the cup when he fell backward senseless.

Aladdin, who had been hidden outside the room, rushed in, tore open the robe of the magician, and seized the lamp.

He rubbed it and, when the genie appeared, Aladdin commanded him to remove the magician and to carry the palace, the princess, and himself at once to their own far country.

The next morning the sultan arose and looked sadly out of his window toward the place where Aladdin's palace had once stood, expecting to see only vacant ground. What was his surprise to behold the palace itself in all its beauty, just as it had been before! He hastened at once to embrace his daughter and Aladdin. During a whole week nothing was heard but feasting and merry-making in honor of the return of Aladdin and the princess.

So once more they were happy together — the sultan, the beautiful princess, and Aladdin — and lived in peace and joy for many years, until the sultan died. Then Aladdin became sultan and lived to a good old age, much beloved by all the people.

ARABIAN NIGHTS

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Do you think that Aladdin made good use of his lamp? 2. What would he be likely to ask for if he were living in America today? 3. So long a story is hard to remember. Help yourself by noting the steps in it. Make an outline, listing these steps. The first might be, "Aladdin and his home"; the next, "Aladdin meets the magician."

4. If Aladdin had been like some boys, he would have given the lamp to the magician when he was asked for it. Why didn't Aladdin do so? 5. What else in the story shows the kind of boy Aladdin was? 6. Does this story make you think of any other you have read or heard? Why?

POLLY AND HER OHIO FRIENDS

This is the same Polly whom you read about on page 99. How does Polly's experience with Indians compare with what you have read about them?

Soon after Polly came to Ohio, she began to get acquainted with her new neighbors, many of whom were Indians. She thought it great fun to have such neighbors.

The most friendly of these neighbors was an Indian squaw, Kuqua's wife. She often came to see Polly and her mother and always brought her baby, which she called a papoose. This papoose was only ten months old — just the right age for Polly to enjoy playing with him. Polly and the papoose soon became such fast friends that Mrs. Kuqua always knew where to come when she needed some one to take care of the baby.

If Polly and her mother had not been very brave and if they had not known a good deal about Indians, they might have been afraid of this squaw. But they had seen many Indians and had always found them friendly.

Indeed, Polly's parents would have had a very hard time that first winter in Ohio, if Kuqua and his people had not

helped them. Kuqua showed Mr. Curtis how to trap wild animals and taught him better ways to dry the meat which they got by hunting. Since it was too late in the season to raise any crops that year, Kuqua himself gave Mr. Curtis enough corn to last all winter. Such kindness soon showed this Yankee family that there was nothing to fear from their Indian neighbors.

Polly often went to Kuqua's wigwam. One day she ate dinner with the Indians. Mrs. Kuqua had a fire outside the wigwam, over which hung the kettle containing the dinner. When Polly saw a raccoon's foot sticking out of the kettle, she knew what they were going to eat.

When dinner was ready, every one except the squaw sat in a circle on bear and deer skins which were spread on the dirt floor of the wigwam. Three small sticks were then driven into the ground in front of Polly. On one of these sticks Mrs. Kuqua placed a piece of raccoon meat, on another a piece of corn bread, and on the third a piece of wild honey in the comb. Polly was also given sassafras tea and maple sugar. She soon found that her fears about the food were all wrong. She liked everything that was offered her.

Polly's mother soon began to wonder how she could return the kindness of the red people. Christmas was not far off, and Mrs. Curtis thought that this would be a good time to do something for Mrs. Kuqua and her children. So Mr. Curtis bought some maple syrup, from which Polly and her mother made the smoothest, creamiest candies you ever tasted. Polly had already found out that Indian boys

and girls enjoyed sweets, although they had never known how to make such fine candies as these.

One thing was especially needed to make a real Christmas, and in that Mr. Curtis had his part. In Connecticut they had always had a Christmas tree. Pine trees had been easy to find there, but where to look for one in Ohio Mr. Curtis did not know. He started from the cabin with Dandy and his ax and gun and tramped for miles. He found many squirrels and rabbits, and once he saw a deer, but no evergreen tree. At last, after walking for hours, he found one. He cut it down but could not drag it home, because he had to carry his ax and gun. He decided to return for it the next day with one of his oxen. This he did.

When he arrived at home with the tree, Polly and her mother were delighted with it. They were ready to trim it, for they had made little tallow candles and had strung popcorn while Mr. Curtis was away. The white popcorn and the white candles on the green tree made the little cabin fairly shine with Christmas joy.

A week or so before Christmas, Mr. Curtis told Polly to invite Kuqua and his family to the Curtis home for Christmas Eve. When Christmas Eve came, Polly and her mother had everything ready for the party. All the work was done, and Polly and Dandy were having a romp. Suddenly four loud knocks were heard. Mr. Curtis opened the door, and there stood Kuqua with his one small girl, his two boys, and his squaw, who carried her little papoose. All of the Indians marched into the cabin and sat down near the fireplace.

Kuqua was very sober and quiet; he spoke hardly a word. But the Indian children talked to Polly and looked at everything. The first thing they saw was Jane. This beautiful doll delighted them, for they had never seen any dolls except those which their mother had made for them.

A little later Mrs. Curtis passed a large plate of maple candies to all of the guests. This was indeed a surprise!

How the little Indians smacked their lips over these sweets! While everybody else was eating candy, Mrs. Curtis lighted the candles on the Christmas tree, and soon they were all aglow. This was the first Christmas tree that any of these Indian neighbors had ever seen, and the sight of it brought shouts of joy from all the little red children. Even Kuqua showed his pleasure by three or four loud grunts.

The next surprise came when Mr. Curtis reached for his fiddle and began playing on it. This was the first fiddle that had been brought to the settlement. After listening to a few tunes, they all seated themselves in a circle for a game of "Roasted Beef behind Your Back." This game was fun for both old and young. Kuqua himself hopped about and of course had to talk when he was the "runner."

When the time came for Kuqua and his family to go to their wigwam, Mrs. Curtis gave him a bag of candy, and all the Curtises wished the Indians a Merry Christmas. Then out into the darkness marched the Indian neighbors, as silently as they had come.

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Describe Polly's dinner with Mrs. Kuqua. 2. Which of the foods served at this dinner have you never eaten? 3. Was it as easy to find a Christmas tree here as it had been in Connecticut? 4. Compare the decorations on this Christmas tree with those you have seen. 5. If you had been at Polly's Christmas party, what would you have enjoyed most? 6. Select the scenes in this story and give a name to each one.

THE QUAILS

This story and the next are fables. What other fables have you read? How is a fable different from other kinds of stories?

There was once a fowler who earned his living by selling quails in the market. He had a clever way of catching them. He would hide near a clearing in the forest and whistle like a quail. The birds who heard his call would hurry to the clearing. Then the man would throw a large net over them and capture them.

One day the wisest of the quails said, "I have a plan by which we may escape from the net. The next time the fowler throws his net over us, let each put his head through an opening in the net. Then let us all rise together and fly away with the net. We will carry it to a bush and drop it over the top. It will then be easy to withdraw our heads from the net and drop to the ground and escape."

The other quails were glad to follow this wise plan, and each promised faithfully to do his share of the lifting and carrying of the net. When, therefore, the fowler next threw his net, he not only failed to get any birds, but he lost his net as well.

Thus for many days the quails were safe, because they worked so well together.

But, alas! one day they quarreled. Each thought that he was carrying more than his share of the heavy net. When next the fowler threw his net over them, they did not work together, and so the fowler caught many of them.

The quails who escaped hastened to the wise old quail and asked him to think of another plan to save them.

"I know of no other plan," he said. "Unless you all work together, you shall surely be lost." Then he called his family together and set out to look for neighbors that were willing to work together for the common good.

AN EASTERN FABLE

THE BUNDLE OF STICKS

An old man on the point of death summoned his sons around him to give them some parting advice. He ordered his servants to bring in a bundle of sticks. He then said to his eldest son, "Break the bundle."

The son tried and tried, but with all his efforts was unable to break the bundle. The other sons also tried, but none of them was successful.

"Untie the bundle," said the father, "and each of you take a stick." When they had done so, he called out to them, "Now, break." Each stick was easily broken.

"You see my meaning," said the father. "*Union gives strength.*"

ÆSOP

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. What lesson do these fables teach? 2. Does the lesson have the same meaning as "good team work"? 3. Have you ever had an experience which shows the value of this lesson? Be ready to tell about it. 4. Recall what you learned in the Third Reader about retelling fables from outlines; prepare to retell both these fables.

THE FINEST LESSON OF THE YEAR

What happening in your life do you remember best? As you read try to see why the writer of this story should have remembered so well what happened. What was the "finest lesson"?

Carlo Nobis and Betti are two boys in our class at school. Carlo is the son of a great gentleman and is very proud. Betti, one of the smallest boys, is the son of a charcoal man.

One morning Carlo Nobis began a quarrel with little Betti. Being in the wrong and not knowing what to say, he cried out in anger to Betti, "Your father is only a tattered beggar."

Betti reddened up to his very hair and said nothing, but the tears came to his eyes. When he returned home he repeated Carlo's angry words to his father.

That afternoon the charcoal man came to the school, leading little Betti by the hand. Every one was silent as Betti's father complained to the master. Just at that moment Carlo's father, who often came with his son to school, walked up to the door. Hearing his name, Mr. Nobis asked the master to explain.

"This workman has come," said the master, "to complain that your son Carlo said to his boy, 'Your father is only a tattered beggar.'"

Mr. Nobis frowned and reddened. Then he turned to his son and asked, "Did you say that?"

Carlo, standing in the middle of the room with hanging head, made no reply. His father grasped his arm, pushed him near Betti, and said, "Beg his pardon."

The charcoal man tried to stop Mr. Nobis, saying, "No, no!" But the gentleman paid no heed and said again, "Beg his pardon. Repeat my words: 'I beg your pardon for the insulting, foolish, and ignoble words which I uttered against your father, whose hand my father would feel himself honored to press.'"

In a very thread of a voice and without raising his eyes from the floor, Carlo said slowly, "I beg your pardon — for the insulting — foolish — ignoble — words which I uttered against your father — whose hand my father — would feel himself honored — to press."

The gentleman offered his hand to the charcoal man, who shook it heartily, and with a sudden push, he thrust his son into the arms of Carlo Nobis.

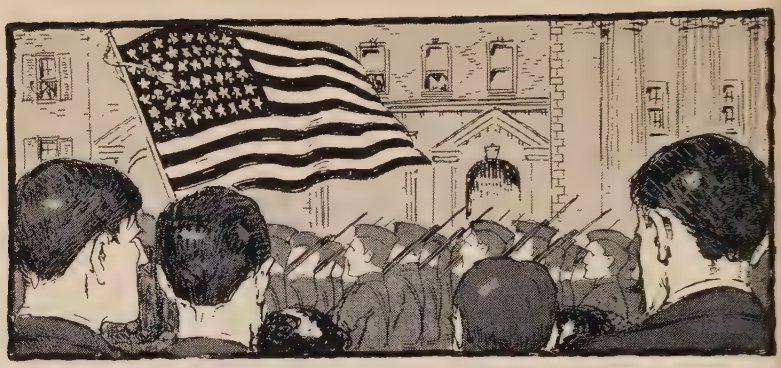
"Do me the favor to place them next to each other," said the gentleman to the master.

The master put little Betti on Carlo's bench. When they were seated, Mr. Nobis bowed and went away.

The charcoal man stood for a moment, gazing silently at the two boys. Then he approached the bench, looking at Carlo with affection and regret as though he wished to say something, but not a word was uttered. He then stretched out his hand to caress Carlo, but he did not dare. As he made his way to the door he stroked his brow; then turning for a last look at the boys, he disappeared.

"Fix what you have just seen firmly in your minds, boys," said the master. "This is the finest lesson of the year."

EDMONDO DE AMICIS — Adapted



THE FLAG GOES BY

When American travelers returning from abroad first catch sight of our flag, they are often greatly stirred by it. Perhaps this poem will help you to understand this feeling. As you read, think just how the verses should sound if read aloud.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the state:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverent awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor — all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. What feeling do men and boys express by taking off their hats when the flag goes by? 2. What picture do you see in the first two stanzas? 3. Notice the last line of the second stanza. The writer is about to tell you some of the things for which the flag stands. Make a list of the things mentioned in the third and fourth stanzas for which the flag stands. Your teacher will give an example of each one. 4. Learn to recite the poem from memory. 5. Learn the salute and the pledge to the flag.

THE SALUTE TO THE FLAG

During the ceremony of hoisting or lowering, or when the flag is passing in a parade or in a review, all persons present should face the flag, stand at attention, and salute. Those present in uniform should render the right-hand salute.

When not in uniform, men should remove the hat with the right hand and hold it at the left shoulder, the hand being over the heart. Women should salute by placing the right hand over the heart.

The salute to the flag in a moving column is rendered at the moment the flag passes.

THE PLEDGE TO THE FLAG

In pledging allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, the approved practice in schools, which is suitable also for adults not in uniform, is as follows:

Standing at a right-hand salute, or with the right hand over the heart, all repeat together the following pledge:

> I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands. One Nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. When the flag is carried in a parade, at what moment should the salute be given? 2. How should men in uniform salute the flag? 3. How should men not in uniform salute the flag? 4. How should women and girls give the salute?

FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS

1. Turn to page 152 and find the description of the Indian dinner which Polly ate with her copper-colored neighbors.

2. On page 153 find the paragraph which tells about Mr. Curtis's search for an evergreen tree. Read this paragraph to the class.

3. Reread "The Bundle of Sticks" on page 157 and tell your teacher how many pupils will be needed to dramatize this fable. Do not forget the servants. Your teacher will select the necessary number to play the story. Listen attentively and watch carefully so that you can decide which children acted well.

4. Near the bottom of page 153 find the sentence that begins, "Suddenly four loud knocks." Read this paragraph silently and carefully, also read the following page. Think of how to dramatize the part of the story you have just read. Tell your teacher how many children will be needed to take the parts of the different characters. Choose pupils who, you think, will do well and have them dramatize this part of the story.

5. Find pages 158 and 159. Select your favorite part of the story on these pages, and read it to the class.

6. Find and be ready to read aloud any short story which made you laugh.

7. Read your favorite stanza of "The Flag Goes By," pages 160 and 161.

THE BEAR HUNT

Would you have enjoyed such an experience as the one related in this story? How about the bear? Read and see.

We were out on a bear-hunting expedition. My comrade had shot at a bear but had given him only a flesh-wound. There were traces of blood on the snow, but the bear had got away.

We all collected in a group in the forest, to decide whether we ought to go after the bear at once, or wait two or three days till he should settle down again. We asked the peasant bear-drivers whether it would be possible to get round the bear that day.

"No, it's impossible," said an old bear-driver. "You must let the bear quiet down. In five days' time it will be possible to surround him; but if you were to follow him now, you would only frighten him away, and he would not settle down."

But a young bear-driver began disputing with the old man, saying that it was quite possible to get round the bear then. "On such snow as this," said he, "he won't go far, for he

is a fat bear. He will settle down before evening; or, if not, I can overtake him on snowshoes."

My comrade was against following up the bear and advised waiting. But I said, "We need not argue. You do as you like, but I will follow up the track with Damian. If we get round the bear, all right. If not, we lose nothing. It is still early and there is nothing else for us to do today."

So it was arranged. The others went back to the sledges and returned to the village. Damian and I took some bread and remained behind in the forest. When they had all left us, Damian and I examined our guns. After tucking the skirts of our warm coats into our belts, we started off, following the bear's tracks.

The weather was fine, frosty, and calm; but it was hard work snowshoeing. The snow was deep and soft. It had not caked together at all in the forest, and fresh snow had fallen the day before, so that our snowshoes sank six inches deep into the snow and sometimes more.

The bear's tracks were visible from a distance, and we could see how he had been going, sometimes sinking up to his belly and plowing up the snow as he went. At first while under large trees, we kept in sight of his track; but when it turned into a thicket of small firs, Damian stopped.

"We must leave the trail now," said he. "He has probably settled somewhere here. You can see by the snow that he has been squatting down. Let us leave the track and go round, but we must go quietly. Don't shout or cough, or we shall frighten him away."

Leaving the track, therefore, we turned off to the left. But when we had gone about five hundred yards, there were the bear's tracks again right before us. We followed them, and they brought us out on to the road. There we stopped and examined the road to see which way the bear had gone. Here and there in the snow were prints of the bear's paw, claws and all; and here and there the marks of a peasant's bark shoes. The bear had evidently gone toward the village.

As we followed the road, Damian said, "It's no use watching the road now. We shall see where he has turned off, to right or left, by the marks in the soft snow at the side. He must have turned off somewhere; for he will not have gone to the village."

We went along the road for nearly a mile and then saw, ahead of us, the bear's track turning off the road. We examined it. How strange! It was a bear's track certainly, only not going from the road into the forest! The toes were pointing towards the road.

"This must be another bear," I said.

Damian looked at it and considered a while. "No," said he, "it's the same one. He's been playing tricks; he walked backwards when he left the road."

We followed the track and found that it really was so! The bear had gone some ten steps backwards and then, behind a fir tree, had turned round and gone straight ahead.

Damian stopped and said, "Now we are sure to get round him. There is a marsh ahead of us, and he must have settled down there. Let us go round the marsh."

We began to make our way round the marsh through a fir thicket. I was tired out by this time, and it had become still more difficult to get along. Now I glided on to the juniper bushes and caught my snowshoes in them. Now a tiny fir tree appeared between my feet, or, from want of practice, my snowshoes slipped off. Then I came upon a stump or a log hidden by the snow. I was getting very tired and was drenched with perspiration. I took off my fur cloak. And there was Damian all the time, gliding along as if in a boat, his snowshoes moving as if of their own accord, never catching against anything nor slipping off. He even took my fur cloak and slung it over his shoulder and still kept urging me on.

We went on for two more miles and came out on the other side of the marsh. I was lagging behind. My snowshoes kept slipping off, and my feet stumbled. Suddenly Damian, who was ahead of me, stopped and waved his arm.

When I came up to him, he bent down, pointing with his hand, and whispered, "Do you see the magpie chattering above that undergrowth? It scents the bear from afar. That is where he must be."

We turned off and went for more than another half-mile, when we came on to the old track again. We had, therefore, been right round the bear, who was now within the track we had left. We stopped, and I took off my cap and loosened my clothes. I was as hot as though in a steam bath, and as wet as a drowned rat. Damian, too, was flushed and wiped his face with his sleeve.

"Well, sir," he said, "we have done our job, and now we must have a rest."

The evening glow already showed red through the forest. We took off our snowshoes and sat down on them, and got some bread and salt out of our bags. First I ate some snow and then some bread. The bread tasted so good that I thought I had never in my life had any like it before. We sat there resting until it began to grow dusk, and then I asked Damian if it was far to the village.

"Yes," he said, "it must be about eight miles. We will go on there tonight but now we must rest. Put on your fur coat, sir, or you'll be catching cold."

Damian flattened down the snow and, breaking off some fir branches, made a bed of them. We lay down side by side, resting our heads on our arms. I do not remember how I fell asleep. Two hours later I woke up, hearing something crack.

I had slept so soundly that I did not know where I was. I looked around me. How wonderful! I was in some sort of hall, all glittering and white with gleaming pillars. When I looked up, I saw through delicate white tracery, a vault, raven black and studded with colored lights. After a good look, I remembered that we were in the forest. What I took for a hall and pillars were trees covered with snow and hoarfrost, and the colored lights were stars twinkling between the branches. Hoarfrost had settled in the night. All the twigs were thick with it, Damian was covered with it, it was on my fur coat, and it dropped down from the trees.

I woke Damian, and we put on our snowshoes and started. It was very quiet in the forest. No sound was heard except that of our snowshoes pushing through the soft snow; and now and then a tree, cracked by the frost, made the forest resound. Only once we heard the sound of a living creature. Something rustled close to us and then rushed away. I felt sure it was the bear, but when we went to the spot whence the sound had come, we found the footmarks of hares and saw several young aspen trees with their bark gnawed. We had startled some hares while they were feeding.

We came out on the road and walked along it, dragging our snowshoes behind us. It was easy walking now. The snow creaked under our boots, and the cold hoarfrost settled on our faces like down. Seen through the branches, the stars seemed to be running to meet us, now twinkling, now vanishing, as if the whole sky were on the move.

I found my comrade sleeping, but woke him up and related how we had got round the bear. After telling our present host to collect beaters [1] for the morning, we had supper and lay down to sleep. I was so tired that I could have slept on till midday, if my comrade had not roused me. I jumped up and saw that he was already dressed and busy doing something to his gun. "Where is Damian?" said I.

"In the forest, long ago. He has already been over the tracks you made and been back here. Now he has gone to look after the beaters."

I washed and dressed, and loaded my guns, and then we

[1] "Beaters" are the people engaged by hunters to "beat up" or rouse the game.

got into a sledge and started. The sharp frost still continued. It was quiet, and the sun could not be seen. There was a thick mist, and hoarfrost still covered everything.

After driving about two miles along the road, we saw a cloud of smoke rising from a hollow in the forest. Very soon we reached a group of peasants, both men and women, armed with cudgels. We got out and went up to them. The men sat roasting potatoes and laughing and talking with the women.

Damian was there too. When we arrived, the people got up, and Damian led them away to place them in the circle we had made the day before. They went along in single file, men and women, thirty in all. The snow was so deep that we could see them only from their waists upwards. They turned into the forest, and my friend and I followed in their track.

Though they had trodden a path, walking was difficult; but, on the other hand, it was impossible to fall. It was like walking between two walls of snow.

We went on in this way for nearly half a mile. All at once we saw Damian coming from another direction — running toward us on his snowshoes and beckoning us to join him, and he showed us where to stand. I took my place and looked around me.

To my left were tall fir trees, between the trunks of which I could see a good way, and, like a black patch just visible behind the trees, I could see a beater. In front of me was a thicket of young firs, about as high as a man, their branches

weighed down and stuck together with snow. Through this copse ran a path thickly covered with snow and leading straight up to where I stood. The thicket stretched away to the right of me and ended in a small glade, where I could see Damian placing my comrade.

I examined both my guns and considered where I had better stand. Three steps behind me was a tall fir.

"That's where I'll stand," thought I, "and then I can lean my second gun against the tree." I moved towards the tree, sinking up to my knees in the snow at each step. I trod the snow down and made a place about a yard square to stand on. One gun I kept in my hand; the other, ready cocked, I leaned up against the tree. I unsheathed and replaced my dagger, to make sure that I could draw it easily in case of need.

Just as I had finished doing these things, I heard Damian shouting in the forest. "He's up! He's up!" he cried.

As soon as Damian shouted, the peasants round the circle all replied in their different voices. "Up! Up! Up! Ou! Ou! Ou!" shouted the men. "Ay! Ay! Ay!" screamed the women in high-pitched tones.

The bear was inside the circle, and as Damian drove him on, the people all around kept shouting. Only my comrade and I stood silent and motionless, waiting for the bear to come towards us. As I stood gazing and listening, my heart beat violently. I trembled and held fast to my gun.

"Now, now," I thought. "He will come suddenly. I shall aim, fire, and he will drop —"

Suddenly, to my left but at a distance, I heard something falling on the snow. I looked between the tall fir trees, and some fifty paces behind the trunks of the trees saw something big and black. I took aim and waited, wondering if the bear would come nearer.

As I waited I saw him move his ears, turn, and go back; and then I caught a glimpse of him in profile. He was an immense brute. In my excitement I fired and heard my bullet go "flop" against a tree. Peering through the smoke, I saw my bear scampering back into the circle and disappearing among the trees.

"Well," thought I, "my chance is lost. He won't come back to me. Either my comrade will shoot him, or he will escape through the line of beaters."

I reloaded my gun, however, and again stood listening. The peasants were shouting all around. To the right, not far from where my comrade stood, I heard a woman screaming in a frenzied voice, "Here he is! Here he is! Come here, come here! Oh! Oh! Ay! Ay!"

Evidently she could see the bear. I had given up expecting him and was looking to the right at my comrade. All at once I saw Damian, with a stick in his hand and without his snowshoes, running along a footpath toward my friend. He crouched down beside him, pointing his stick as if aiming at something. Then I saw my friend raise his gun and aim in the same direction. Crack! He fired.

"There," thought I, "he has killed him."

But I saw that my comrade did not run towards the bear.

Evidently he had missed him, or the shot had not taken full effect. "The bear will get away," I thought. "He will go back, but he won't come a second time towards me. But what is that?"

Something was coming towards me like a whirlwind, snorting as it came. I saw the snow flying up quite near me. I glanced straight before me, and there was the bear, beside himself with fear, rushing along the path through the thicket right toward me. He was hardly half a dozen paces

off, and I could see the whole of him — his black chest and immense head with a reddish patch. There he was blundering straight at me and scattering the snow about as he came.

I knew by his eyes that he did not see me, but, mad with fear, he was rushing blindly along. His path led him straight toward the tree under which I was standing. I raised my gun and fired. He was almost upon me now, and I saw that I had missed. My bullet had gone past him, and he did not even hear the fire, but still came headlong towards me. I lowered my gun and fired again, almost touching his head.

Crack! I had hit but not killed him!

He raised his head and, laying his ears back, came at me, showing his teeth. I snatched at my other gun, but almost before I had touched it, the bear had rushed at me and, knocking me over into the snow, had passed right over me.

"Thank goodness, he has left me," thought I.

I tried to rise, but something pressed me down and prevented my getting up. The bear's rush had carried him past me, but he had turned back and had fallen on me with the whole weight of his body. I felt something heavy weighing me down and something warm above my face, and I realized that he was drawing my whole face into his mouth. My nose was already in it, and I felt the heat of his mouth and smelt his blood. He was pressing my shoulders down with his paws so that I could not move. All I could do was to draw my head down towards my chest away from his mouth, trying to free my nose and eyes, while he tried to get his teeth into them.

Then I felt that he had seized my forehead just under the hair with the teeth of his lower jaw, and the flesh below my eyes with his upper jaw, and was closing his teeth. It was as if my face were being cut with knives. I struggled to get away, while he made haste to close his jaws like a dog gnawing. I managed to twist my face away, but he began drawing it again into his mouth. I thought my end had come.

Then I felt the weight lifted, and looking up I saw he was no longer there. He had jumped off me and run away.

When my comrade and Damian had seen the bear knock me down, they had rushed to the rescue. My comrade in his haste blundered and, instead of following the trodden path, ran into the deep snow and fell down. While he was struggling out of the snow, the bear was gnawing at me. But Damian, just as he was, without a gun and with only a stick in his hand, rushed along the path shouting, "He's eating the master! He's eating the master!"

And, as Damian ran, he called to the bear, "Oh, you idiot! What are you doing? Leave off! Leave off!"

The bear obeyed him and, leaving me, ran away. When I rose, there was as much blood on the snow as if a sheep had been killed. The flesh hung in rags above my eyes, though in my excitement I felt no pain.

My comrade had come up by this time, and the other people collected about me. They looked at my wound and put snow on it. Forgetting about my wounds, I only asked, "Where is the bear? Which way has he gone?"

Suddenly I heard, "Here he is! Here he is!" And we saw the bear again running at us. We seized our guns, but before any one had time to fire, he had run past. He had grown ferocious and wanted to gnaw me again, but seeing so many people he took fright. We saw by his track that his head was bleeding, and we wanted to follow him up. But, as my wounds had become very painful, we went, instead, to the town to find a doctor. The doctor stitched up my wounds with silk, and they soon began to heal.

A month later we went to hunt that bear again, but I did not get a chance of finishing him. He would not come out of the circle but went round and round, growling in a ferocious voice.

Damian killed him. The bear's lower jaw had been broken and one of his teeth knocked out by my bullet. He was a huge creature and had splendid black fur. I had the skin dressed and it now lies in my room.

The wounds on my forehead healed up so that the scars can scarcely be seen.

LEO TOLSTOY

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. On how many days did they hunt the bear? 2. Sum up in a few sentences just what happened on each day. Do not use more than three or four sentences to describe the events of any day. 3. Which part of the story do you like best? Which least? 4. What kind of man was Damian? Read the parts which tell you what kind of man he was. 5. Who is the man that tells the story? 6. Would you call him brave? 7. It is said that Count Tolstoy in the latter part of his life gave up all hunting and killing of wild animals. Why do you think he did so?

ANTHONY OVER

You should be able to read this piece so well in two minutes that you can tell some one else how to play this game.

I suppose there are boys in these days who do not know what "Anthony-over" is. How, indeed, can anybody play Anthony-over in a crowded city?

The old one-story village schoolhouses stood generally in an open green. The boys divided into two parties, the one going on one side and the other on the opposite side of the schoolhouse. The party that had the ball would shout "Anthony!" The others responded, "Over!" To this, answer was made from the first party, "Over she comes!" and the ball was immediately thrown over the schoolhouse. If any of the second party caught it, they rushed pell-mell around both ends of the schoolhouse to the other side, and that one of them who held the ball tried to hit some one of the opposite party before they could exchange sides.

If a boy was hit by the ball thus thrown, he was counted as captured to the opposite party, and he gave all his efforts to beat his old allies. So the game went on, until all the players of one side were captured by the others. I don't know what "Anthony" means in this game, but no doubt the game is hundreds of years old, and was played in English villages before the first colony came to Jamestown.

EDWARD EGGLESTON
From *The Hoosier School Boy*

CHICKADEE'S PANTRY

Have you ever watched a bird or animal so closely that you have learned its habits? Read this story so carefully that you can give a good summary of it when you have finished.

When the snowflakes begin to dance over the hills, Chickadee comes out of his summer pasture and hurries around to our house. He remembers that there used to be some suet on the old pine tree by the back door. Yes, the string is there still, but not one billful of suet is left! He looks about the window-sills, upstairs and down. No seeds anywhere, not a doughnut in sight. Perhaps he is not expected so soon.

Chickadee dee dee!
Can't you folks see
I'm here —
But where's the suet?
Dee, dee!

"Hello, Chickadee!" cry the children at the window. "We have lots of sunflower seeds saved up for you, and mother is going to order that suet for you right away. There isn't a single doughnut in the house, but Aunt Sally will be making some tomorrow, so you'd better stay around."

Chickadee does stay around, and soon an old table is seen outside the window. After the north wind lays a sparkling white tablecloth, friendly hands spread the feast — sunflower seeds, suet, cornmeal, chaff from the barn, bits of dogbread, nut meats, and a crusty brown doughnut.

Then Chickadee makes merry. All his friends are invited, and a dozen or more little black-capped fellows dine together — till three sparrows blow in and say it is their turn in the pantry.

Two tiny nuthatches always come together. A gray junco, shyer than the rest, comes up when he thinks no one is looking. He has no taste for doughnuts, but the basket full of hayseed makes his little black eyes shine. The downy woodpecker, with a smart red feather in his hat, is something of a "highbrow." He prefers the suet on the pine tree; the table is too noisy and crowded for him. From afar a pair of fat blue-jays watch the banquet in hopes of a chance to carry off some of the goodies. Sammy, the rascally red squirrel, tries to get his share but is roundly scolded by everybody. Breakfast and supper are the greatest mealtimes, and lively chattering goes on across the table in the cold twilights.

After the snowfall of the night, the first footprint on the doorstep is Chickadee's. He is very fond of the back porch and the box of grain in the corner. The porch makes a cozy shelter when the blizzard comes. How eagerly the little fellows crowd in and make themselves at home on the old rustic chair! The hillside is a fury of wind and snow; but

here, watched by friendly faces at the door, they shake the snowflakes from their feathers, catch their breath, and hastily eat their fill at the food box. Then, as the night comes, they whirl away in the blast — who knows where?

It takes a very bad blizzard, indeed, to discourage Chickadee even the least bit. We never saw him really downhearted but once, and that was in a driving rain. He blew into the porch as though lost and clung to the arm of the old chair, drenched and breathless. For several minutes he did not move. Then, suddenly shaking himself, he began carefully to straighten his feathers. At last, fluffy and cheery again, he sampled some sunflower seeds. Then he gurgled a jolly "Dee, dee," as though laughing at himself for so nearly losing his wits, and darted away in the storm.

Windy wild weathers
Ruffle my feathers.
The storm is so stout
It blows me about,
A toy of the air;
But little I care!

My heart is so small
It hasn't at all
Room for a fear,
Only good cheer,
Courage and glee.
Chickadee dee, dee, dee!

ALICE CHAMBERLAIN KENDALL

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. How was Chickadee welcomed by the children when he returned? 2. Why was Chickadee fond of the back porch? 3. Is the chickadee a brave bird? What makes you think so? 4. Prepare to tell the story in ten sentences. 5. Why did the writer add the little poem at the end? Learn this by heart. 6. Read this piece again, looking for the expressions that you like because of the way in which the author writes; for example, "Snowflakes begin to dance over the hills."

THE CUCKOO

Here is a poem about another bird.

The cuckoo is a tell-tale,
A mischief-making bird;
He flies to East, he flies to West
And whispers into every nest
The wicked things he's heard;
He loves to spread his naughty lies,
He laughs about it as he flies;
"Cuckoo," he cries, "cuckoo, cuckoo,
It's true, it's true."

And when the fairies catch him,
His busy wings they dock;
They shut him up for evermore
(He may not go beyond the door)
Inside a wooden clock;
Inside a wooden clock he cowers
And has to tell the proper hours —
"Cuckoo," he cries, "cuckoo, cuckoo,
It's true, it's true."

ROSE FYLEMAN

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Write three questions, the answers to which will help your classmates to understand this poem better or like it better. 2. Memorize the poem as quickly as possible and compare your time with the time required by others to learn it. 3. Who has the best way of memorizing?

DOCTOR DOLITTLE'S DOG, JIP

What stories do you like to read because they are so funny? Perhaps you will find this as good as any of them.

[Doctor John Dolittle, who is very fond of animals and understands their language, is returning to England from Africa, after having cured the monkeys there of a serious illness. On the voyage with him are Jip the dog, Gub-Gub the pig, Dab-Dab the duck, and other pets. Their ship is one which had belonged to a band of pirates under the leadership of Ben Ali. Upon the ship the Doctor has found a little boy who, with his uncle, had been captured by the pirates. The little boy does not know where his uncle is — only that the pirates have made way with him in some manner. The porpoises feel sure that the uncle has not been drowned.]

I. Smells

"Our uncle must now be *found*," said the Doctor. "That is the next thing — now that we know he wasn't thrown into the sea."

Then Dab-Dab came up to him again and whispered, "Ask the eagles to look for the man. No living creature can see better than an eagle. When they are miles high in the air they can count the ants crawling on the ground. Ask the eagles."

So the Doctor sent one of the swallows off to get some eagles. And in about an hour the little bird came back with six different kinds of eagles; a Black Eagle, a Bald Eagle, a

[1] Reprinted by permission from *The Story of Doctor Dolittle*, by Hugh Lofting, copyright by Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1920.

Fish Eagle, a Golden Eagle, an Eagle-Vulture, and a White-tailed Sea Eagle. Twice as high as the boy they were, each one of them. And they stood on the rail of the ship, like round-shouldered soldiers all in a row, stern and still and stiff; while their great, gleaming, black eyes shot darting glances here and there and everywhere.

Gub-Gub was scared of them and got behind a barrel. He said he felt as though those terrible eyes were looking right inside of him to see what he had stolen for lunch.

And the Doctor said to the eagles, "A man has been lost — a fisherman with red hair and an anchor marked on his arm. Would you be so kind as to see if you can find him for us? This boy is the man's nephew."

Eagles do not talk very much. And all they answered in their husky voices was, "You may be sure that we will do our best — for John Dolittle."

Then they flew off — and Gub-Gub came out from behind his barrel to see them go. Up and up and up they went — higher and higher and higher still. Then, when the Doctor could only just see them, they parted company and started going off all different ways — north, east, south, and west, looking like tiny grains of black sand creeping across the wide, blue sky.

"My gracious!" said Gub-Gub in a hushed voice. "What a height! I wonder they don't scorch their feathers — so near the sun!"

They were gone a long time. And when they came back it was almost night.

And the eagles said to the Doctor, "We have searched all the seas and all the countries and all the islands and all the cities and all the villages in this half of the world. But we have failed. In the main street of Gibraltar we saw three red hairs lying on a wheelbarrow before a baker's door. But they were not the hairs of a man — they were the hairs out of a fur coat. Nowhere, on land or water, could we see any sign of this boy's uncle. And if *we* could not see him, then he is not to be seen. For John Dolittle — we have done our best."

Then the six great birds flapped their big wings and flew back to their homes in the mountains and the rocks.

"Well," said Dab-Dab, after they had gone, "what are we going to do now? The boy's uncle *must* be found — there's no two ways about that. The lad isn't old enough to be knocking around the world by himself. Boys aren't like ducklings — they have to be taken care of till they're quite old. I wish Chee-Chee were here. He would soon find the man. Good old Chee-Chee! I wonder how he's getting on!"

"If we only had Polynesia with us," said the white mouse. "*She* would soon think of some way. Do you remember how she got us all out of prison — the second time? My, but she was a clever one!"

"I don't think so much of those eagle fellows," said Jip. "They're just conceited. They may have very good eyesight and all that; but when you ask them to find a man for you, they can't do it — and they have the cheek to come back and say that nobody else could do it. They're just conceited like that collie in Puddleby. And I don't think a whole lot of those gossipy old porpoises either. All they could tell us was that the man isn't in the sea. We don't want to know where he *isn't;* we want to know where he *is*."

"Oh, don't talk so much," said Gub-Gub. "It's easy to talk; but it isn't so easy to find a man when you have the whole world to hunt him in. Maybe the fisherman's hair has turned white, worrying about the boy; and that was why the eagles didn't find him. You don't know every-

thing. You're just talking. You are not doing anything to help. You couldn't find the boy's uncle any more than the eagles could; you couldn't do as well."

"Couldn't I?" said the dog. "That's all you know, you stupid piece of warm bacon! I haven't begun to try yet, have I? You wait and see!" Then Jip went to the Doctor and said, "Ask the boy if he has anything in his pockets that belonged to his uncle, will you, please?"

So the Doctor asked him. And the boy showed them a gold ring which he wore on a piece of string around his neck because it was too big for his finger. He said his uncle gave it to him when they saw the pirates coming.

Jip smelt the ring and said, "That's no good. Ask him if he has anything else that belonged to his uncle."

Then the boy took from his pocket a great big handkerchief and said, "That was my uncle's too."

As soon as the boy pulled it out, Jip shouted, "*Snuff*, by jingo! Black rappee snuff! Don't you smell it? His uncle took snuff. Ask him, Doctor."

The Doctor questioned the boy again; and he said, "Yes. My uncle took a lot of snuff."

"Fine!" said Jip. "The man's as good as found. 'Twill be as easy as stealing milk from a kitten. Tell the boy I'll find his uncle for him in less than a week. Let us go upstairs and see which way the wind is blowing."

"But it is dark now," said the Doctor. "You can't find him in the dark!"

"I don't need any light to look for a man who smells of

Black Rappee snuff," said Jip as he climbed the stairs. "If the man had a hard smell, like string, now — or hot water, it would be different. But *snuff!* — Tut, tut!"

"Does hot water have a smell?" asked the Doctor.

"Certainly it has," said Jip. "Hot water smells quite different from cold water. It is warm water — or ice — that has the really difficult smell. Why, I once followed a man for ten miles on a dark night by the smell of the hot water he had used to shave with — for the poor fellow had no soap. Now then, let us see which way the wind is blowing. Wind is very important in long-distance smelling. It mustn't be too fierce a wind — and of course it must blow the right way. A nice, steady, damp breeze is the best of all. Ha! This wind is from the north."

Then Jip went up to the front of the ship and smelt the wind. He started muttering to himself, "Tar; Spanish onions; kerosene oil; wet rain coats; crushed laurel leaves; rubber burning; lace curtains being washed — no, my mistake — lace curtains hanging out to dry; and foxes — hundreds of cubs; and —"

"Can you really smell all those different things in this one wind?" asked the Doctor.

"Why, of course!" said Jip. "And those are only a few of the easy smells — the strong ones. Any mongrel with a cold in the head could smell those. Wait now, and I'll tell you some of the harder scents that are coming on this wind — a few of the dainty ones."

Then the dog shut his eyes tight, poked his nose straight

up in the air, and sniffed hard with his mouth half open. For a long time he said nothing. He kept as still as a stone. He hardly seemed to be breathing at all. When at last he began to speak, it sounded almost as though he were singing, sadly, in a dream.

"Bricks," he whispered, very low, "old yellow bricks, crumbling with age in a garden wall; the sweet breath of young cows standing in a mountain stream; the lead roof of a dovecote — or perhaps a granary — with the midday sun on it; black kid gloves lying in a bureau drawer of walnut wood; a dusty road with a horses' drinking trough beneath the sycamores; little mushrooms bursting through the rotting leaves; and — and — and —"

"Any parsnips?" asked Gub-Gub.

"No," said Jip. "You always think of things to eat. No parsnips whatever. And no snuff — plenty of pipes and cigarettes, and a few cigars. But no snuff. We must wait till the wind changes to the south."

"Yes, it's a poor wind," said Gub-Gub. "I think you're a fake, Jip. Who ever heard of finding a man in the middle of the ocean just by smell! I told you you couldn't do it."

"Look here," said Jip, getting really angry. "You're going to get a bite on the nose in a minute! You needn't think, just because the Doctor won't let us give you what you deserve, that you can be as cheeky as you like!"

"Stop quarreling!" said the Doctor. "Stop it! Life's too short. Tell me, Jip, where do you think those smells are coming from?"

"From Devon and Wales — most of them," said Jip. "The wind is coming that way."

"Well, well!" said the Doctor. "You know that's really quite remarkable — quite. I must make a note of that for my new book. I wonder if you could train me to smell as well as that; but no — perhaps I'm better off the way I am. Let's go down to supper. I'm quite hungry."

"So am I," said Gub-Gub.

2. The Rock

Up they got early next morning out of their silken beds; and they saw that the sun was shining brightly and that the wind was blowing from the south.

Jip smelt the south wind for half an hour. Then he came to the Doctor, shaking his head. "I smell no snuff as yet," he said. "We must wait till the wind changes to the east."

But even when the east wind came, at three o'clock that afternoon, the dog could not catch the smell of snuff.

The little boy was terribly disappointed and began to cry again, saying that no one seemed to be able to find his uncle for him. But all Jip said to the Doctor was, "Tell him that when the wind changes to the west, I'll find his uncle even though he be in China — so long as he is still taking Black Rappee snuff."

Three days they had to wait before the west wind came. This was on a Friday morning, early — just as it was getting light. A fine rainy mist lay on the sea like a thin fog. And the wind was soft and warm and wet.

As soon as Jip awoke, he ran upstairs and poked his nose in the air. Then he got most frightfully excited and rushed down again to wake the Doctor up. "Doctor!" he cried. "I've got it! Doctor! Doctor! Wake up! Listen! I've got it! The wind's from the west and it smells of nothing but snuff. Come upstairs and start the ship — quick!"

So the Doctor tumbled out of bed and went to the rudder to steer the ship.

"Now I'll go up to the front," said Jip, "and you watch

my nose. Whichever way I point it, you turn the ship the same way. The man cannot be far off, with the smell as strong as this. And the wind's all lovely and wet. Now watch me!"

So all that morning Jip stood in the front part of the ship, sniffing the wind and pointing the way for the Doctor to steer; while all the animals and the little boy stood round with their eyes wide open, watching the dog in wonder.

About lunch time Jip asked Dab-Dab to tell the Doctor that he was getting worried and wanted to speak to him. So Dab-Dab went and fetched the Doctor from the other end of the ship, and Jip said to him, "The boy's uncle is starving. We must make the ship go as fast as we can."

"How do you know he is starving?" asked the Doctor.

"Because there is no other smell in the west wind but snuff," said Jip. "If the man were cooking or eating food of any kind, I would be bound to smell it too. But he hasn't even fresh water to drink. All he is taking is snuff — in large pinches. We are getting nearer to him all the time, because the smell grows stronger every minute. But make the ship go as fast as you can, for I am certain that the man is starving."

"All right," said the Doctor; and he sent Dab-Dab to ask the swallows to pull the ship, just as they had done when the pirates were chasing them.

So the stout little birds came down and once more harnessed themselves to the ship. And now the boat went bounding through the waves at a terrible speed. It went

so fast that the fishes in the sea had to jump for their lives to get out of the way and not be run over.

And all the animals got tremendously excited. They gave up looking at Jip and turned to watch the sea in front, to spy out any land or islands where the starving man might be. But hour after hour went by and still the ship went rushing on, over the same flat, flat sea; and no land came in sight anywhere. And now the animals gave up chattering and sat around silent, anxious and miserable. The little boy again grew sad. And on Jip's face there was a worried look.

At last, late in the afternoon, just as the sun was going down, the owl, Too-Too, who was perched on the tip of the mast, suddenly startled them all by crying out at the top of his voice, "Jip! Jip! I see a great, great rock in front of us — look — way out there where the sky and the water meet. See the sun shine on it — like gold! Is the smell coming from there?"

And Jip called back, "Yes, that's it! That is where the man is. At last, at last!" And when they got nearer they could see that the rock was very large, as large as a big field. No trees grew on it, no grass — nothing. The great rock was as smooth and as bare as the back of a tortoise.

Then the Doctor sailed the ship right round the rock. But nowhere on it could a man be seen. All the animals screwed up their eyes and looked as hard as they could; and John Dolittle got a telescope from downstairs. But not one living thing could they spy — not even a gull, nor a starfish, nor a shred of seaweed.

They all stood still and listened, straining their ears for any sound. But the only noise they heard was the gentle lapping of the little waves against the sides of their ship.

Then they all started calling, "Hulloa, there! HULLOA!" till their voices were hoarse. But only the echo came back from the rock. And the little boy burst into tears and said, "I am afraid I shall never see my uncle any more! What shall I tell them when I get home!"

But Jip called to the Doctor, "He must be there — he must — *he must!* The smell goes on no farther. He must be there, I tell you! Sail the ship close to the rock and let me jump out on to it." So the Doctor brought the ship as close as he could and let down the anchor. Then he and Jip got out of the ship on to the rock.

Jip at once put his nose down close to the ground and began to run all over the place. Up and down he went, back and forth, zig-zagging, twisting, doubling, and turning. And everywhere he went the Doctor ran behind him, close at his heels, till he was terribly out of breath.

At last Jip let out a great bark and sat down. When the Doctor came running up to him, he found the dog staring into a big, deep hole in the middle of the rock. "The boy's uncle is down there," said Jip, quietly. "No wonder those silly eagles couldn't see him! It takes a *dog* to find a *man*."

So the Doctor got down into the hole, which seemed to be a kind of cave, or tunnel, running a long way under the ground. Then he struck a match and started to make his way along the dark passage, with Jip following behind.

The Doctor's match soon went out; and he had to strike another and another and another. At last the passage came to an end; and the Doctor found himself in a kind of tiny room with walls of rock. And there, in the middle of the room, his head resting on his arms, lay a man with very red hair — fast asleep!

Jip went up and sniffed at something lying on the ground beside him. The Doctor stooped and picked it up. It was an enormous snuffbox. And it was full of Black Rappee!

3. The Fisherman's Town

Gently then — very gently, the Doctor woke the man up. But just at that moment the match went out again.

And the man thought it was Ben Ali coming back, and he began to punch the Doctor in the dark.

But when John Dolittle told him who it was, and that he had his little nephew safe on his ship, the man was tremendously glad and said he was sorry he had fought the Doctor. He had not hurt him much, though, because it was too dark to punch properly. Then he gave the Doctor a pinch of snuff.

And the man told how the Barbary Dragon had put him on to this rock and left him there, when he wouldn't promise to become a pirate; and how he used to sleep down in this hole because there was no house on the rock to keep him warm. And then he said, "For four days I have had nothing to eat or drink. I have lived on snuff."

"There you are!" said Jip. "What did I tell you?"

So they struck some more matches and made their way out through the passage into the daylight; and the Doctor hurried the man down to the boat to get some soup.

When the animals and the little boy saw the Doctor and Jip coming back to the ship with a red-headed man, they began to cheer and yell and dance about the boat. And the swallows up above started whistling at the top of their voices — thousands and millions of them — to show that they too were glad that the boy's brave uncle had been found. The noise they made was so great that sailors far out at sea thought that a terrible storm was coming. "Hark to that gale howling in the east!" they said.

And Jip was awfully proud of himself — though he tried

hard not to look conceited. When Dab-Dab came to him and said, "Jip, I had no idea you were so clever!" he just tossed his head and answered, "Oh, that's nothing special. But it takes a dog to find a man, you know. Birds are no good for a game like that."

Then the Doctor asked the red-haired fisherman where his home was. And when he had told him, the Doctor asked the swallows to guide the ship there first. And when they had come to the land which the man had spoken of, they saw a little fishing town at the foot of a rocky mountain; and the man pointed out the house where he lived.

And while they were letting down the anchor, the little boy's mother (who was also the man's sister) came running down to the shore to meet them, laughing and crying at the same time. She had been sitting on a hill for twenty days, watching the sea and waiting for them to return.

And she kissed the Doctor many times, so that he giggled and blushed like a schoolgirl. And she tried to kiss Jip too; but he ran away and hid inside the ship. "It's a silly business, this kissing," he said. "I don't hold by it. Let her go and kiss Gub-Gub, if she *must* kiss something."

The fisherman and his sister didn't want the Doctor to go away again in a hurry. They begged him to spend a few days with them. So John Dolittle and his animals had to stay at their house a whole Saturday and Sunday and half of Monday.

And all the little boys of the fishing village went down to the beach and pointed at the great ship anchored there and

said to one another in whispers, "Look! That was a pirate ship — Ben Ali's — the most terrible pirate that ever sailed the Seven Seas! That old gentleman with the high hat, who's staying up at Mrs. Trevelyan's, *he* took the ship away from the Barbary Dragon and made him into a farmer. Who'd have thought it of him — he is so gentle-like and all! Look at the great red sails! Isn't she the wicked-looking ship — and fast? My!"

All those two days and a half that the Doctor stayed at the little fishing town, the people kept asking him out to teas and luncheons and dinners and parties. All the ladies sent him boxes of flowers and candies, and the village band played tunes under his window every night.

At last the Doctor said, "Good people, I must go home now. You have really been most kind. I shall always remember it. But I must go home, for I have things to do."

Then, just as the Doctor was about to leave, the mayor of the town came down the street and a lot of other people in grand clothes with him. And the mayor stopped before the house where the Doctor was living; and everybody in the village gathered round to see what was going to happen.

After six page-boys had blown on shining trumpets to make the people stop talking, the Doctor came out on to the steps and the mayor spoke. "Doctor John Dolittle," said he, "it is a great pleasure for me to present to the man who rid the seas of the Dragon of Barbary this little token from the grateful people of our worthy town."

And the mayor took from his pocket a little tissue paper

packet, and opening it, he handed to the Doctor a perfectly beautiful watch with real diamonds in the back.

Then the mayor pulled out of his pocket a still larger parcel and said, "Where is the dog?"

Then everybody started to hunt for Jip. And at last Dab-Dab found him on the other side of the village in a stable yard, where all the dogs of the countryside were standing round him speechless with admiration and respect.

When Jip was brought to the Doctor's side, the mayor opened the larger parcel. Inside was a dog collar made of solid gold! A great murmur of wonder went up from the village folk as the mayor bent down and fastened it round the dog's neck with his own hands. For written on the collar in big letters were these words: *Jip — The Cleverest Dog in the World.*

Then the whole crowd moved down to the beach to see them off. The red-haired fisherman and his sister and the little boy thanked the Doctor and his dog over and over and over again. The great, swift ship with the red sails was turned once more towards Puddleby, and they sailed out to sea, while the village band played music on the shore.

HUGH LOFTING

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Did you find some places where you felt like chuckling?
2. Read the story again and no doubt you will have more fun.
3. You will enjoy reading the whole book called *The Story of Doctor Dolittle*, also *Alice in Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll, Stockton's *Fanciful Tales*, and Mulock's *Little Lame Prince*.

MAKING A SCRAPBOOK

In this book many different kinds of birds, animals, trees, and plants are mentioned. For example, in "Chickadee's Pantry" you read about the following birds: chickadees, sparrows, nuthatches, juncos, woodpeckers, blue-jays.

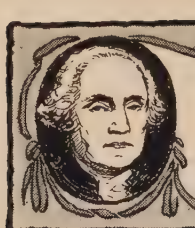
Wouldn't you like to make a collection of pictures of some or all of these birds and animals? You might paste them in a scrapbook and write a brief description of each, following this outline or one like it:

1. Its name
2. Its color
3. Its size
4. Where found
5. Length of life
6. Where and how it builds its home
7. Its food
8. Its use
9. A story about it

In the case of trees or plants, a leaf or blossom may be pressed and glued in your scrapbook instead of a picture. Plan your outline carefully before writing the description.

Think over the matter and decide what you would like to collect. If you do not care to make separate collections, why not have a class scrapbook? You might divide the class into four groups: The Bird Group, The Tree Group, etc.

Do as much of the work as you can yourself. Your parents, your teacher, or a librarian will be glad to suggest ways and means to carry out your project. Useful books will be a dictionary, an encyclopedia, and a bird, tree, animal, or flower book. Newspapers and magazines may also be useful in furnishing both pictures and information.



About Famous People

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THE COLT

What do you know about George Washington? Is this story like him?

George Washington's boyhood was spent on a large plantation in Virginia.

His father had taken great pride in his blooded horses. After his death, Mrs. Washington took pains to keep the stock pure. At one time she had several colts of blooded stock which had not been broken. Her favorite was a beautiful sorrel, spirited but bad-tempered. No one had been able to do anything with it because of its ugly temper.

George was determined to ride this colt. He told some playfellows who were visiting him that, if they would help him catch the sorrel, he would ride and tame it.

One morning they set out for the pasture where the sorrel colt was. After many trials, they at last caught the colt and put a bridle on it. George sprang upon its back and the boys let go of the bridle. Away flew the angry animal, rearing, plunging, and jumping from one end of the pasture to the other. The rider kept his seat, never once losing his self-control or his mastery over the young horse.

The boys became alarmed at the rearing and snorting of the animal. They feared George would not be able to keep his seat. The struggle was a sharp one. Suddenly, as if determined to rid itself of the rider, the spirited creature leaped high into the air with a tremendous bound. A blood vessel burst and the beautiful animal fell dead.

Before the boys could recover from their fright and plan how to get out of the scrape, they were called to breakfast. Mrs. Washington, knowing that they had been to the fields, began to inquire after her stock. "Young gentlemen, have you seen my blooded colts this morning? I hope they are well taken care of. My favorite, I am told, is as large as his sire." The boys looked at one another. No one liked to speak. Mrs. Washington repeated her question.

"The sorrel is dead, madam. I killed him," said her son. Then George told the whole story.

His mother is said to have flushed with anger but soon gained control of herself. Then she quietly said, "It is well. I regret the loss of my favorite, but I rejoice in my son who always speaks the truth."

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. If you do not know what a plantation is, ask your teacher to describe one. 2. Describe Mrs. Washington's favorite colt. 3. How did the colt behave after George mounted it? 4. What kind of boy does this show George Washington to have been? 5. An interesting, amusing short story is called an anecdote. Is this story an anecdote? As you read through this book, try to remember the anecdotes so that you can tell them.

ROSA BONHEUR

Rosa Bonheur was a great artist. You will learn from this account how she became one. There are several names in this selection which you may have difficulty in pronouncing. Look up their pronunciation in the word list at the back of the book.

It was a simple, rather poor home in Bordeaux, France, that welcomed the birth of Marie Rosalie Bonheur on the sixteenth of March, 1822.

Raymond Bonheur, her father, was a struggling young artist who had married one of his pupils, Sophie Narquis. But if there was little money in the house there was much love; and if the home was simple, it was beautiful too.

Rosalie was the first baby. At the time when she came, everything was going well and the little home was fairly comfortable. Sophie was a good musician and earned something by giving lessons, while the grandmother who lived with them did a great deal of the housework, which left Sophie more or less free. So there was enough and to spare for the little newcomer, who was the joy of their hearts.

As soon as Rosalie was old enough to walk, she was never tired of trotting about after her father, and, whenever it was possible, snatching one of his crayons in her fat little fist. Any flat surface served her for a canvas, and the door was her favorite place on which to make drawings.

"Papa, papa! Salie makes pictures!" she cried, pointing to a design of round *O*'s and unsteady strokes on the smooth door.

"Rosalie is already showing a taste for the arts," said her father, smiling.

But although he laughed over her attempts, he had no desire that she should grow up to be an artist, and he never encouraged her to try to draw. Remembering his own hardships and struggles, he wanted his little girl to choose a different kind of work.

As time went on, life became more and more difficult for the artist's family. There were two little brothers now as well as Rosalie, and the grandparents were getting old and feeble. Work, too, was scarce, and at last Raymond Bonheur made up his mind to go to Paris and see whether fortune would smile upon him there. It was hard to leave his wife and children behind, but he felt sure that he would soon find work and be able to make a home for them.

The months that followed were difficult both for him and for the wife he had left at Bordeaux, but the home letters always cheered him, and Rosalie's pictures of little men, painted so carefully for her father, made him smile and long to see his small daughter again.

"Rosalie is sending you in the box her first tooth, which has just come out, and a picture, with a promise of nicer ones in the future," wrote her mother. Then she adds, "I don't know what Rosalie will be, but I have a conviction that she will be no ordinary woman."

At last the happy day came when the home in Paris was ready, and Raymond wrote many directions to his wife about the journey, which would take them three days.

At first Paris was but a poor exchange for the wide, open country and the large, sunny garden where Rosalie had spent most of her short life. It was dreadful to live on a dusty street, with nothing but houses all around. Although it was springtime, it seemed chilly and dull in the busy city, and she missed the sunshine and warmth of her southern home. Even the bread tasted all wrong. Indeed, unlike the delicious salty bread of Bordeaux, it had no taste at all.

At first there seemed nothing to admire about the new home, but by and by Rosalie began to find out a number of things that were pleasant to look at even in the dusty streets of Paris.

Almost opposite the windows of the house where the Bonheur family lived was the church of St. Paul, with its beautiful porch. Once through that porch, Rosalie learned to find her way into the dim side chapels where there were pictures to be seen. At first, coming in out of the daylight, all was gloomy and indistinct. The little girl would sit down patiently on one of the marble steps and look up at the dim picture. Gradually rich, beautiful colors began to glow out of the twilight, and the kind, gentle face of the Madonna or some saint looked down at her. It was like watching for the stars to come out at night, or searching for violets among dark green leaves.

There was another pleasure, too, in that same street, and that was the great wooden boar sitting in state on his stand outside the pork butcher's shop at the corner. He was a fearsome beast, with open mouth showing fierce tusks;

but Rosalie loved all animals, and even a wooden beast was better than no animal. Every time she passed, she stopped to greet him and patted his head with a very friendly little hand.

Before very long it was arranged that Rosalie and her two little brothers should go to school together. In the same building where the Bonheurs now lived there was a Mr. Antin, who kept a small school and who offered to teach the artist's three children. It was not at all usual for boys and girls to be taught together, but Raymond Bonheur was fond of unusual ideas, and so Rosalie went with her brothers.

She never knew what it meant to be shy or timid and was quite capable of holding her own among the boys. In fact, there is no doubt she was a thorough little tomboy. She herself tells us, "I was generally leader in all the games and did not hesitate now and again to use my fists."

The good, patient mother must have had her hands very full in those days, but she never complained and was always cheerful and sweet-tempered. Her husband had many strange ideas, but she always believed in his noble ideals; and if her little daughter was a tomboy, the child had a warm heart and was loyal and obedient and loving.

But although Raymond Bonheur's new ideas were very lofty and grand, they did not provide any money for daily bread. The burden of living fell very heavily on the poor mother's shoulders. Uncomplaining as ever, she struggled on, but at last the end of the struggle came. She died when Rosalie was not yet twelve years old.

For a time the four little motherless children were left to the care of friends, and then to their joy their father made a new home for them on another street. There they could all be together again.

It was quite time that Rosalie should have something to do. Her father wanted her to learn something more useful than drawing, which seemed the only thing she cared for. The best plan, he decided, was to send her to a dressmaker so that she might be taught to sew.

The dressmaker was found and Rosalie began her lessons, but it really was little use trying to teach the child to sew. Her fingers were clever enough when she held a pencil, but a needle was a different matter. To sit in a dull room on a straight-backed chair, and thread needles and put in careful stitches was more than Rosalie could endure. And so the dressmaking lessons came to an end.

The next thing to be tried was a boarding-school. Little did poor Madame at the head of the school guess what she was to suffer from the new pupil. Instead of learning gentle, quiet manners from her companions, Rosalie began to make them almost as wild as herself. She was the leader in every kind of fun and mischief in the school, and her example influenced all the rest of the pupils. Poor Madame wrung her hands in despair.

At last it could be borne no longer! What was Madame's horror one day to come home and find all her pupils in the garden engaged in a sham fight, with wooden swords for weapons. Rosalie, of course, was leading the charge right

across the rose plot, which was the pride of Madame's heart. That was the last straw. Raymond Bonheur was asked to remove his daughter before she did any further mischief.

At last her father saw that it would be better to help Rosalie to do the one thing her heart was set upon. Every morning she worked in her father's studio when he was away and said nothing about what she was doing. One evening, when he returned earlier than usual, he found her finishing her first picture from life — a bunch of cherries.

"Why, that's quite pretty," he said. "You must now go to work in earnest."

Having once given in, he did indeed set her to work in earnest and taught her most carefully. The other children were at school, so Rosa had all his spare time. He never had to complain of either idleness or inattention on her part. Every morning he set her something to do, either to draw from the cast or to copy an engraving or to make a study from nature. At night he went over all she had done. Whenever he could, too, he took her for long walks into the country, that she might study landscapes, animals, and birds.

Before long she was allowed to copy in the Louvre, an art museum which contains many famous paintings. Never was there a more faithful and serious student. She was perfectly happy working there all day, with a lunch of bread and fried potatoes and a draught of cold water from the courtyard.

Although the little artist worked hard she did not outgrow her love of childish games. She tells us that when she went to give drawing lessons to a little Polish princess, she and her pupil "did little else but slide up and down the highly polished floor of the big gallery of the hotel."

All her life Rosalie had been fond of animals, and her ambition had always been to paint them. Now she began in earnest to collect her models and to follow this special line of work. Before very long her father's studio was like a Noah's ark, and he must have suffered a good deal from the menagerie. There were rabbits, fowls, ducks, tame quails, a squirrel, a monkey, a goat, and many other animals, all gathered together at various times.

The favorite squirrel had a bad habit of gnawing through the picture cords. Once a large picture fell, smashing both easel and canvas. It would most likely have killed the artist, too, if he had been standing in his usual place. After that, the squirrel was shut up. Rosalie could not bear to see him in prison, however, and so she took him out to the woods and set him at liberty. Her love for animals was a very real and deep feeling. Rather than see one suffer she would with her own hands put it out of its pain, however much distress it cost her to do it.

It is difficult to know when Rosalie's childhood ended, there was always so much of the child about her. Even when she was doing serious work, she would suddenly start a tournament with her brothers in the studio. They used sticks for lances and palettes for shields; while their little

sister Juliette, decked out in all the old finery they could find, sat on the throne as the "fair lady," for whose sake the knights were engaged in deadly combat. It usually ended in broken easels and spoiled canvases. Then the knights sorrowfully returned to everyday life and repaired damages.

Perhaps it seemed as if fame came very suddenly and easily to Rosa Bonheur, but the preparation had been going on for many a long day. Those brown eyes of hers with their quick, alert look had noticed and marked many things since the days when she played in the big garden at Bordeaux. It was her love and patient study of animals that taught her how to draw them so faithfully.

But even then something else was needed. The boat may be built and prepared with care, the sail may be set on high, but unless a breeze comes to fill the sail the boat can make but little way. With all her love for her work, with all her years of preparation, the young artist had besides that heaven-sent gift, which is bestowed but never earned, the gift of genius.

AMY STEEDMAN

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

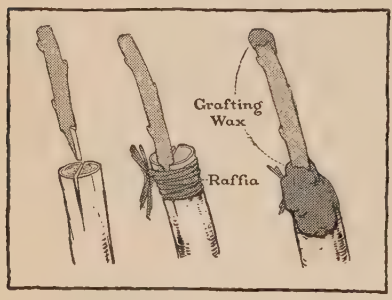
1. Have you ever seen a copy of "The Horse Fair" or "Oxen Plowing"? If so, describe the picture. 2. How did Rosa Bonheur come to know animals so well? 3. If she was a genius, why did she need to work so hard? 4. Divide this account of her life into nine parts, as follows, and give a brief summary of each part: (*a*) childhood in Bordeaux; (*b*) the home in Paris; (*c*) school life; (*d*) hard times — the mother's death; (*e*) dressmaking; (*f*) boarding school; (*g*) studying art; (*h*) love of animals; (*i*) success.

HOW LUTHER BURBANK MADE BETTER PLUMS

Read this selection to see if you can decide what Luther Burbank has done for us.

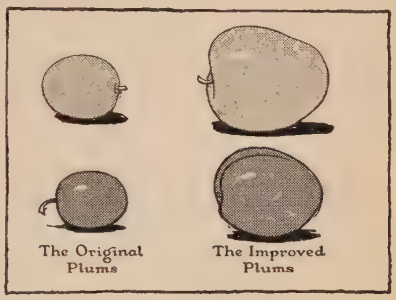
In the early days of this country, Indians gathered plums from the wild plum trees. Years later white men brought better plum trees from across the ocean. Some of these trees bore very good fruit, but Luther Burbank thought of a way to grow still better plums than these.

Burbank's first step toward making better plums was to search among plum orchards until he found the best plums growing at that time. He picked these plums and saved their seeds, or pits, as they are called. Then he planted several thousands of these pits so that he might have many plants. From all the plants which came up he carefully selected only the straightest and strongest. The others he threw away.



As soon as the selected plants were large enough, Mr. Burbank grafted them on older plum trees. These old trees then had some of their own branches and some of the new branches which Mr. Burbank had given them. Of course, when leaves came, there were several different kinds of leaves on a single tree.

Some of these new branches bore the strangest kinds of plums, for Mr. Burbank in grafting mixed the varieties of plums just as you mix colors when you paint. One of the trees bore plums which tasted so much like pears that even an old fruit grower called them pears when he ate them blindfolded. Another tree bore plums which had no pits. Of course many of the trees bore just common plums. One tree bore so many plums that twenty-two thousand had to be picked before they ripened, to give the others room to grow.



From all these different kinds of trees and branches Mr. Burbank again selected the best plums and kept their pits to plant for still better plums. This is the way he worked year after year until he changed the small plums to the rich and beautiful ones which you see in the picture.

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Tell some of the things Mr. Burbank did in his effort to make better plums. 2. Describe three of the plum trees which were unusual. 3. Which is generally better, wild fruit or cultivated fruit? Why? 4. What does the farmer do to make cultivated fruit better than wild fruit? 5. Tell, if you can, how some wild fruit was improved.

MAKE BELIEVE

1. You are Polly. Select quickly as many classmates as are needed for the Christmas tree scene in "Polly and Her Ohio Friends." Arrange yourselves so as to form a tableau. Choose some one to read the paragraph which describes your tableau while you and the others remain in tableau position.

2. You are Leo Tolstoy, and two of your classmates are Tolstoy's comrade and Damian. Read the first and second paragraphs on page 170. Select the correct number of your classmates to take the parts played by the peasants. Then pantomime these paragraphs after having them read aloud by a boy whom your teacher chooses. If you think well of the idea, the class may choose a pupil to act as manager.

3. You are the mayor. Select pupils to take the parts of the people of the fishing village, Doctor Dolittle, page-boys, Jip, and Dab-Dab. Dramatize the end of the story, "Doctor Dolittle's Dog, Jip," starting with the paragraph on page 197 beginning "Then, just as the Doctor." You may wish to choose one of your classmates to be manager. When you re-read the end of the story, use your "thinking caps" to help you to decide *how* and *what* to do. You may wish to ask your teacher to take part in this play.

4. You are the characters in the selection on page 200. Dramatize the breakfast scene. Of course this story should be re-read thoughtfully first, so that you may *look*, *act*, and *speak* the parts well.

WHERE DOES EACH BELONG?

Arrange neatly on a large sheet of paper any two of the following headings: Who, When, Where, What, How. Underneath each of the two headings which you have chosen write all the groups of words given below which properly belong under that heading. Write your name near the bottom of your paper.

an Indian squaw
that first winter
too late in the season
a piece of raccoon
outside of the wigwam
suddenly
in Connecticut

along the street
when snowflakes fall
a single doughnut
noisily
all his friends
Rose Fyleman
a terrible pirate

some wicked pirates
anxiously
above the undergrowth
some famous people
on a Virginia plantation
a little Polish princess
patiently

sassafras tea
a real Christmas
these Indian neighbors
at Thanksgiving Time
terribly
in front of the fireplace
a smart red feather

in the cold twilights
the little boy's uncle
after the snowfall
from the north
two tiny nuthatches
in a minute
blindly

the gossipy porpoises
Anthony Over
high in the air
a red-headed man
immediately
across the rose-plot
after many trials

BOB, THE FIRE DOG

What does the title suggest that the story will be about? Read the story and see how nearly you guessed. Read it so carefully that you will be able to tell it briefly after one reading.

At a London fire station there lives a faithful and daring dog named Bob. Bob is always on duty; he never leaves the station except to help at a fire. The instant the fire alarm sounds, Bob bounds to his seat on the huge engine, where he sits beside the driver as they go dashing through the streets.

Whenever the men think that lives are in danger in a burning building, they place a ladder and look toward Bob. They never need to urge him. Before they can speak, Bob is on the ladder. Up, up he climbs, then springs through a broken windowpane and scurries about from room to room. If he finds any one asleep, he barks to tell of danger. If he finds any one who is helpless, he goes back to the window and barks for help. In this way he has saved the lives of nearly a score of persons.

On one of these trips, Bob discovered a very small child. He hurried back to the window for help. As soon as a

fireman reached the window, Bob led the way to the child. Back to the window he then darted but, instead of going down first, waited until the fireman and child were safely on their way. Then came Bob, the real and beloved hero of the fire.

Later, at another fire, Bob found an old lady who was too feeble to rise from her chair. Again he called for help and led the fireman as he had when saving the child. This time Bob waited too long before starting down the ladder. Flames began to pour out of the window so that he could not get to it. He would have barked but he was clever enough to know that barking would bring no help. And he had no time to lose.

The firemen were more frantic than Bob himself. They feared that their faithful comrade's work was finished. But just as they were about to give him up, they looked toward another window. There they saw Bob pawing at the glass. The firemen quickly spread a large life-net, and Bob, without waiting an instant, plunged through the glass and down to safety.

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. What did Bob do that was really very wonderful? 2. How was Bob's life saved? 3. Read the story again, noticing how the writer uses different expressions to tell what Bob does. One of them is, "Bob bounds to his seat"; find others. 4. Read aloud the paragraph that you like best. 5. Cut, draw, or paint a picture of one of the scenes in this story. 6. Prepare to tell the best animal story that you know.

TWO INDIAN HEROINES

Do you think that many people are as brave and as self-sacrificing as these Indian women were?

One autumn a band of Indians went to their hunting grounds on one of the Canadian rivers. There they camped, and the men hunted while the women remained at the wigwams, curing the meat and dressing the skins of the animals brought in by the hunters.

Soon after they had made their camp, a party of hostile Indians, hideous in their war paint, came down the river in canoes. They had never traveled down this stream before and needed a guide to warn them when they were nearing swift rapids or other dangers in the river.

As the canoes shot around a bend in the river, the braves suddenly spied the wigwams of the hunting party. They beached their canoes and watched until they were certain that none but women were in camp. Then they captured two of the squaws, carried them struggling to the river, and forced them to go in the foremost canoe as pilots for the fleet. The warriors leaped into the other canoes, and they all floated on down the river.

The squaws knew that they would be forced to guide the braves to where the men of their own tribe were then hunting. They also knew that the canoes were very near the great falls of the river. The squaws looked at each other and spoke a few words in low voices. The same brave determination was in the hearts of both. Then with set faces

hey held their canoes in the middle of the swiftly moving current.

The river grew narrower. The stream flowed more and more rapidly. Alarm began to show itself on the faces of the braves. In terror they called to the women to know where they were leading them. Frantically they thrust their paddles into the swift current, trying to turn the canoes toward shore.

But there was no hope. They were already too near the falls. Standing up in the foremost canoe, the two women uttered the war whoop of their tribe, and the canoe flashed over the brink of the falls. The other canoes followed swiftly. All were dashed to pieces in the foaming whirlpool below.

Later the men of the hunting party came to the foot of the falls on their way back to their wigwams. There they found the splintered canoes and the bodies and garments of their enemies and of the two squaws. They knew then that their own lives had been saved through the death of these brave, unselfish women.

For many, many years these Indian heroines have been honored in song and dance around the camp fires of this Indian tribe.

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Make an outline for this story, something like the one given you for "Polly Goes West," page 103. Prepare to tell the story from your outline. 2. How might the Indian squaws have saved their own lives? 3. How do you think the story would have ended if these Indian women had thought only of themselves? 4. What words would you use to describe the squaws? 5. Do you know of any celebration held in honor of a brave man or woman? If so, prepare to tell the class about it.

THE RESCUE OF TWISTY TAIL

What pioneer stories have you read? "The Rescue of Twisty Tail" is another. Try to picture in your mind the scenes in the story.

The apples hung golden in the autumn sunshine. The wild haws were scarlet in the wood. The leaves were beginning to loosen their hold and flutter down to rest upon the grass. The wind gave a gentle sigh of content. The summer was past.

Nestled within the shadows, among goldenrod and asters, was a little log cabin, the home of Andrew Garner. It was a very rude-looking house, with its mud-plastered chimney and puncheon floor; but it sheltered as sturdy a group of pioneers as ever settled in the West.

The day before Thanksgiving, Mr. and Mrs. Garner were preparing to make a trip to the nearest settlement. The wagon was filled with produce from the farm which they wished to trade at the store.

"Don't forget my shawl, mother," called Patty, as she stood at the door holding baby Bennie by the hand.

"Nor my bullets," said Simon. "I can't use the gun till I have some."

"I'll not forget them," answered their mother, smiling as she thought of the many reminders they had already given her. Then she added, "Take care of the baby, Patty, and help Simon with the evening work, if we shouldn't reach home till late — oxen travel slowly."

At a word from Mr. Garner they started, and the old wagon began to rumble down the road. The children were left alone.

Simon was busy in the field until noon.

"I'm glad to hear some one else in the house," said his sister, as he came into the kitchen. "The morning has seemed so long."

When dinner was over, Simon waited for Patty. "You must go with me this afternoon to gather nuts," said he. "The ground was covered with them this morning."

But his sister sat down to rock Bennie to sleep. "I couldn't leave him now," she answered, as she noticed his drooping lids.

"I'll carry in some wood while he is going to sleep," said Simon. "He'll be quiet for half an hour at least, and it's time the nuts were in. We shall need them tomorrow for Thanksgiving."

The old wood box was filled, and Patty had laid the sleeping child upon his trundle-bed. She stood waiting until he was quiet before she turned away.

"I'll go to the nearest tree at the turn of the road," said she. "The house will be in sight from there."

They crept out softly and had a race down the lane. The pigs scampered off across the meadow, "Twisty Tail" among them, as they ran on toward the hickory tree.

"What a shower of nuts!" said Patty, panting. "I'm glad the pigs were shut out; but we'll give a few nuts to Twisty Tail, he shuts his eyes in such a funny way when he eats them."

They both worked away in silence for some time. Patty had almost filled her basket, when she heard a rustling in the leaves by the roadside. Had Simon filled his basket and started back? She turned to look. The rosy color left her cheeks; the nuts in her apron fell upon the ground. Instead of her brother, she saw a shaggy bear trotting along the road a few rods away. He held his head high as if looking at something beyond him, and did not see her as he passed.

"He is going up toward the house," said she. "What

if he should find baby?" Had she latched the door in coming out? She did not remember.

Simon came just then, his basket heaped with nuts. "I never saw such fine ones," he began, but seeing Patty's pale face, he stopped. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"Hush!" she whispered. "Look in the lane. Did we latch the cabin door?"

Simon made no answer but, turning, caught up a club from the dead branches at his feet.

"If we only had the gun!" cried Patty.

"We'll have to run around him to reach the house," said Simon. He dropped his club and leaped the fence.

"Look, Simon!" cried his sister, as she sprang over after him. "He's turning off toward the meadow."

"He's scented the pigs," said Simon, as they both made a dash for the house. On they ran. Soon they were even with the bear; then they passed him.

The bear heard them and turned as if he might follow, but the children had already reached the door. As soon as Patty was in the house, she ran to the trundle-bed to be sure that Bennie was safe. He had not yet wakened from his nap. Simon hurried to the fireplace and began to rake the live coals from the ashes.

"What are you going to do?" asked Patty.

"Make a load for the gun," he answered. "Bring me a pewter spoon; I'll not let that bear have our pigs."

In a few minutes the spoon was melted and molded into bullets, and Simon was loading his gun.

"Oh, do hurry, Simon!" cried Patty, who was watching from the window. "He's after our little pig!"

Away went Simon, swiftly at first, but cautiously as he neared the bear. "I'll not climb the fence," he said to himself.

The beast was so eager for his prey that he did not notice the boy. Simon waited while the bear caught Twisty Tail in his fore paws. As he rose upon his haunches, and while the little pig was squealing, Simon took aim and fired.

The bear gave a howl and, dropping Twisty Tail, turned to

find his enemy. He was fierce from his wound, and Simon's life was in danger. It was well for him that the fence was between them. By the time he had reloaded, the bear was very near. Should his gun miss fire, he could not escape. But the boy's life in the woods had made him fearless. As the bear came plunging toward him, he fired, and the beast fell back dead.

As soon as Patty saw that the danger was over, she ran down to the fence. "Oh, Simon, I'm so glad!" she cried. "I was afraid Twisty Tail would be hugged to death. Did you see him scamper when the bear let him fall?" She climbed up on the fence. "What a savage looking bear! He didn't seem so large from the house."

Simon looked down upon him with a proud smile. "I knew he was large all the time," said he.

Mr. and Mrs. Garner were late in returning, and Patty helped Simon with the chores. Twisty Tail seemed as frisky as usual when he came up for his evening meal. "I will give him all he can eat tonight," said Patty, "for this ought to be his Thanksgiving supper."

ELIZABETH FOULKE

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. This story is like one or two others in this book. Which are they? 2. How is it like the others? 3. How is it different? 4. In what way was Simon like the boy in "Grandfather's Bear?" 5. What dangers do boys and girls have to meet nowadays that Simon and Patty had never heard of?

6. This story will make a good play. Divide the story into five parts. Arrange the conversation in each part. Look at the play on page 123; this may help you to add stage directions.

CHOOSE THE PROPER WORD

Polly had (Japanese, French, Indian) neighbors.

Italians live in (France, Russia, Italy, Spain).

"The Finest Lesson of the Year" is (an Eskimo, an Italian, a Russian) story.

Carlo Nobis's father was (a charcoal man, a street sweeper, a great gentleman, a doctor).

Chickadees are (sad, downhearted, cheery) birds.

Porpoises are (birds, vegetables, animals, nuts).

"The Story of Doctor Dolittle" made me (go to sleep, laugh, cry, angry).

Jip's sense of (taste, hearing, smell, sight, touch) helped him to find the boy's uncle.

The bear hunt in Tolstoy's story took place in (autumn, spring, winter, summer).

A score is (a dozen, a million, twenty, a hundred).

Clothes are called (shelter, food, garments, furniture).

Thanksgiving Day comes in (March, October, December, November).

Andrew Garner and his family were (townspeople, Indians, pioneers).

The Garners lived in a (brick house, castle, log cabin, wigwam).

Simon made bullets out of a (tin can, pewter spoon, steel knife, silver fork).

Twisty Tail was a (dog, cat, bear, horse, pig, wolf, sheep).

Patty was Simon's (aunt, friend, cousin, sister).

THE LITTLE VEGETABLE MEN

Have a talk in class about how to read a play. You must notice what scene it is, how the stage is set, who is speaking, and how each character feels, acts, and speaks.

CHARACTERS

FAIRY HEALTH	MR. BEET
CHO CHO	MR. BEAN
WITCH IGNORANCE	MR. SPINACH
MR. ONION	NEIGHBOR APPLE TREE
MR. CARROT	VEGETABLES AND FLOWERS

Time — A Moonlight Night

SCENE I

(*A garden, fence, and gateway. Children* (*any number*) *dressed as vegetables — beets, onions, carrots, spinach — arranged in rows across the stage to represent a vegetable garden.* BEET *rises from kneeling posture at right stage, yawns — stretches.*)

Beet. How tired I am. All day long I have been sending my family to supply children with sugar.

Carrot. I give rosy cheeks.

Spinach. Well, really! I don't like to brag, but my work is much more important than yours, for I supply iron. Every one knows how necessary iron is to a child's health.

Bean. No one doubts your popularity, Spinach, but I

am more important. I provide growing material, and all children need me.

Onion. You vegetables seem to forget your real mission. It's not which gives the most to little children, for they need each one of us. Beets give sugar, Carrots make rosy cheeks, Spinach provides iron and salts, Beans help growth. These and all the other green vegetable family should work together to make children healthy and happy.

(MR. BEET *advances to center of stage, turns to* VEGETABLES.)

Beet. Onion is right. We will in the future work together, not apart.

Spinach. I beg your pardon, gentlemen. (*Bows to* VEGETABLES.) My head has been turned lately by too much popularity.

Beet (*turning to* SPINACH). You show a fine spirit, si But it grows late, my friends. Let us seek our beds. (*Wa... to the right of stage.*)

Vegetables. To bed, to bed we go.
The rain, the dew,
The moonlight, too,
Help us to grow.

(VEGETABLES *move about and then settle to sleep. Enter* WITCH IGNORANCE. *She crosses to center of stage.*)

Witch. Ha, ha! The Vegetables are asleep. I can safely steal one — which shall it be? The Onion looks young and tender; 'twill do to season my soup. How angry the Health Fairy and that Cho Cho will be.

(*Witch leans over and lays a hand on* ONION. ONION *awakes, rubs his eyes, sits up.* WITCH *puts finger to her lip.*)

Witch. Don't make a noise. Come with me. I have a present for you. (*Takes* ONION'S *hand, draws him to center of stage.*)

Onion. Who are you?

Witch (*smiling and patting his arm*). I'm a lonely old lady who has a house full of beautiful toys, and no little child to play with them. There are engines and boats and dolls and balls. I want you to come and see them all.

Onion (*eagerly*). I would like to come, but I am needed here. You see, we vegetables are growing night and day as fast as we can so that children everywhere can have green vegetables to eat.

Witch. But you are only one vegetable. The children can do without you.

Onion. No, no! Cho Cho told us that every vegetable, even the smallest one, was needed to feed the little children and make them grow.

Witch. I will delay no longer. You shall come. (*Grabs* ONION *roughly, drags him across stage.*)

Onion. Help, help, my comrades!

(*The garden awakes.* VEGETABLES *run about the stage in confusion.* BEET, BEAN, CARROT, *and others lay hands on the* WITCH *and try to stop her.* WITCH *beats them off with heavy stick. Exit, dragging* ONION *with her.* BEET, BEAN, CARROT, *and others walk to center of stage.*)

Bean (*wiping his eyes*). Poor, poor Onion, what will become of him?

Carrot. And children need onions to eat.

Beet. Children need us all; without vegetables no child can be healthy.

Other Vegetables. Can't we do something, Mr. Beet?

Beet. Nothing, nothing! This witch is so clever and travels with such great speed that no one could overtake her.

Carrot. Alas, our poor comrade!

Bean. If only we had some friend to lend us help — some one to advise us.

Beet. There comes old Neighbor Apple Tree. Let's ask his help.

Vegetables. Yes, yes, let's ask Neighbor Apple Tree.

(*Enter child dressed to represent an apple tree, legs and body in dull brown, headdress of green leaves, arms green, with hanging apples attached.*)

Neighbor Apple Tree (*looking surprised*). What's wrong, my friends? All honest folk should be abed at this hour. 'Tis near the stroke of twelve.

Beet (*comes forward, lays hand on* NEIGHBOR APPLE TREE'S *shoulder*). Neighbor Apple Tree, a great sorrow has befallen us, and we know not which way to turn.

Neighbor Apple Tree. Sorrow, you say? Who would hurt the peaceful green vegetables?

Beet. Yes, sorrow so great that we are crushed and broken. An hour ago, while we slept, the wicked Witch Ignorance crept softly in among us and carried away one of our men. She is strong and cruel, and she beat us to the earth with a great stick. Our comrade cried to us for help, but we were powerless, and before our very eyes the witch dragged him away.

Neighbor Apple Tree. I saw a witch as I was coming hither. Even as I approached she was mounting her broomstick, and tied behind I saw a dark object. It must have been your comrade.

Beet. What shall we do, neighbor? Is there no way to overtake this cruel witch?

Neighbor Apple Tree. You cannot travel fast enough. Her home is in No Knowledge Valley, and mounted on her flying broomstick, she is far on the way there now. But courage, my neighbors! I will tell you what to do. Go to your rest, sleep well, and, when morning comes, start forth to the home of Fairy Health. Tell her your trouble and she will help you. Her friend, Cho Cho, is a match for the witch. If Fairy Health and Cho Cho are on your side, the witch is helpless to harm you.

Beet. Thank you, Neighbor Apple Tree. Will you spend the night among us?

Neighbor Apple Tree. No, no; I must away to the great city. The children there need apples.

Apples young and apples old,
Apples hot and apples cold,
Apples tender and apples tough,
Thanks be to goodness
We have apples enough.

(*Exit* NEIGHBOR APPLE TREE)

Beet. Back to bed, Vegetables. In the morning we will seek the Fairy.

(VEGETABLES *settle to sleep. All is quiet in the garden.* WITCH *enters softly — drops a letter beside the* BEET. *Exit without waking* VEGETABLES.)

CURTAIN

SCENE II

(*The same garden. Morning.* VEGETABLES *awake slowly.* BEET *rises, sees letter beside him. Reads letter, wrings his hands.*)

Bean. What new trouble has come upon us?

Beet. The witch again. Hear this. (*Reads letter.*)

Hark ye, Green Vegetables:

Cease to help the Fairy Health, or ye shall rue it. From my home in No Knowledge Valley I have watched night and day, and naught has escaped me. Ye shall not persuade children to eat green vegetables, for they grow too strong and healthy. I would have them thin and pale. I hate your Fairy with her beautiful face. My face is ugly. Each day more children leave me and hasten to build her House of Health. Your comrade lies bound upon the stone floor of my cave and, unless ye obey me, I will return each night and from your midst steal one of the vegetable men.

FROM WITCH IGNORANCE

(VEGETABLES *show grief and distress. They gather around* BEET.)

Beet. Come, Bean and Carrot, bear me company. I go to the Fairy. If report speaks true, she is wise and good and will help us in our trouble. Keep the garden gate tightly locked, my vegetable children, until I return.

Vegetables. We will, we will.

(*Exit* BEET, BEAN, CARROT. VEGETABLES *wave good-by and carefully lock gate.*)

CURTAIN

SCENE III

(*A lovely garden, children dressed as flowers. A rustic seat in center of stage.* FAIRY HEALTH *seated. Garden gate at right of stage. Enter* CHO CHO *through gate.* FAIRY *rises to greet him.*)

Fairy. Welcome, Cho Cho! Come, rest a while! Then tell me of my many children in the great city. Are they healthy and happy? (*Leads* CHO CHO *to the rustic seat.*)

Cho Cho. I grieve to tell you, Fairy, but I fear there is trouble brewing for your children.

Fairy (*clasping her hands*). What is wrong? Surely they have not stopped drinking milk.

Cho Cho. No, not that.

Fairy. They have not forgotten to clean their teeth or take their baths?

Cho Cho. No, not that.

Fairy. Nothing could keep my children from eating green vegetables. What is it, Cho Cho?

Cho Cho. Last night, as I sat beside my magic window, I saw old Witch Ignorance steal down the street. She paused at every door where children lived and made upon it an ugly mark.

Fairy. Oh, Cho Cho, that means trouble for the children.

Cho Cho. Yes, Fairy, it means trouble, but what kind of trouble? If we only knew.

(*Enter* BEET, CARROT, *and* BEAN *through gate.* BEET *bows before the* FAIRY.)

Beet. Fairy Health, we come to you from the green vegetables and earnestly ask your help, for we are in great trouble.

(FAIRY *and* CHO CHO *rise.* FAIRY *walks forward.*)

Fairy. What is your trouble, little men?

Beet. A wicked witch, called Ignorance, came while we slept and carried off one of our comrades. More than that, Fairy, she threatens to come each night and steal one of our men. Help us, good Fairy, for she is very powerful.

Fairy (*laying her hands upon his shoulder*). Courage, vegetables. Cho Cho and I will help you.

Cho Cho. This is what the black mark meant upon the doors. I will away, Fairy, to my friend, the wonderful dog Publicity. He can travel like the wind. Together we will find this witch and punish her for the harm she has done the vegetable men.

(*Exit* Cho Cho.)

Fairy. Rest here, little men. I will tell you what Cho Cho does.

Bean. But you will not be able to see him, Fairy, after he has gone any distance.

Fairy. Oh, yes, I shall, for I have magic sight and can see many miles from here. (*Walks to gate, leans forward, shading eyes with hand.*) Cho Cho has reached the dog's house. The dog comes out. Cho Cho is telling him. Cho Cho is on his back. The dog bounds out upon the road. He travels like the wind. His lovely tail waves like a plume. Hold on, Cho Cho, you will surely fall! They are speeding so fast I can scarcely see! How the people rush out to see them!

Beet. Do you see the witch, Fairy?

Fairy. No, no, not yet. The dog enters a forest and is going slowly. (*Passes her hand over her eyes and leans eagerly forward.*) Now I see a great cave — Cho Cho dismounts — he is hiding in the bushes.

Carrot. What next, Fairy? Look again! Do you see our comrade?

Fairy. Not yet, but I see the witch. She is coming out — Cho Cho is flashing a crystal ball in her eyes — she falls

down — she falls down! (*Fairy claps her hands.*) Now Cho Cho brings out your comrade. They are bringing him home. Your friend is saved! Your friend is saved!

(FAIRY *takes the little men by their hands and they dance together around the stage. Enter* CHO CHO *and* ONION.)

Cho Cho. I bring your comrade, little men. No harm shall befall you, for the witch is blind and helpless.

Fairy. And my children can eat green vegetables. (*Claps her hands.*) They would not be strong without vegetables. I do so thank you, dear Cho Cho.

Beet. We all thank you.

Onion (*to* CHO CHO). I, most of all, do thank you, for I have been in the witch's house. Before you came, I lay on the cold stone floor, bound hand and foot. On the fire a great pot of coffee sputtered and spilled over, making a most unpleasant odor as it burned. There was no fresh air in the dark cave, and the floor was covered with dirt and litter. I had lost all hope, when from without I heard Cho Cho's clear voice — then the dog Publicity's happy bark. (ONION *puts handkerchief to eyes.*) I can say no more, Vegetables, I am overcome by my memories. (VEGETABLES *crowd around him and shake his hand.*)

(*Enter* NEIGHBOR APPLE TREE)

Neighbor Apple Tree (*to* VEGETABLES). I told you the Good Fairy would help you.

Beet. You did, indeed.

Cho Cho. Come, let us dance here in this lovely garden

to show our happiness. (*Bows low before the* FAIRY.) Will you dance with me, good Fairy Health?

(FAIRY *takes his hand. Music.* FLOWERS *and* VEGETABLES, *led by* FAIRY *and* CHO CHO, *dance.*)

CURTAIN

ELLEN GLENDOWER GRIFFITH

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Tell what each scene is about. Use only two or three sentences for each scene. 2. What does the play mean? 3. Can you read the speeches so as to make them sound well?

HARES AND HOUNDS

See how quickly you can solve this problem.

Half a hundred Dundee hunters hunted hares one day.
They took as many hounds along as there are days in May;
They chased three times as many hares as there were hounds and men;
But just as many got away as two goes into ten.
Now if each hare weighed twice as much as half a pound of tea,
What was the total weight of hares they brought back to Dundee?

ALVIN J. SCHEUER

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

How did you solve the problem? Help the class decide what is the best way to read and solve such a problem.

RIDDLES

See how quickly you can tell what is meant.

There is an artist — he's ages old! —
Who paints with fingers icy cold,
Marvelous pictures (all different too),
A new one each morn, for me and you —
Visions of Fairyland, mountain and glen,
Castles and forests, valley and fen!
He paints countless pictures, yet no two the same.
Do you know this artist? Please tell me his name.

EUGENIA WHITE

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features:
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet,
Another you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

JONATHAN SWIFT

I creep on the ground and the children say,
"You ugly old thing," and push me away.
I lie in my bed and the children say,
"The fellow is dead; we'll throw him away."
At last I awake, and the children try
To make me stay as I rise and fly.

ANNIE MACKINNON

YES OR NO

Was Polly afraid of her copper-colored neighbors?
Were her copper-colored neighbors Eskimos?
Was little Betti an Italian boy?
Do boys show respect to the flag by taking their hats off?
Are there four colors in our flag?
Is an Indian baby called a squaw?
Are traffic rules made to protect the people?
Did Henry Holcomb Bennett write "The Flag Goes By"?
Are quails and chickadees beasts?
Are chickadees and quails four-footed animals?
Is the toad the gardener's friend?
Was Damian a brave man?
Did Count Tolstoy kill the bear?
Was George Washington thrown from the colt?
Was Rosa Bonheur the youngest child in her family?
Was the dog Bob a household pet?
Did the two brave Indian squaws save their own lives?
Is a trundle-bed a low bed?
Should one eat meat at every meal?
Is it good for a person to eat candy at every meal?
Are onions, beets, lettuce, and spinach vegetables?
Does milk contain lime?
Does spinach provide sugar?
Do beets provide sugar?
Are fruits, vegetables, and milk good foods?
Can you answer all the riddles on page 237?

THE OX-CART

We travel about so rapidly and comfortably nowadays that we seldom think how hard it was to get from place to place in early days. This selection will make you understand how much we who live today have to be thankful for in our ways of traveling.

When the first people began to travel about from place to place, they walked. There was no other way for them to go, unless they came to water. In that case they might journey down great rivers on rafts, making use of the current to sweep them along. They might cross lakes in canoes driven by paddles, or voyage on larger bodies of water in boats driven by oars or even by sails. But for a long time the only way people could get from place to place on land was to walk.

Now this was all very well, so long as they had little or nothing but their weapons, their spears and bows and arrows, to carry with them. But later the tribes began to settle down and collect property, that is, such things as pottery and

Reprinted by courtesy of the publishers, George H. Doran Company, from *The First Days of Knowledge*, which is Volume II of the series by Frederic Arnold Kummer entitled *The Earth's Story*, Volume I being *The First Days of Man*, and Volume III *The First Days of History*.

rugs and rude bits of furniture for their houses. It was not so easy to carry these things on their backs, along with food to eat by the way, especially if they took the old men and women and the young children with them.

When whole tribes moved, seeking new homes, there were a great many things to take along. The animals, such as sheep and goats and cattle, could, of course, be driven on their own legs. But the old folks and the children were not strong enough to walk, especially over rough country, through thick forests and rocky mountain passes and sandy deserts, where there were no roads whatever. So, as the races of men began to spread farther and farther out over the face of the earth, it became more and more necessary for them to find some way to carry their things as well as the people who were not able to walk.

In these days of railroad trains and automobiles and trucks, getting about seems a very simple matter, but in those far-off times it was anything else. All that the people had to help them were the animals they had trained and raised, such as horses or oxen.

Now, owing to the fact that different tribes lived in different ways, they slowly began to raise different sorts of domestic animals. Because of this, two ways of moving from place to place came into use.

One sort of people were the wandering shepherds and nomads. These people were dwellers in tents, and their property at first consisted mainly of goats and sheep, which did not have to be carried.

But in order to find good grazing ground for their flocks all the year around, these nomads were constantly moving about. Some of them, who lived on the great plains of what is now South Russia, soon learned that they could find better pasture for their flocks in winter by wandering far to the south. When the summer came, these dwellers in tents would drive their flocks north again, to feed on the fresh spring grass.

They did not have much to carry with them besides their weapons, their rugs, and their tents. But even these made a heavy load to carry very far, and so these nomad people learned how to tame and make use of horses. Moving about as they did, they built no cities. Having their flocks with them, they did not have to worry about food. All they had to do was to kill a goat or a sheep, and cook and eat it. They ate wild fruits but raised no grain. When they had need of grain, they bartered for it with other tribes.

Mounted on their strong, shaggy ponies, they could travel long distances, even thousands of miles, north and south, driving their flocks ahead of them, never staying very long in any one place. Soon they became wonderful horsemen, just as their descendants on the great Russian plains are today. Even the little children could ride like the wind. As these wanderers were quite as much at home on horseback as on foot, they had no need for wagons or vehicles of any sort with wheels, and did not give such things a thought.

But while these tribes of horsemen were developing in one direction, men of a different sort, living in a different way, were developing in quite another. Their homes were in the forest and lake and mountain country of Europe. Here there were no wide grazing plains such as the nomads had found, and so the life of the people in these places was entirely different.

They first lived in caves and, after that, in little villages of huts built of logs, with clay plastered between the logs to fill up the cracks and keep out the cold wind. The great fireplaces in these huts were made of stone, and the roofs of thatch or sods, held in place by flat stones.

Some of these villages were built out over the water on stakes or piles driven into the mud like stilts, and remains of them have been found at the bottom of lakes in Switzerland. The people in these houses were safe from attack, for they could be reached only over narrow wooden bridges leading from the shore. In time of danger it was an easy matter to tear these bridges down.

Most of the people, however, lived in and about the great forests. And just as it was natural for people who wandered about like the nomads to raise horses, so these forest people, who moved about very little, came to raise cows and pigs and oxen, slow-moving beasts on which it was not easy for any one to ride.

Instead of depending on flocks of sheep and goats for food, they hunted and killed deer and bears and wild pigs and fowl. They also killed and ate the animals they raised —

pigs, goats, oxen — and used the milk of the cows and the cheese they made from the milk for food. They had gardens, too, in which they grew a little grain and certain vegetables, the roots of which were good to eat. Living in this way, not wandering about much, these tribes began to collect all sorts of things — tools and implements for their houses and their farms.

Oftentimes it became necessary for such tribes to move, either because there were too many people in one place, or because they wanted to find homes in warmer and more pleasant countries. For these tribes the problem of moving became a serious one indeed. Some way of carrying their household goods, their old folks, and their children along with them had to be found. The result was the invention of the wheel.

Who first discovered and made use of the wagon wheel we do not know, but whoever he was, he gave to the world one of its most useful and valuable inventions. Some early thinker, working alone in the forest, may have seen that the round section of log he had just sawed from the trunk of a tree could be rolled along over the ground with much less effort than it took to push or pull it endwise. This may have given him the idea of the wheel.

Possibly, in bringing such a log into the village, an ox or a pair of oxen might have been used. Since the log had to be left free to turn and not drag, round pegs would have to be driven into the ends of it, or left there when it was cut. To these pegs loops of rope for traces, or wooden

shafts with a fork at the end of them, could be attached. A short, round log of this sort, pulled along by an ox by means of traces or shafts was probably the first wheeled vehicle ever made.

The next step would be to cut away the log between its two ends, leaving a rough, heavy axle in the middle, with a solid round wheel at each end. But this would have the great fault that the axle would turn around along with the wheels, making it a hard matter to build a wagon body on it.

So naturally the next thing some early thinker did was to saw from the end of a log two round, solid disks or wheels. Through the middle of each disk he bored or burned a hole. He then stuck the two ends of the axle through these holes, with a pin through each end to keep the wheels from coming off. Now the wheels could turn while the axle did not.

It was an easy matter to build on this axle a square body out of boards and thus make a wagon or cart in which people and things could be carried. It must have been a hard task to cut such wheels from a log with flint axes and saws, but somehow these early people did it and built the first wheeled wagon or cart. Later on, wheels were made of heavy, solid rims with spokes in them, as they are made today. Chariots with wheels of this sort have been found in ancient Egyptian tombs thousands of years old.

It must have taken a long time to build one of these ox-carts in those days, but luckily the people were not in a hurry as we are today. A week or two one way or the other made little or no difference to them. When they

lecided to move, they hitched their oxen to these carts, oiled their baskets and jars, their tools and implements, heir food, and their women and children into them, and et out to find a new home. It must have been very rough iding, with no springs to their wagons and no roads, so hat we can imagine the old people and the children were retty well shaken up.

It was in ox-carts like this that the light-haired, ruddy-heeked people we now speak of as the ancient Greeks, raveled hundreds and hundreds of miles from their forest omes in central Europe southward to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. And here, more than a thousand years efore the time of Christ, they found the dark-haired, brown-

skinned people of the purple-sailed ships who lived around the shores of this inland sea, and fought with them. And because these men from the north were fierce and rough and powerful, they drove the dark-skinned people from their homes in Greece and took the land for themselves. They were the forefathers of the Greeks we read of in history, and they started a new and wonderful civilization in their new home, learning about bronze and many other things from the people they had conquered.

It may have been to some thinker in the northern forests that we owe the invention of the wagon wheel. Today there is scarcely a vehicle, or a ship, or a piece of machinery of any kind in the world in which wheels of some sort are not used.

FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. What made early peoples think out ways of traveling? 2. Compare early travel on land with that of today. 3. Tell how the nomads and the forest people happened to develop different manners and customs.

4. Try to make up an interesting but short story to tell, using one of the titles below which appeals to you:

a. Land Travel in Early Days
b. Traveling by Water in Early Days
c. The Nomads
d. The Forest People
e. How the First Wheel Was Invented
f. Traveling Today

THE QUEST

There was once a restless boy
  Who dwelt in a home by the sea,
Where the water danced for joy
  And the wind was glad and free:
But he said, "Good mother, oh! let me go;
For the dullest place in the world, I know,
  Is this little brown house,
  This old brown house,
  Under the apple tree.

"I will travel east and west;
  The loveliest homes I'll see;
And when I have found the best,
  Dear mother, I'll come for thee.
I'll come for thee in a year and a day,
And joyfully then we'll haste away
  From this little brown house,
  This old brown house,
  Under the apple tree."

So he traveled here and there,
But never content was he,
Though he saw in lands most fair
The costliest homes there be.
He something missed from the sea and sky,
Till he turned again with a wistful sigh
To the little brown house,
The old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled
While her heart grew glad and free.
"Hast thou chosen a home, my child?
Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth she;
And he said, "Sweet mother, from east and west,
The loveliest home, and the dearest and best,
Is a little brown house,
An old brown house,
Under an apple tree."

EUDORA BUMSTEAD

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Suppose the boy's mother had gone along, would he have felt just the same? 2. Why did the poet pick out a little old brown house instead of a big new white one? 3. Tell in your own words what you think the poem means.

THE TWO FROGS

Did you ever hear the story of "The Blind Men and the Elephant"? If not, ask your teacher to read it or tell it to you. After you read this story, tell in what way it reminds you of "The Blind Men and the Elephant."

Once upon a time in the country of Japan there lived two frogs. One of them made his home in a ditch near the town of Osaka on the seacoast, while the other dwelt in a clear little stream which ran through the city of Kioto. At such a great distance apart, they had never even heard of each other; but, oddly enough, the idea came into both their heads at once that they would like to see a little of the world. The frog who lived in Kioto wanted to visit Osaka, while the frog who lived in Osaka wished to go to Kioto, where the great Mikado had his palace.

So one morning in the spring they both set out along the road that led from Kioto to Osaka, one from one end of the road and the other from the other end.

The journey was more tiring than they expected, for they did not know much about traveling, and halfway between the two towns there rose a mountain which had to be climbed. It took them a long time and a great many hops to reach the top; but there they were at last, and what was the surprise of each to see another frog before him! They looked at each other for a moment without speaking. They then fell into conversation and explained the cause of their meeting so far from their homes. It was delightful to find that they both felt the same desire — to

learn a little more of their native country. As there was no hurry, they stretched themselves out in a cool, damp place and agreed that they would have a good rest before they parted to go on their ways.

"What a pity we are not bigger," said the Osaka frog. "Then we could see both towns from here and tell whether it is worth our while going on."

"Oh, that is easily managed," replied the Kioto frog. "We have only to stand up on our hind legs and hold on to each other. Then each can look at the town to which he is traveling."

This idea pleased the Osaka frog so much that he at once jumped up and put his front paws on the shoulder of his friend, who had risen also. There they both stood, stretch-

ing themselves as high as they could and holding each other tightly so that they might not fall. The Kioto frog turned his nose toward Osaka, and the Osaka frog turned his nose toward Kioto.

But the foolish things forgot that, when they stood up, their great eyes lay in the backs of their heads, and that, though their noses might point to the places where they wanted to go, their eyes beheld the places from which they had come.

"Dear me!" cried the Osaka frog, "Kioto is exactly like Osaka. It is certainly not worth such a long journey. I shall go home."

"If I had had any idea that Osaka was only a copy of Kioto, I should never have traveled all this way," exclaimed the frog from Kioto. As he spoke, he took his hands from his friend's shoulders and they both fell down on the grass.

Then each bade the other a polite farewell and set off for home again. And to the end of their lives they believed that Osaka and Kioto, which are as different to look at as two towns can be, were as like as two peas.

MARIE L. SHEDLOCK

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. If possible, find and bring to class a picture of a Japanese town or city. 2. How might Osaka and Kioto have differed from one another? 3. Be prepared to read aloud the part of the story which explains why the journey of the frogs was so useless. 4. Make a brief summary of this story, using, if possible, not more than six sentences.

WORK WITH WORDS

In the following lists there are several words beginning with each letter of the alphabet. Write these words neatly in alphabetical order.

health	important	east	minstrel
engines	joy	calico	Thanksgiving
sugar	weary	difference	glee
vegetables	scarlet	wandering	John
nomads	yells	foreign	kettles
invention	couple	quickly	festival
oxen	Kioto	Austria	union
southward	gorgeous	remember	newcomers
George	money	zone	pastry
princess	tempest	ballroom	zero
quails	lament	marsh	delicate
arbutus	undergrowth	enough	haughty
ruffle	quiet	bridle	colt
Ikwa	valiant	quench	kangaroo
daughter	lessons	jumped	xylophone
hours	toothache	report	laugh
nuthatches	angel	patient	Osaka
burglars	frisky	Zane	visit
wigwam	ostrich	aspen	young
roses	x-rays	yellow	useless

Read all the words beginning with capital letters.

Which word is most interesting to you? the easiest? the hardest?

Read all the words beginning with *d*; *q*; *w*; *a*.

FOREIGN CHILDREN

The little American likes his own home better than any other. How do you suppose foreign children feel about theirs?

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions over seas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine:
You must often, as you trod,
Have wearied *not* to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Think of all the reasons you can for wishing you were a little Indian; an Eskimo; a Japanese. 2. What have you that they do not have? 3. Is there any one *best* country? 4. Tell in your own words what these expressions mean: *turned the turtles off their legs, beyond the foam, fed on proper meat.*

IKWA AND ANNOWEE

The two children in this story had a very narrow escape. Find out whether it was luck or quick thinking and prompt action that saved them.

These little Eskimo children lived in the frozen North. They had been alone for several days. Most of the villagers had gone away to fish. It was certainly time for them to return, and Ikwa was hitching the dogs to the sledge, that he and Annowee might go to meet them.

Kookoo, the leader of the team, had given Ikwa a playful chase all around the village; but Ikwa had harnessed him at last, and he was now ready for work.

Ikwa had never had the sole care of the dogs before, and he was very much pleased over it. He had not wished to stay at home with Annowee. He had watched the boys

starting off with their fishing spears, and he had longed to go with them. He had helped to care for the fish after they were caught, but he had never tried to catch them. What sport it must be to stand on a rock in midstream and spear the salmon as they flashed past on their way to the open sea!

"Never mind, Ikwa," his mother had said as she started off. "You may fish a while when you bring the sledge." So Ikwa was comforted.

When the rest were gone, the children tried all the sports that they knew. The snow still clung to the hillsides; and Annowee had learned to make a ball of her little body and roll down a slope almost as fast as Ikwa could. They had played "sand bag" until they were tired, but at last it was time to start.

Annowee sat upon the sledge, while her brother ran along by the side of the dogs. They were pulling finely. Kookoo seemed to be more ready for work after his frolic with Ikwa.

"Let us go across the ice fields; it is nearer that way," said the boy.

They were facing the bay. Far beyond the great sheet of ice, the waves danced and lifted their white arms in the sunlight. Farther still the stately bergs drifted out to sea. The wind was rising, and the air was very cold.

"Look, Ikwa!" cried Annowee, pointing off to landward. There was a roaring noise as the ice on the mountain-side let go its hold and went crashing into the bay. How it

dipped and plunged and splashed! The whales moved off to make room. But Ikwa was not watching. He was thinking of the ice beneath his feet. He had felt it tremble.

"We must go back," he said.

He turned as he spoke and looked along the path they had taken. Then he gave a low cry of fear. There was a narrow strip of water flowing between them and the shore! He knew at once that the ice upon which they were standing had broken away from the land.

"Back, back!" he cried to the dogs, who were trotting ahead with the sledge.

They turned at the sound of his voice and ran toward the shore at his bidding; but the narrow path of water had grown too wide, and they could not cross it, try as they might. No help was near. Must they drift out to sea among the bergs? What if the ice where they stood should part and let them down into the foaming water beneath! Already the edges began to crack and float off. And how it rocked — that great floe!

"We must go over toward the middle again," said Ikwa to his sister. The girl did not understand. Ikwa turned and looked earnestly into her face.

"See, Annowee," he said, "we are on an ice floe. We cannot get off."

She looked at him in a puzzled way.

"Don't you see?" he asked, pointing to the water that rolled and dashed between them and the shore. "We are afloat upon the bay."

A look of terror came into his sister's face as she cried, "Annowee is afraid!"

How helpless Ikwa felt! The gale was blowing fierce and bleak. The waves dashed rough and wild around the ice floe. The children could only crouch down with the dogs

and wait. What would become of them? Annowee began to cry. "I'm cold!" she sobbed.

Ikwa looked around. All about them the snow lay deep as it did on the land. "I'll make an igloo," the boy cried.

He rose at once and began to cut the blocks. He had often done this work for his father at home. In watching him Annowee forgot her fear. Ikwa made the dogs lie down at her feet to keep her warm. The wall was in the form of a half igloo around the group. Soon it was so high that Annowee could not see him at his work. "It is so much warmer here, Ikwa!" she cried. "Come in and try it."

But Ikwa worked on. He was glad to have something to do. Presently he heard her voice again. "See, Ikwa!" she cried. The boy hurried around and saw a walrus lying on the floe at one side. It had climbed up there to rest.

A vast sheet of water now lay before them. They had drifted far from the land; but the wind was changing, and the tide, too, was beginning to wash them toward the shore.

There was a long strip of land reaching outward near the mouth of the bay. The floe was approaching this opening. Ikwa was watching. He walked over to the side of the floe.

"Annowee," he called, "when we float near that point, we must try to gain the land." His sister came across to look. "Unless we go ashore there," said he, "we shall never reach home again."

Ikwa brought the dogs to the same side with them. "Now, Annowee," he said, "sit down upon the sledge and cling to it. Don't let go your hold whatever happens."

"But what shall you do?" she asked.

"I'll spring on behind when the time comes," he said.

The little girl sat as Ikwa had directed. Just as the floe swept into the narrow channel, the boy gave the dogs the signal. Annowee heard the ringing of his voice, the cracking of his whip, as the dogs sprang forward.

There was a swaying of the ice, the cold salt water dashed over them, and then the brave dogs drew them out upon the

shore. What a drenching they had had! The dogs were shaking the water from their coats, while Ikwa and Annowee were catching their breath after their plunge.

Ikwa turned to see whether Annowee was safe. She was brushing the water from her furs. "I was afraid the waves would carry you away," said he. "If it hadn't been for Kookoo, we should have gone down. He led the other dogs straight ahead."

Annowee ran and gave the dog a hug, even though his shaggy hair was wet. "You dear, good Kookoo," she cried, "you are the very best dog I know!" Kookoo pranced and frisked before her as if he understood.

They were now out of danger, but they were no nearer their fields than before.

"Shall we go on to the river?" asked the girl.

Ikwa, who had not thought of turning back, answered,

"Yes, climb upon the sledge, and let us be off. We are losing time from the fishing." In a moment they were speeding away over the snow again.

When the Eskimos heard the story of the children's escape, they called Ikwa a brave lad. "His father," they said, "could have done no more, had he been with them upon the floe."

ELIZABETH FOULKE

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. What are some of the things which made the life of Ikwa and Annowee different from yours? 2. Why was Ikwa disappointed? 3. How did the sledge look and how were the dogs hitched to it? 4. How is an igloo made? 5. If Annowee had been afraid to obey Ikwa, what would probably have happened? How did she and Kookoo help Ikwa? 6. Read the part which you think best shows that Ikwa was a brave boy. 7. Try to give a clear, brief summary of this story.

8. Write five questions about what happened in this story for your classmates to answer. 9. If you know a good Eskimo dog story, be ready to tell it in class. 10. Draw or model your favorite scene in this selection.

11. Choose one of the following titles for a short story of your own; you may write it or tell it:

a. How to Make an Igloo
b. How Eskimo Children Dress
c. The Frozen North
d. How Eskimos Travel
e. How Eskimos Catch Fish
f. Afloat on an Ice Floe

THE TRUCE

In different countries people have different customs. Read this story to find out a strange custom of a far-away land in southern Europe. After you have read it, tell your class what you think of such a custom.

Rastem lived in the Land of the Mountain Eagles — Albania. His home was in a strange old town of that far-away country. This town was perched so high on a mountain top that sometimes the clouds hung over it like a dark, flat roof and the cocks crowed all day, warning the hens to make for shelter.

On the highest point of a rock, a battered old castle with one square tower stood out boldly. There were strange tales about the castle, which Rastem learned when he began

to grow up, and which mingled with all his boyish play and dreams.

When Rastem was born, his father hung a gun and a cartridge belt on the wall for him. There they were to stay until Rastem was fourteen years old, when he would take them down himself and put them on for the first time. Meanwhile Rastem began his life in a little painted cradle, into which his mother strapped him so tightly that he could move neither his legs, arms, nor head. He lay there like a little mummy, covered completely with a rough, homespun blanket.

Rastem's father was a well-to-do man, and the family lived in a pleasant house, whose plastered walls were beautifully painted. It had many slatted windows and a cheery tiled roof with broad eaves.

Next door to Rastem lived Marko, a boy of about his own age. Their families never visited and the gate between the two yards was kept locked. In spite of this, the two little boys had discovered one another as soon as they began to walk. They gazed through the openings in the fence of woven branches which separated them and came quickly to an understanding. Later on they worried a passageway under the hedge, through which they crawled freely. Sometimes they would pass long hours together playing. At first they did not understand why Marko was scowled at when he went to Rastem's house, and why Rastem was scowled at when he went to Marko's house. As neither one of them was contented long without the other, their parents soon

paid no attention to their comradeship, and they went and came as they liked.

When Rastem and Marko grew older and mingled with other children, they soon found out what the trouble was. Between the two families there was what in Albania is called "a blood feud." That is, some one in Marko's family had shot some one in Rastem's family during a quarrel and had killed him. That had happened years and years before. The man who had done the shooting had fled to another country, and his children had grown up there. But until some one in Rastem's family shot a man in Marko's family, the feud could not be buried, nor was the honor of Rastem's family clear.

This old quarrel of the grown people seemed a far-off, foolish thing to the little boys and no concern of theirs. They looked into each other's eyes and grinned in perfect comradeship when the bigger boys urged them on to fight it out together.

There was too much fun to be had out of life to waste time quarreling, and Kruja, that strange old town, was not a bad place to grow up in. Its one long, curving street, which skirted the mountain side, was crowded with open booths and was so narrow that the roofs met overhead.

Here on market days was the constant click and tap of little heels as the donkeys pushed through with broad loads of hides and wood, or with saddlebags stuffed with little lambs or a baby or two. And here the coppersmiths beat out trays and waterpots before one's eyes. The shoemakers

cut the delicately curved slippers from scarlet or orange or black leather. The hatters shaped a white or red fez over a block of wood, and silversmiths polished up pistol handles as thickly set with bright stones as a plum pudding is with raisins.

There was also the barber, a white-bearded Turk in a heavy turban and a robe of red-colored silk, sitting on green cushions amid basins and jars of polished copper. Then, too, there was the Mohammedan who called to prayer from the white minaret. He came at certain hours into the tiny balcony which swung out under the spiked roof of the minaret and shouted in a harsh and dismal voice, which was echoed back from the wall of rock behind him. Rastem and Marko were never weary of listening to him.

But the finest fun of all was to be had in the ruins of the old castle. Here the boys played at the game of defending the castle against the Turks, sending stones thundering into the depths of the ravine below.

They knew the story of the boy Giorgio, who had lived here five hundred years ago when the castle was a proud stronghold full of armed men. Here every man, as he passed in, hung up a spear and a shield instead of a gun and a cartridge belt. Giorgio's father was a rich and powerful prince. In the grass-grown courtyard, where now the sheep nibbled so peacefully, Giorgio must have played daily with his two brothers and five sisters.

One day when he was nine years old, the Turks swept into the country with a great army, captured the castle,

killed the prince, and carried off the children as hostages. That means that so long as the Albanian people paid tribute to the Turks and ceased to make war against them, the children were safe, but should any trouble in Albania arise, they would be instantly killed.

The Sultan took the children to his own home and treated them kindly. Giorgio was his favorite. He grew up a brave, kind, handsome boy, who learned quickly and rode fearlessly.

The Sultan determined to make a soldier of him. He changed his name to Skander and added the title of "bey," which means "lord," so that Giorgio was known afterwards as "Skanderbey." When he grew up, he escaped to his own country, gathered his people about him, and after much hard fighting freed Albania from the Turks. They came back again and again, but Kruja, the town on the wild and lonely rock, held out for many years. When it did fall, the Turks had the whole country in their power and ruled over it cruelly for hundreds of years.

But in the recent World War Albania had gained her freedom again, this time definitely. The boys only dimly realized that something glorious had happened. Life had not changed much since the war, except to grow harder. Every one was poor. The roads were worse than ever and most of the bridges down, so that few people came into or went out from Kruja.

A few days before Rastem's birthday his father found him looking longingly at the gun on the wall.

"I am sorry, Rastem," he said gravely, "that you and Marko are such friends. It can bring you nothing but sorrow."

"Why sorrow?" asked Rastem, startled.

"Why, because of the feud between us," said his father. "It rests with you to clear the family honor. You don't take it seriously now, but when you are men, either you will shoot Marko or Marko will shoot you."

"Shoot Marko! Never!" exclaimed Rastem with flaming cheeks and eyes.

"It is the law of your country and your tribe. You cannot change it," said his father, and he left the room.

Rastem was angry and excited. All the pleasure of his gun was gone.

Rastem had been taught to do many things which to us would seem strange but to him were right, such as taking off his shoes before he went into the house, keeping his hat on at the table, and eating his mutton and rice with his fingers. So that, when he was told by his father that he must shoot his best friend, he had a sickening fear that after all he might be forced to if he could not find a way out. "Skanderbey kept his sword for his enemies," he reasoned, "not for his friends." Now that Albania was free at last from the Turks, it would be a dreadful thing for Albanians to begin killing each other! It was unthinkable that he should shoot Marko. He must find a way out!

There were the two men from Tirana and Kruja, Rastem pondered. They had had a feud, but they had sworn a

besa, or truce, for six weeks in order to carry out a cattle deal. And they had later on laughed together and visited like good friends. To be sure, when the six weeks were up, they had shot at each other and one of them had lost two fingers. Why had they not done business and enjoyed each other for a longer *besa?* And then the idea came to Rastem! He struck his hands together and rushed out of the house.

"Marko!" he called, tearing at the gate. And Marko

met him halfway under the big olive tree. "Look here, Marko," said Rastem, "we must end this feud, not by shooting each other but by swearing a *besa* for the rest of our lives. The old quarrel isn't our affair, but the *besa* will be, and we must keep it. As long as we do, no one can hurt us."

"Let's make it forever," said Marko eagerly.

So under the olive tree the two boys clasped hands and swore eternal friendship. Far above them two mountain eagles circled slowly on flat wings around the dark Skanderbey tower, and through the breaking clouds the sea gleamed like a streak of silver on the horizon.

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. What do you think Rastem's father said when he learned how Rastem and Marko had settled the feud? 2. Albania is very mountainous. Do you think that mountains have anything to do with keeping up feuds? Why? 3. What was it that made Rastem and Marko swear a *besa?* 4. How are quarrels, or wars, ended or prevented?

5. The scenes in this story are very different from the scenes with which you are familiar. Read the story again slowly, trying to picture each of the following scenes, so as to be able to describe them well in class:

a. The old town of Kruja
b. Market day
c. The barber
d. The call to prayer
e. The old castle

6. Tell the story of Skanderbey.

PLANNING AN ENTERTAINMENT

In some schools each grade takes a turn at entertaining the school at assembly exercises. Your grade might plan a program for such an entertainment. Songs, stories, plays, poems, riddles, pantomimes, and tableaux are interesting.

One of the authors of this book once went to an entertainment given by a fourth-grade class. The entertainment was called "Stories from Other Lands." The children wrote and sent out the invitations and made all the programs. The programs were prettily decorated with pictures of foreign children.

If you were to give such a program, you could use an Eskimo, an Italian, a French, a Japanese, a Russian, an English, and an American story. You might call your entertainment "Seven Stories from Seven Lands." Two stories might be dramatized, two pantomimed, and three told.

To make your entertainment more attractive, you might arrange to dress in costumes which suit the stories. If you decide to use special costumes, they should be made by the class out of crêpe paper or cheesecloth.

Music would add greatly to the pleasure of your parents and friends. Can you suggest three songs which would be suitable for such an occasion? What folk dances can you suggest?

Give the title of an Eskimo story; an Italian story; a French story; a Japanese story; an English story; an American story; a Russian story.

THE DROP OF WATER AND THE GRAIN OF SAND

What other poem was the writer of this poem thinking of?

Said the little drop of water to the little grain of sand,
"Do you hear what they are saying? Do you really understand?
We 'make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land,' they say.
We are a famous couple — let's work no more today!"

So down they sat together and sang upon the sand,
"We'll make no mighty ocean, we'll make no pleasant land!"
The other drops of water beheld what they had done —
They whispered to the sand grains and beckoned to the sun.

The sun gazed fierce and angry upon the wicked pair,
And dried the drop of water, which vanished into air.
Then came a laughing wavelet, as frisky as could be,
And washed the little sand grain away into the sea.

But still the sea was mighty, with just as loud a roar,
And still the land was pleasant, as it had been before;
For no one drop of water and no one grain of sand
Can make or mar the ocean or change the pleasant land.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. What really makes "the mighty ocean and the pleasant land"? 2. What was the mistake which the drop of water and the grain of sand made? 3. Read the part which tells that they were unwilling to do "team work." 4. Which fables does this poem remind you of?

BETTER THAN THAT

This is an anecdote. What kind of story shall you expect?

Joseph was one of Austria's greatest emperors, and many trembled at his frown. He often grew weary of his cares of state and longed for a more simple life than he could live in his palace. His greatest pleasure at such times was to leave his palace and his nobles and wander unattended through the streets of his grand capital.

On these walks he was so plainly dressed that he might have been taken for one of his poorer subjects. Sometimes he would go for a ramble in the surrounding country, finding in the company of the wood folk and the rustling of the forest leaves far more delight than in his gorgeous palace.

One Sunday in autumn, when the trees had donned their richest garb of red and orange, he determined to go for a

long drive. Taking an old buggy and one of the fleetest horses in his stable, he set off by himself.

The sky had been cloudless when the Emperor started, and the people he met were dressed in their best, as if bad weather were out of the question. But soon the wind blew up from the rainy quarter, and before long a sharp shower made the Emperor raise the hood of his buggy. The citizens were now hurrying to shelter, and he, too, thought it well to return. He had not driven far upon the homeward road when a soldier hailed him, little knowing to whom he spoke.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but I thought that perhaps you would give me a lift. My uniform is a new one and I don't want to get it wet."

The soldier was a fine, handsome young fellow, with a frank and open face. The Emperor was much taken by his appearance and invited him to jump in. In a few minutes they were chatting together as if they were friends. The soldier treated his new friend to a glowing account of a pleasant day he had lately spent with an old comrade.

"He gave me a famous dinner, I can tell you," he concluded, and the Emperor, much amused, inquired of what this dinner consisted.

"Guess!" cried the soldier, chuckling with delight at the recollection of his feast.

"Cabbage soup, perhaps?" questioned his Majesty with an amused smile.

"Soup, indeed!" the soldier exclaimed with much contempt. "Better than that; you must guess again."

"A calf's head, then?" said the Emperor.

"Better than that, even!" was the laughing answer, and the same reply was given when the Emperor suggested a big slice of ham. "Much better than that!" cried the soldier boastfully. "I had a roast pheasant, and one that I shot myself on his Majesty's estate, for my friend is one of the Emperor's gamekeepers. It was delicious and no mistake."

His companion made no reply, but the soldier chatted away quite at his ease, telling him of the aged parents who were so proud of him and of the dear little Greta who would one day become his wife.

"Where do you live?" inquired his Majesty as they neared the city. "The rain has ceased, but I should like to drive you home."

Gratified by this further kindness, the soldier thanked him warmly and begged that he would tell him his name.

"Ah! It is your turn to guess now," remarked the Emperor. "Who do you think I am?"

"Perhaps you also have something to do with the army," said the soldier with a searching look. The Emperor nodded.

"You are a private soldier?" was the next guess.

"Better than that," the Emperor smilingly returned.

"A lieutenant, then?"

"Better than that!"

"A colonel?" stammered the soldier, beginning to feel alarmed.

"Better than that, I assure you."

"Perhaps, then, you are a general?" the man said timidly. Then, tremblingly, as the Emperor shook his head, he suggested, "A field marshal?"

"Better than that!" said the Emperor once more, and the soldier turned pale with terror.

"Then you must be his Majesty, the Emperor himself!" he gasped, and he would have sprung from the buggy if the Emperor had not prevented him.

"We will keep to our bargain," he said and insisted upon driving the soldier right up to his home. On the way he gave the young man some good advice that he never forgot. He ended by saying, with a kindly twinkle in his deep-set eyes, "And in future be careful not to kill pheasants before first obtaining the owner's permission, and do not tell tales of your friends to the first stranger who comes your way."

LILIAN GASK

From *Folk Tales of Many Lands*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Find other anecdotes in this book. 2. Why do most people like to hear or read anecdotes? 3. Tell in a few words what sort of man the Emperor was. 4. Practice until you can read the speeches just as the two men may have spoken them. 5. What do you think of the Emperor's advice?

6. Ask your teacher to allow two boys to dramatize the conversation in the story. Those who take the parts should make their faces show (*a*) the Emperor "much amused," (*b*) the soldier "chuckling with delight," (*c*) the Emperor questioned "with an amused smile," (*d*) the soldier "with a searching look," (*e*) the soldier "feeling alarmed," (*f*) the soldier "filled with terror," (*g*) the Emperor "with a kindly twinkle in his eye."

AN ANECDOTE OF DARWIN

What does this story tell you about Darwin?

Charles Robert Darwin, the great English naturalist, was very fond of young people and had many youthful friends, among whom were two boys.

One summer day these boys thought they would play a joke on the great naturalist. They went out into a field and captured a beetle, a butterfly, a grasshopper, and a centipede. The butterfly's wings, the beetle's head, and the grasshopper's legs were glued to the body of the centipede. A strange, new bug, such as no mortal ever saw, was the result of their handiwork.

They carefully placed their curious creation in a box which had a glass top, and then started off for a visit to Mr. Darwin.

When they knocked at his door, he opened it and greeted the boys pleasantly.

"Sir," they said, "will you kindly tell us the name of this curious insect? We caught the bug when we were walking in the fields this morning."

Mr. Darwin looked first at the bug and then at the boys. With a merry twinkle in his eye he inquired, "Did the bug hum when you captured it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boys, nudging each other in the ribs.

"Then," said the great naturalist with mock seriousness, "I would call it a humbug."

THE BALL OF THREAD

Read this story to find out how a young boy proved himself more clever than a learned judge.

A poor old woman, who was employed to guard a cotton field, one day plucked a few bolls and spun the cotton into a fine thread, which she wound into a ball.

On her way home that evening, she passed a lake. She thought she would like to bathe her feet, and so, placing the ball on the bank, she stepped into the water.

At this moment another woman passed by. She picked up the ball, saying, "What beautiful thread! Did you spin it?"

"Yes," answered the old woman.

"May I look at it closely?" asked the other woman and, without waiting for permission, she started away with it.

"Come back!" cried the old woman. "Bring back my thread!"

"Your thread?" shouted the other. "Oh, no; it is mine."

Thus quarreling, they entered the city. There they met a policeman, and he took them to a judge.

When the judge had heard the case, he said, "You both claim the ball, but neither of you has any witnesses to prove your claim. Hence, since possession is nine points of the law, I order that the woman who has the ball shall keep it."

Just outside the judgment hall, the wise young Raman was playing with some other boys, and he overheard the judge's decision. At once he burst into a loud laugh.

"Why do you laugh?" inquired the judge.

"Because your decision is so stupid," answered the boy

"How, then, should the case be decided?" asked the judge almost wrathfully.

"Let me show you!" replied Raman. He called the two women, and first questioned the one who had the thread in her hand. "When did you spin this cotton?"

"Today," she answered boldly.

"Where did you get the cotton?"

"In the fields outside the city."

"What did you wind the thread on?"

"A cotton seed," came the reply after a moment's hesitation.

Raman then turned to the other woman. "Did you spin this thread?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What did you wind it on?"

"A dried bean," she answered.

"Now," said Raman to the bailiff, "just unwind the ball and let us see whether the core is a cotton seed or a bean."

Of course it was a bean.

The ball was restored to its rightful owner, and every one praised the boy's wisdom.

W. Norman Brown

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Express your opinion about each of the characters.
2. Choose children to take the parts and dramatize the story.

QUESTIONS

Please answer in complete sentences.

1. What three things do you do to help your mother keep a tidy home?

2. Clothing is expensive. Rainy weather is particularly hard on it. How can you take care of your clothing so that it will last longer and thus save your parents extra expense?

3. What careless things have you seen boys and girls do which make extra work for the school janitor?

4. In what three ways can school children lessen the janitor's work?

5. In going through halls when school is in session, in what way can you best show your thoughtfulness for others?

6. Do you read and obey all signs and directions which are intended for the guidance and protection of the public?

7. What three safety signs have you seen?

8. What public officer helps to protect us from danger?

9. What kinds of food should growing children eat?

10. What foods should they avoid?

11. What health rules regarding food and sleep do you practice faithfully?

12. What health rules regarding exercise and cleanliness do you practice daily?

13. Why are the fly and the mosquito considered harmful?

14. What can we do to keep these pests away?

KING ROUGHBEARD

How far must you read before you can guess how the story will come out? Try it, and then read to the end to see whether you were right.

A king once had a daughter who was beautiful beyond words, but so haughty that she considered no man good enough to marry her. She pretended to accept one suitor after another who approached her, and then treated each in turn with mockery and scorn. At last her father, the king, made a great feast and invited all of the most famous men for miles around to be present. They were introduced to the proud young princess in the order of their rank.

But the princess, when asked to choose for herself, had some fault to find with each. One was too fat, another too thin, a third was short and thick, a fourth had a face as pale as a ghost, and so on, till they all went away quite offended, all except one. This one — the highest of them all — was the king of a neighboring country. Now the princess in her heart liked this one of her suitors best, but she made no difference in her manner to him. The young man had a very good looking face, but his chin was a little crooked and he had a rough beard.

"Oh," said the young princess, when she saw he still waited after the others were gone, "what a chin he has, to be sure! Just like a bird's beak! I shall call him King Roughbeard," and she laughed heartily as she spoke.

The young king turned away without a word, to show that he was offended; but a report of what the princess had said soon got about, and people called him King Roughbeard from that day.

After the feast was over, the proud girl's father found out that his daughter had not only dismissed all her lovers, but that she had mocked and insulted his guests. He was very angry and took an oath that his daughter should marry the first poor wayfarer who came to the castle. A day or two later, the princess heard the sound of music under her window. The king also heard it and said, "Go at once and fetch the musician in."

The servants obeyed and presently returned with a wandering minstrel. He was dressed in soiled and ragged clothes, but the king made him stay and sing to them. When the minstrel had finished, he asked for a little gift.

"Yes," replied the king, "you shall be rewarded. Your song has pleased me so well that I will give you my daughter to be your wife."

The princess was terrified at her father's words and would have rushed from the room, but the king prevented her. "No," he said, "I took an oath that you should marry the first wayfarer who came to the door, and I will keep my word."

All objections on the princess's part were useless, and she

was married to the poor minstrel. As soon as the wedding was over, the king said to his daughter, "Now that you are the wife of a poor man, you will see how unfit you are to remain in my castle. Therefore you must depart at once with your husband."

As the king spoke, the musician took her by the hand and led her away. They traveled on foot for a long distance. At length they came to the borders of an extensive forest, which the young wife knew belonged to King Roughbeard.

"Ah, me!" she cried. "This wood belongs to the prince that I mocked and insulted. Ah, poor delicate creature that I am! If I had only married him when he wanted me!"

By and by they entered a meadow and she made the same lament, for it belonged to King Roughbeard. But when they came to a large city, near which was his palace, her repeated complaints at length annoyed her husband.

"It is not pleasant to hear you constantly wishing that you had married some one else. Am I not good enough?"

She made no reply, and they continued to walk on till she was very tired. At last her husband stopped before a mean little house.

"What are we stopping here for?" she asked. "Whose wretched house is this?"

"It is my house," he replied. He led her in, but the door was so low that they had to stoop when they entered.

"Where are the servants?" asked the king's daughter.

"What servants?" replied her husband. "You must wait upon yourself now. You will have to do all the work,

to light the fire, fetch the water, and cook my dinner, for I am too tired to help you."

The princess was being punished now for her pride. Although her husband could sing, he looked so ugly in his ragged clothes that she did not care to do anything for him. Besides, she knew nothing of cooking or lighting fires, and so he had to do it himself. After she had taken a little food — for she was too sad to eat much — she laid herself down on a miserable bed quite tired out.

In the morning, however, her husband woke her very early, so that she might clean up the house and get breakfast. She tried to do it to please him, for he was kind and patient with her. Thus they continued for a few days till their stock of provisions was all gone. Then said the husband, "Wife, we cannot go on in this way, staying here and earning nothing. You shall learn to plait willow and make baskets — it is not difficult — while I go and earn money in some other way."

He went out, cut some willow twigs, and brought them home. She soon learned to plait, but the hard willow twigs bruised her soft hands and made them quite sore.

"That will not do," said her husband. "You must try to spin, dearest. Perhaps you may manage that better."

The king's daughter tried spinning, but it was of no use; the hard thread soon cut into her soft white fingers.

"See, now," said her husband, "you are good for nothing at work. I must think of something else for you to do. If I purchase a basketful of different wares, you can sit in the market place and sell them."

"Ah," thought she, "when the market people from my father's kingdom come out and see me sitting there with things to sell, how they will mock me!"

But she could not help herself, for she did not want to die of hunger. The first time, however, everything turned out well. People bought goods willingly of such a beautiful woman. She sold all she had, even the basket; and they paid her whatever she asked, so that she went home with plenty of money. They lived on this as long as it lasted, and then her husband bought another basketful of wares and gave it to his wife. She went again to the market, seated herself in a corner, and spread out her goods for sale.

Suddenly a soldier came by on horseback. Not seeing the basket, he rode right into it, breaking the delicate ware into a thousand pieces. Then the princess began to weep and knew not in her distress what to do, crying out, "Oh, what will become of me! What will my husband say!" She ran home and related her misfortune to him.

"Why did you seat yourself at such a dangerous corner of the market?" he said. "There, stop your weeping. I see that you are quite unfit to perform the simplest work. I have just been to our king's castle, and they told me they wanted a kitchen maid. I have promised to send you over every day, and they are ready to take you."

And so the proud king's daughter became a kitchen maid in the castle of King Roughbeard. It was dreadfully hard work; she had to wait upon the cook, wash the plates and dishes, and scour the saucepans and kettles.

They brought her whatever scraps were left from the table to take home for dinner and supper, and she was often very tired. But she could hear what went on in King Roughbeard's castle, and one day the servants told her that a great festival was about to take place in honor of the young king's marriage.

The poor girl, who remembered that she could once have been his wife but for her pride, felt very sad; yet she could not help going to the door of the grand hall that she might see the company arrive.

The room was full of light, and each guest who entered seemed more beautiful than the last. As she gazed on the glory and splendor about her, she thought with a sorrowful heart of her fate and lamented the pride which had brought her into such terrible poverty and disgrace.

From the costly supper which was laid out for the guests came the most delicious odors. As the servants passed the princess, they threw her the scraps that were left on the plates. These she gathered up and put into her basket.

After supper, the company adjourned to the ballroom. As the king's daughter was looking earnestly at the beautifully dressed ladies and gentlemen who passed, she saw all at once a noble-looking prince approaching her. He was richly dressed in velvet and silver, and wore a gold badge on his breast. He saw the beautiful princess standing at the door. Although she was so meanly dressed the King knew her at once. He advanced and took her by the hand to lead her into the ballroom, saying that she must dance with

him. The princess was in a terrible fright. She struggled to get free, for she knew it was King Roughbeard, her former lover, whom she had treated with contempt. But it was useless to refuse, he held her hand tightly, and led her into the grand ballroom.

In the struggle the band that fastened the basket round her waist broke, and all the scraps of food which the servants had given her were scattered on the floor. They rolled in

all directions while the company looked on and laughed in tones of mockery.

Her shame was now complete, and she wished she could at that moment hide herself deep down in the earth. She rushed to the door to run away, but on the steps, in the dark, she met someone whom she supposed by the voice to be her husband.

He seized her firmly and brought her back into the castle. As soon as he appeared in the light, she saw to her astonishment that it was King Roughbeard.

"Do not fear," said he, in a gentle tone. "I and the wandering minstrel with whom you have lived in the wretched house in the wood are the same. My love for you made me disguise myself that I might win you through your father's oath. I was, too, the soldier who upset your basket. I have done these things to find out whether, after all, you really loved King Roughbeard, whom you refused and mocked. I hoped that your proud thoughts would be humbled, that your haughty spirit would bend, and that poverty and hard work would be a punishment for having mocked and spurned me."

Then she wept bitterly and said, "I know I have done wrong, and I am not worthy to be your wife."

But he said, "Be comforted; all is past now. You are my wife, and I have planned a splendid festival to celebrate the event."

Then he took her to a beautiful room, where the maidens of the court dressed her in royal robes. Then her husband

conducted her to the great hall. There she found her father and his whole court ready to receive her and wish her joy on her marriage with King Roughbeard. And so there was a joyful end to all her troubles.

GRIMM BROTHERS

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Did you guess right? 2. Why is marrying a prince supposed to be such good fortune? 3. Tell why you would, or would not, be glad to have a man like Roughbeard for your uncle. 4. Read the story again, trying to picture it in your mind as you read. 5. What part of the story would you like to have in a painting? Try drawing a picture of this scene, or making it with colored papers. 6. Make an outline of the story to help you tell it. What is the first incident? the second? Name each.

THE DUEL

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Not one nor t'other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(I wasn't there; I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"

The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(*Now mind: I'm only telling you*
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfullest way you ever saw —
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(*Don't fancy I exaggerate —*
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(*The old Dutch clock it told me so,*
And that is how I came to know.)

EUGENE FIELD

THE SUGARY SHIPWRECKED ZOO

Have you heard the sad, sweet, tearful tale
Of the sugary, shipwrecked zoo?
They were lost at sea in a fearful gale,
This valiant and sugary crew,
The pastry pig
And the cooky cat
And the candy kangaroo.

In a silver tray they rolled away
On the ocean calm and blue,
And the life-preservers stowed away
Were doughnuts crisp and new,
For the pastry pig
And the cooky cat
And the candy kangaroo.

Then the rain began to pelt and pour
On the sugary, shivery crew!
But they donned their doughnuts and felt secure
As sailors sometimes do —
The pastry pig
And the cooky cat
And the candy kangaroo.

But the storm grew worse, and the wild wind roared,
And the tempest raged and blew,
And a big wave dashed them overboard,
The sugary, shivery crew,

The pastry pig
And the cooky cat
And the candy kangaroo.

And the life-preservers, alas! were fried
(Poor sugary, shipwrecked crew!)
By a very exceedingly youthful bride,
And they sank — as such doughnuts do —
With the pastry pig
And the cooky cat
And the candy kangaroo.

So ends the sad, sweet, tearful tale
Of the sugary, shipwrecked zoo,
Who were lost at sea in a fearful gale,
A valiant and sugary crew,
The pastry pig
And the cooky cat
And the candy kangaroo.

MRS. J. T. VAN ZANT

THE BIRTH OF THE ARBUTUS

Long years ago, when only the red men lived among the hills and valleys of the land, an old, old man sat shivering over the low fire in his tepee. The old man was Peboan. He was chief of the winter spirits.

The outside world was covered with snow. The trees bent low with its weight. The sides of the tepee were heavy with it. All the tracks of the bear and the rabbit were hidden.

The old man shivered and bent over his fire. He was clothed in furs, and furs covered the floor of the tepee. But they could not keep out the chill winds, for the fire was low. There was no more wood to replenish it. Snow hid all the fallen branches, and the old chief was weak and feeble.

Peboan had been a mighty hunter. He had killed the moose and the bear. The skins of many deer were about him. But now his hair was white as the icy fringes of the frozen brook. He blew upon the coals of his fire and they glowed, bright as the eyes of a startled deer in the forest. But the glow faded. The old man shivered.

There was no food in the tepee. The bear and the rabbit were hidden in the forest. Their tracks were covered with snow. Peboan could not hunt them.

Then, upon his knees, he cried to the Great Spirit for help. He cried for help, that Peboan, chief of the winter spirits, might not suffer want and cold.

As he sank once more upon his furs, he felt a warmth in the tepee. He looked up. In the doorway stood a youth whose red cheeks and sparkling eyes told of health and strength. A wreath of sweet grass was bound about his curling locks, and in his hands he held a cluster of flowers. Light and quick was his step as he entered the lodge of Peboan. He smiled upon Peboan, and the old man felt a warmth all about him.

"Enter, my son," he said, "and welcome. I have no refreshment to offer. But come to my fire and tell me who you are."

Then the youth said, "The Great Spirit has sent me to Peboan. I am Seegwun, the Spring. But tell me of yourself, Peboan."

Then Peboan cried, "I am the chief of the winter spirits. When I come to the earth, all the earth's children tremble. I breathe upon them and they cry out. The trees drop their leaves. The birds fly away. The forest children creep into their holes."

"Ah," cried the youth, "when I come to the earth, the earth's children laugh and clap their hands! I breathe upon them and they dance with joy. The trees put forth

their leaves. The birds come back. The forest children awake."

Peboan continued, "When I come to the earth, I shake my locks, and snow falls from the clouds. The streams grow hard and still. The winds sing dirges through the naked trees."

"When I come to the earth," laughed Seegwun, "I shake my ringlets, and warm showers fall from the clouds. The grass awakes. The flowers bloom. Soft breezes blow. The streams are glad and sing as they dance along."

"Peboan," said the youth, "the Great Spirit has sent me to the earth and you must go."

Seegwun smiled and the tepee grew warm. Peboan became silent. His head drooped lower and lower. The sun shone forth, and the snow melted beneath its rays. Then Spring waved his hands over the sleeping Peboan, and he sank upon the ground. Smaller and smaller he grew. His clothing seemed turned to furry leaves and covered the floor of the tepee.

The youth smiled, for Peboan was gone. Softly he lifted the furry leaves, and beneath each cluster he placed blossoms of white and pink. He breathed upon them with his fragrant breath, and they became sweet. Their spicy odor filled all the tepee. Then the youth laughed gladly and went his way.

The sun shone, and the children of the little Indian village ran from their homes and danced and sang in its warmth. A bird was caroling in the tree top, and they stopped to listen.

The stream shook off its icy covering and went singing down its course. The children followed it.

They came to the spot where the tepee of Peboan had stood. And lo! all the ground was covered with fragrant flowers.

"The arbutus!" cried the children. "The arbutus!"

They picked the beautiful, fragrant blossoms and joyously carried them home. And when the old people of the village saw them, they knew that the Spirit of the Spring had returned to fill the earth with joy and gladness.

JULIA DARROW COWLES

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Stories like this are called "nature myths." There are several nature myths in the Second and Third Readers; can you recall what they are? 2. Why do people prize the arbutus so? 3. What should be done to preserve it?

THE HAPPY PRINCE

Some people call this a sad story. Does it seem sad to you?

High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold; for eyes he had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby glowed on his sword hilt.

He was very much admired indeed. "He is as beautiful as a weathercock," remarked one of the Town Councilors.

"Why can't you be like the Happy Prince?" asked a sensible mother of a little boy who was crying for the moon. "The Happy Prince never dreams of crying for anything."

"I am glad there is some one in the world who is quite happy," muttered a disappointed man as he gazed at the wonderful statue.

"The Happy Prince looks just like an angel," said the charity children as they came out of the cathedral in their bright scarlet cloaks and their clean white pinafores.

"How do you know?" said the master. "You have never seen an angel."

"Ah, but we have in our dreams!" answered the children.

One night there flew over the city a little Swallow. His friends had gone away to Egypt six weeks before, but he had stayed behind. After they had gone he felt lonely. Very soon he began to feel sorry that he had not gone to Egypt with the other swallows. So off he started to find his friends.

All day long he flew, and at nighttime he arrived at the city. "Where shall I put up?" he said. "I hope the town has made preparations."

Then he saw the statue of the Happy Prince on the tall column. "I will put up there," he cried; "it is a fine place with plenty of fresh air." So he alighted just between the feet of the Happy Prince.

"I have a golden bedroom," he said softly to himself as he looked round, and he prepared to go to sleep; but just as he was putting his head under his wing, a large drop of water fell on him. "What a curious thing!" he cried. "There

is not a single cloud in the sky, the stars are quite clear and bright, and yet it is raining. This climate is really dreadful."

Then another drop of water fell on him.

"What is the use of a statue if it cannot keep the rain off?" he said. "I must look for a good chimney pot," and he determined to fly away.

But before he had opened his wings, a third drop fell, and he looked up and saw — Ah! what did he see?

The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears, and tears were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little Swallow was filled with pity.

"Who are you?" he said.

"I am the Happy Prince."

"Why are you weeping, then?" asked the Swallow; "you have quite drenched me."

"When I was alive and had a human heart," answered the statue, "I did not know what tears were, for I lived in a beautiful palace where sorrow is not allowed to enter. In the daytime I played with my companions in the garden, and in the evening I led the dance in the great hall. Round the garden ran a very lofty wall, but I never cared to ask what lay beyond it, everything about me was so beautiful. My courtiers called me the Happy Prince, and happy indeed I was, if pleasure be happiness. So I lived, and so I died. And now that I am dead, they have set me up here that I can see all the ugliness and all the misery of my city;

and though my heart is made of lead, yet I cannot choose but weep."

"What, is he not solid gold?" said the Swallow to himself. He was too polite to make any personal remarks out loud.

"Far away," continued the statue in a low, musical voice, "far away in a little street there is a poor house. One of the windows is open, and through it I can see a woman seated at a table. Her face is thin and worn, and she has coarse, red hands, all pricked by the needle, for she is a seamstress. She is embroidering passion flowers on a satin gown for the loveliest of the queen's maids-of-honor to wear at the next court-ball. In a bed in the corner of the room her little boy is lying ill. He has a fever and is asking for oranges. His mother has nothing to give him but river water, so he is crying. Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, will you not take her the ruby out of my sword hilt? My feet are fastened to this pedestal and I cannot move."

"My friends are waiting for me in Egypt," said the Swallow. "They are flying up and down the Nile and talking to the large lotus-flowers."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me for one night and be my messenger? The boy is so thirsty, and the mother so sad."

"I don't think I like boys," answered the Swallow. "Last summer, when I was staying on the river, there were two rude boys, the miller's sons, who were always throwing stones at me. They never hit me, of course; we swallows

fly far too well for that. Besides, I come from a family famous for its quickness; but still, throwing stones was a mark of disrespect."

But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little Swallow was sorry. "It is very cold here," he said; "but I will stay with you for one night and be your messenger."

"Thank you, little Swallow," said the Prince.

So the Swallow picked out the great ruby from the Prince's sword and flew away with it in his beak over the roofs of the town. He passed over the river and saw the lanterns hanging to the masts of the ships. He passed over the Ghetto, and saw the old men bargaining with each other and weighing out money in copper scales. At last he came to the poor house and looked in.

The boy was tossing feverishly on his bed, and the mother had fallen asleep, she was so tired. In he hopped and laid the great ruby on the table beside the woman's thimble. Then he flew gently round the bed, fanning the boy's forehead with his wings.

"How cool I feel," said the boy. "I must be getting better," and he sank into a delicious slumber.

Then the Swallow flew back to the Happy Prince and told him what he had done. "It is curious," he remarked, "but I feel quite warm now, although it is so cold."

"That is because you have done a good action," said the Prince. And the little Swallow began to think, and then he fell asleep. Thinking always made him sleepy.

When day broke he flew down to the river and had a

bath. "What a strange sight," said a professor who was passing over the bridge. "A swallow in winter!" And he wrote a long letter about it to the local newspaper. Every one quoted it, it was full of so many words that they could not understand.

"Tonight I go to Egypt," said the Swallow, and he was in high spirits at the prospect. He visited all the public monuments and sat a long time on the church steeple. Wherever he went the sparrows chirruped and said to each other, "What a distinguished stranger!" so he enjoyed himself very much.

When the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince. "What can I do for you in Egypt?" he cried. "I am just starting."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"My friends are waiting for me in Egypt," answered the Swallow. "Tomorrow they will fly up the river to the Second Cataract. The river-horse couches there among the bulrushes, and on a great granite throne sits the god Memnon. All night long he watches the stars, and when the morning star shines he utters one cry of joy, and then he is silent. At noon the yellow lions come down to the water's edge to drink. They have green eyes, and their roar is louder than the roar of the cataract."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "far away across the city I see a young man in a garret. He is leaning over a desk covered with papers, and in a

tumbler by his side there is a bunch of withered violets. His hair is brown and crisp, and his lips are red, and he has large, dreamy eyes. He is trying to finish a play for the director of the theater, but he is too cold to write any more. There is no fire in the grate, and hunger has made him faint."

"I will wait with you one night longer," said the Swallow, who really had a good heart. "Shall I take another ruby to the young man in the garret?"

"Alas! I have no ruby now," said the Prince. "My eyes are all that I have left. They are made of rare sapphires, which were brought from India a thousand years ago. Pluck out one of them and take it to him. He will sell it to the jeweler and buy food and firewood and finish his play."

"Dear Prince," said the Swallow, "I cannot do that." And he began to weep.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So the Swallow plucked out the Prince's eye and flew away to the student's garret. It was easy enough to get in, as there was a hole in the roof. Through this he darted and came into the room. The young man had his head buried in his hands, so he did not hear the flutter of the bird's wings, and when he looked up he found the beautiful sapphire lying on the withered violets.

"I am beginning to be appreciated," he cried. "This is from some great admirer. Now I can finish my play," and he looked quite happy.

The next day the Swallow flew down to the harbor. He sat on the mast of a large vessel and watched the sailors hauling big chests out of the hold with ropes. "Heave a-hoy!" they shouted as each chest came up.

"I am going to Egypt!" cried the Swallow, but nobody minded, and when the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince. "I am come to bid you good-by," he cried.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"It is winter," answered the Swallow, "and the chill

snow will soon be here. In Egypt the sun is warm on the green palm-trees, and the crocodiles lie in the mud and look lazily about them. My companions are building nests, and the pink and white doves are watching them and cooing to each other. Dear Prince, I must leave you, but I will never forget you, and next spring I will bring you back two beautiful jewels in place of those you have given away. The ruby shall be redder than a red rose, and the sapphire shall be as blue as the great sea."

"In the square below," said the Happy Prince, "there stands a little match girl. She has let her matches fall in the gutter, and they are all spoiled. Her father will beat her if she does not bring home some money, and she is crying. She has no shoes or stockings, and her little head is bare. Pluck out my other eye and give it to her, and her father will not beat her."

"I will stay with you one night longer," said the Swallow, "but I cannot pluck out your eye. You would be quite blind then."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So he plucked out the Prince's other eye and darted down with it. He swooped past the match girl and slipped the jewel into the palm of her hand. "What a lovely bit of glass," cried the little girl, and she ran home laughing.

Then the Swallow came back to the Prince. "You are blind now," he said, "so I will stay with you always."

"No, little Swallow," said the poor Prince, "you must go away to Egypt."

"I will stay with you always," said the Swallow, and he slept at the Prince's feet.

All the next day he sat on the Prince's shoulder and told him stories of what he had seen in strange lands. He told him of the red ibises, who stand in long rows on the banks of the Nile and catch goldfish in their beaks; of the Sphinx, who is as old as the world itself, and lives in the desert, and knows everything. He told him of the merchants, who walk slowly by the side of their camels and carry amber beads in their hands; of the King of the Mountains of the Moon, who is as black as ebony and worships a large crystal. He told him of the great, green snake that sleeps in a palm tree and has twenty priests to feed it with honey-cakes; and of the pygmies who sail over a big lake on large flat leaves, and are always at war with the butterflies.

"Dear little Swallow," said the Prince, "you tell me of marvelous things, but more marvelous than anything is the suffering of men and women. There is no Mystery so great as Misery. Fly over my city, little Swallow, and tell me what you see there."

So the Swallow flew over the great city and saw the rich making merry in their beautiful houses, while the beggars were sitting at the gates. He flew into dark lanes and saw the white faces of starving children looking out listlessly at the black streets. Under the archway of a bridge two little boys were lying in one another's arms to try to

keep themselves warm. "How hungry we are!" they said.

"You must not lie here," shouted the watchman, and they wandered out into the rain.

Then he flew back and told the Prince what he had seen.

"I am covered with fine gold," said the Prince. "You must take it off, leaf by leaf, and give it to my poor; the living always think that gold can make them happy."

Leaf after leaf of the fine gold the Swallow picked off, till the Happy Prince looked quite dull and gray. Leaf after leaf of the fine gold he brought to the poor, and the children's faces grew rosy, and they laughed and played games in the street. "We have bread now!" they cried.

Then the snow came, and after the snow came the frost. The streets looked as if they were made of silver, they were so bright and glistening. Long icicles like crystal daggers hung down from the eaves of the houses. Everybody went about in furs, and the little boys wore scarlet caps and skated on the ice.

The poor little Swallow grew colder and colder, but he would not leave the Prince; he loved him too well. He picked up crumbs outside the baker's door when the baker was not looking, and tried to keep himself warm by flapping his wings.

But at last he knew that he was going to die. He had just strength to fly up to the Prince's shoulder once more. "Good-by, dear Prince!" he murmured. "Will you let me kiss your hand?"

"I am glad that you are going to Egypt at last, little

Swallow," said the Prince. "You have stayed too long here; but you must kiss me on the lips, for I love you."

"It is not to Egypt that I am going," said the Swallow. "I am going to the House of Death. Death is the brother of Sleep, is he not?" And he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips and fell down dead at his feet.

At that moment a curious crack sounded inside the statue, as if something had broken. The fact is that the leaden heart had snapped right in two. It certainly was a dreadfully hard frost.

Early the next morning the mayor was walking in the square below in company with the town councilors. As they passed the column he looked up at the statue. "Dear me! How shabby the Happy Prince looks!" he said.

"How shabby indeed!" cried the town councilors, who always agreed with the mayor, and they went up to look at it.

"The ruby has fallen out of his sword, his eyes are gone, and he is gold no longer," said the mayor. "In fact, he is little better than a beggar!"

"Yes, little better than a beggar," said the town councilors.

"And here is actually a dead bird at his feet!" continued the mayor. "We must really issue an order that birds are not to be allowed to die here." And the town clerk made a note of the suggestion.

So they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince.

"As he is no longer beautiful he is no longer useful," said the art professor at the university.

Then they melted the statue in a furnace, and the mayor held a meeting of the town councilors to decide what was to be done with the metal. "We must have another statue, of course," he said, "and it shall be a statue of myself."

"Of myself," said each of the town councilors, and they quarreled. When I last heard of them they were quarrelling still.

"What a strange thing," said the overseer of the workmen at the foundry. "This broken lead heart will not melt in the furnace. We must throw it away." So they threw it on a dust heap where the dead Swallow was also lying.

"Bring me the two most precious things in the city," said God to one of His angels; and the angel brought Him the leaden heart and the dead bird.

"You have rightly chosen," said God, "for in my Garden of Paradise this little bird shall sing forevermore, and in my city of gold the Happy Prince shall praise me."

OSCAR WILDE — Adapted

WORD LIST

In this list you will find some of the most difficult words in the reader, together with the meaning of each as it is used in this book. Most of these words have several other meanings, which you can find in the dictionary.

ad mi ra'tion, liking mingled with wonder
A la me'da (*ăl a mē' da*), a city in California
Al ba'ni a (*al bā'ni a*), a small country in southeastern Europe
al le'giance, faithfulness to a person or a government
al lies', friends and helpers
al lure'ment, that which draws on by promise of pleasure
am'ber, a hard yellow substance used for beads and other ornaments
An'no wee, the name of an Eskimo girl
a qua'ri ums, vessels for holding water-plants and fish.
as'pen, a kind of poplar tree with trembling leaves
a'vi a ries, places for keeping birds
awe, fear; solemn wonder
ax'le, the pin or rod on which a wheel turns

bar'tered, given in exchange
be'sa (*bā'sà*), an Albanian word meaning "truce"
be stow', give
bleach'ers, low-priced roofless seats at a ball game
blend'ing, mixing
boll, the pod or seed vessel of the cotton plant
Bon heur', **Ro sa** (*bŏ nûr'*), a French artist
Bor deaux' (*bôr dō'*), a city on the coast of France
bra'zier, a pan for live coals
brew'ing, forming or beginning; boiling
bul'rush es, large rushes growing in damp places
bur'ly, stout; big
bur'ro, a donkey

Car'a bas, a name in "Puss in Boots"
cat'a ract, a waterfall
cen'ti pede (*sĕn'ti pēd*), a crawling insect with many feet
cer'e mo ny (*sĕr'e mō nĭ*), action according to rules
cha me'le on (*kă mē'le on*), a lizard said to change color
char'i ot, a kind of carriage used by kings or warriors in olden times
com'pass, an instrument with a movable magnetic needle pointing always to the north
con cealed', hid
con tempt', scorn; neglect
con ver'ted, turned; changed
con vic'tion, a strong belief
copse, a wood kept low by cutting
cor'al, a hard white substance built up in the sea by small animals; also sometimes red or black
couches, lies down
court'iers, those who live at court
cow'er, to crouch down through fear
cudg'els, thick sticks

Da'mi an, a man's name
de pen'dent, needing to be helped
de tec'tive, one whose business it is to find out about crimes
Dev'on shire, a county of England
de vo'tion, strong love
dig'ni ty, grave or stately manner
dirge, a funeral song
dis guise', to alter one's appearance, by changing one's dress, etc.
disk, a flat, round surface or plate
dis'mal, sorrowful
dis play', to spread open or to show off
do mes'ti cat ed, tamed from a wild state
donned, put on (clothes)
drear, gloomy

eb'o ny, a hard, black, heavy wood
en chant'ment, the use of magic spells
en cir'cle, to form a circle around
en dure', to last long; to bear up under pain
en dūr'ing, lasting
en list', become a soldier
en'tries, items written or entered in a book; the persons, animals, or things for which the entries stand
e ter'nal, without end; never-changing
ev'i dent ly, plainly, clearly
ex pe dĭ'tion, a trip or a march
ex per'i ment, something done to find out the truth
ex'quis ite, beautiful

fag'ot, a bundle of sticks for fuel
fawn'ing, frisking about, as a dog, to gain favors
fen, low, swampy land
fe ro'cious, fierce, wild, cruel
fez, a close-fitting red felt hat worn by Turks
fi'bers, thread-like parts in the tissue of plants or animals
flat'ter y, false praise, usually given in order to gain some end
floe, a mass of floating ice
fod'der, dry food for cattle
fow'ler, one who snares or kills wild birds
fran'tic, mad with sorrow or pain
fren'zy, madness

Gains'bor ough (*gānz'b'rŏ*), an English artist
garb, manner of dress
ge'nie (*jē'nĭ*), an imaginary spirit of great power
gen'ius (*jēn'yŭs*), unusual power of mind
ghet'to (*gĕt'o*), a Jewish quarter in a city
Gi br l'tar (*jĭ brol'ter*), a town on the Straits of Gibraltar
Gior'gi o (*jōr'gĭ ō*), an Albanian hero
girth, the distance around
glade, an open place in a wood
glean, to gather the stray stalks of grain
glen, a long, narrow valley
gor'geous, covered with finery or ornaments; rich with colors
gran'ar y, a storehouse for grain
grat'i fied, gave pleasure to
grat'i tude, thankfulness; a wish to return a kindness
grim al'kin, an old cat

haunches, hind-quarters
haw, the fruit of the thorn-apple
heir (*ār*), one who has the right to the property of another after his death
her'mit, one who lives alone, not caring for the society of other people
hes'i tate, to be in doubt, to pause
horde, a wandering band; a crowd
ho ri'zon, the line where earth and sky seem to meet
hos'tag es, persons left as pledges that promises will be kept
hos'tile, belonging to an enemy
hu'mor ous, funny

i'bis, a large wading bird of warm countries
i de'als, existing in thought; perfect models which can be aimed at
ig'loo, an Eskimo hut of snow blocks
ig no'ble, not noble or worthy of honor
Ik'wa, the name of an Eskimo boy
im'ple ments, tools
in'di cate, to point out, to show
in dis tinct', not clearly seen
in di vis'i ble, that cannot be divided
in'no cent, doing no harm
in tel'li gence, power of knowing and understanding

jade, a green stone used for ornaments
jeered, made fun of
ju'bi lee, a time of rejoicing

Ki o'to (*kĭ ō'tō*), a city of Japan
Kru'ja (*krü'ja*), a town in Albania
Ku'qua (*kōō'kwa*), the name of an Indian

la ment', to weep or wail
lance, a long spear used by knights on horseback
Lou'vre (*lōō'vr'*), an art museum in Paris
loy'al ty, faithfulness to duty or to friends

mag'net ize, to make into a magnet
mar'i ner, sailor
mar'quis (*mär'kwis*), a nobleman
mar'shal, an army officer of high rank
mas'cot, a person, animal, or thing that is supposed to bring good luck
Mem'non, a heathen god
mer'cu ry, a white liquid metal; quicksilver
Mi ka'do (*mĭ kä'dō*), the Emperor of Japan
min'a ret, a high tower on a Mohammedan mosque, or temple
min'strel, a wandering musician
Mo ham'me dan (*mŏ hăm'e dan*), a follower of the Arabian prophet, Mohammed
mon'grel (*mŭng'grel*), of a mixed breed
mum'mies, dead bodies preserved in gums and spices
Mus'ta pha (*mŏŏs'tä fä*), the name of Aladdin's father

no'mads, tribes wandering in search of pasture for their cattle
Nar'quis (nar-kee'), **So phie,** Rosa Bonheur's mother
nat'u ral ist, one who studies natural history
niche (*nich*), a hollow place in a wall for a statue
nug'get, a lump of gold or silver

of fen'ded, displeased; made angry
O sa'ka (*ō zä'kä*), a city of Japan

pal'ette, a thin board on which a painter mixes his colors
peas'ant, in Europe, a countryman or farm laborer
Pe bo'an (*pē bō'an*), an Indian name
ped'es tal, the base of a statue
ped'i gree, a list of ancestors (of persons or of animals)
pelt, the skin of a beast
pew'ter, a mixture of lead with tin or zinc
pheas'ant (*fĕz'ant*), a large bird
pi'lot, one who steers a boat
pin'a fores, aprons
pi'rate, a sea robber
Pol y ne'sia (*pŏl ĭ nē'shĭ a*), the name of the parrot in " The Story of Doctor Dolittle "
pop u lar'it y, state of being liked by people
pos'ture, manner of placing the body
prime, of highest quality
pro'file, a side view; an outline
pub lic'i ty, state of being public or known to all

punch'eon, a split log with the face smoothed
pyg'mies, very small persons

ra vines' (*ra vēnz'*), deep and narrow passes in the mountains
re plen'ish, to fill up again
rep'tiles, animals that crawl, as snakes, turtles, and lizards
re vealed', uncovered; made known
rev'er ent, showing or feeling fear mingled with honor and respect
rig'id, stiff, unbending
riv'er-horse, the hippopotamus
Ra'man, a boy's name
root'er, one who cheers on the players in a game
rue, to be sorry for
ruf'fi an, a coarse, wicked fellow
rush'es, reed-like plants growing in marshes
rus'tic, belonging to the country; plain; simple

Sam o'a, a group of islands in the Pacific Ocean
san'dal wood, a wood having a pleasant smell
San Le an'dro (*săn lā ăn'drō*), a city in California
San Ma te'o (*săn mä tā'ō*), a city in California
sap'ling, a young tree
sap'phire (*săf'ir*), a bright blue precious stone
scof'fing, mocking; speaking of with scorn
scraw'ny, lean; skinny
Seeg'wun, an Indian name
sham, that which is not what it seems
sheaf, a bundle of stalks of grain
Sioux (*sōō*), a tribe of Indians
Skan'der bey, an Albanian hero
slug, a snail-like animal without a shell
sneer, to show contempt by look or tone
snuff, a finely powdered tobacco taken into the nose
sor'rel, a reddish-brown color
spe'cies, kind
Sphinx (*sfinks*), in Egypt, a huge figure with a lion's body and a man's head
spurn, to drive away
stalk, to walk with long steps; to approach in a stealthy manner
sta'tion a ry, at rest; without change
steer, to guide a ship
strife, fighting
stud'ded, set with jewels
sul'tan, the chief ruler in some far Eastern countries
sum'moned, called, sent for
surge, to rise high and roll out, like a wave
swag'ger, to swing the body in walking; to walk like a bully
syc'a more (*sĭc'a mōr*), a large tree

tal'ent, power of mind; great skill
tar'nished, dull; soiled
Tar'tar (*tär'tar*), a native of Tartary, an old name for a region of central Asia
taut, tightly pulled
tel'e scope, an instrument for seeing things at a distance
Tew'fik (*tū'fĭk*), a Turkish or Tartar name
thatch, straw, reeds, or rushes for making a roof
thyme (*tīm*), a sweet-smelling plant
Ti ra'na (*tē rä'na*), a town in Albania
Tol stoy' (*tōl stoi'*), a noted Russian author
tour'na ment, a fight on horseback to show skill in arms
tre men'dous ly, terribly; with great force
trib'ute, money paid by a conquered nation for peace and protection
truce, a stoppage of fighting for a time

trun'dle-bed, a low bed on rollers, to be pushed under a larger one
tur'ban, a cap with a scarf wound around it
tusk, a long, pointed tooth
Tu si ta'la (*tū si tä'la*), the Samoan name for " the story teller "

U-Chu'-Ka, the Indian word for " the jumper "
um'pire, one who decides disputed points in a game
un sheathed', took out of the sheath or covering

val'iant, brave
vault, a room with an arched roof
ven'i son, deer meat
vi'o lent ly, severely; with great force
vis'i ble, that can be seen
Vi'tou (*vē'tū*), a Tartar noble

ward, to take care of; to guard
ward'en, one whose duty it is to take care of (game), etc.
war'ren, ground for keeping rabbits
wist'ful, full of longing; sad and thoughtful
wood'craft, knowledge of how to live in the woods